

Current Literature

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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne

JANUARY, 1905

C u r r e n t ✎ H i s t o r y

Expansion of the Federal Government

Especially noteworthy in President Roosevelt's message is his expressed or implied advocacy of the enlargement of the powers of the Federal Government. At the very outset the President recognizes this principle, and seems to take for granted that it is an accepted one. In his second paragraph he refers to "the enlargement of the functions of the national government *required* by our development as a nation"—the italics are ours. And much of what follows clearly implies this idea. It seems fair to infer, for example, that his recommendations concerning the necessary improvement and the desirable beautifying of the national capital—remarks properly enough addressed to Congress as the governing body of the District of Columbia—are intended quite as much for other large cities, such as New York and Chicago. Indeed, inasmuch as Washington is not a manufacturing city, it is no more than natural to conclude that when the President, speaking ostensibly of Washington, says, "There should be severe child labor and factory inspection laws," he is in reality asking Congress to consider conditions in industrial communities far removed from the capital. Indeed, in a previous portion of the message, the President says that "the labor question is only acute in populous centres of commerce, manufactures or mining," and Washington or the District of Columbia can hardly be considered populous centers of any such kind. In the light of the implication which it is fair to see in these and similar recommendations, the following utterance of the President has peculiar signifi-

cance. "Our peculiar form of government," he says, "with its sharp division of authority between the nation and the several States, has been on the whole far more advantageous to our development than a more strongly centralized government. But it is undoubtedly responsible for much of the difficulty of meeting with adequate legislation the new problems presented by the total change in industrial conditions on this continent during the last half century. In actual practice it has proved exceedingly difficult, and in many cases impossible, to get unanimity of wise action among the various States on these subjects. From the very nature of the case this is especially true of the laws affecting the employment of capital in huge masses." As to this expression, the Springfield Republican (Ind.) remarks:

"The truth of that observation no one can deny; but its full significance in a presidential message can be appreciated only when it is studied in conjunction with the general attitude of the chief magistrate as revealed in other parts of the same document. Historically, the republican party and its predecessors have been the assailants of the power of the states and the upbuilders of a centralized national government. The republican president of to-day represents the Hamiltonian tendency in its highest form of development; and it should be observed that the historic enemy of centralization, the old-fashioned democracy represented by Judge Parker, is to-day in a state of impotence and feebleness. President Roosevelt and the extremer radicals, like the socialists and the populists, agree in aiming toward the virtual breakdown of the old state system, although

their purposes are different, and they represent different fundamental ideas of government."

To this the natural rejoinder of the President's supporters would be that the outcome of November 8 gave Mr. Roosevelt *carte blanche* to be a Republican to his fingertips—and even to lengthen his fingers. And very likely the President sees his election in some such light. But whether this is a correct and complete interpretation is a question on which, we fancy, the future will have something to say.

Railroad Accidents and the Rebate Evil

Of President Roosevelt's recommendations concerning the operation of railroads, several are of great importance, and are worthy of hearty commendation. As to railroad accidents, he says:

"Many of our leading roads have been foremost in the adoption of the most approved safeguards for the protection of travelers and employes, yet the list of clearly avoidable accidents continues unduly large. The passage of a law requiring the adoption of a block signal system has been proposed to the Congress. I earnestly concur in that recommendation, and would also point out to the Congress the urgent need of legislation in the interest of the public safety limiting the hours of labor for railroad employes in train service upon railroads engaged in interstate commerce, and providing that only trained and experienced persons be employed in positions of responsibility connected with the operation of trains. . . . The law of 1901, requiring interstate railroads to make monthly reports of all accidents to passengers and employes on duty, should also be amended so as to empower the Government to make a personal investigation, through proper officers, of all accidents involving loss of life which seem to require investigation, with a requirement that the results of such investigation be made public. The safety appliance law, as amended by the act of March 2, 1903, has proved beneficial to railroad employes, and in order that its provisions may be properly carried out the force of inspectors provided for by appropriation should be largely increased."

These are timely and highly important suggestions. It is apparent that the Presi-

dent has been giving the recent statistics of railroad accidents pretty sober consideration, and it is to be hoped that Congress will take the matter with equal seriousness. Another recommendation of very great economic significance concerns the present flagrant abuses incident to the rebate system. Concerning this the President says: "For some time after the enactment of the Act to Regulate Commerce it remained a mooted question whether that act conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission the power, after it had found a challenged rate to be unreasonable, to declare what thereafter should, *prima facie*, be the reasonable maximum rate for the transportation in dispute. The Supreme Court finally resolved that question in the negative, so that as the law now stands the commission simply possess the bare power to denounce a particular rate as unreasonable. While I am of the opinion that at present it would be undesirable, if it were not impracticable, finally to clothe the commission with general authority to fix railroad rates, I do believe that, as a fair security to shippers, the commission should be vested with the power, where a given rate has been challenged and after full hearing found to be unreasonable, to decide, subject to judicial review, what shall be a reasonable rate to take its place, the ruling of the commission to take effect immediately and to obtain unless and until it is reversed by the court of review." And then follows this still more significant declaration: "The Government must in increasing degree supervise and regulate the workings of the railways engaged in interstate commerce, and such increased supervision is the only alternative to an increase of the present evils on the one hand or a still more radical policy on the other."

Barkis is Willin' in Canada.

Reciprocity with Canada, a phase of tariff reform which during the recent campaign was a pretty definite issue in New England—particularly in Massachusetts—and in the Northwestern States, is a matter which apparently demands immediate attention. And it seems clear, also, that the first move toward any readjustment of our present policy must be made at Washington rather than at Ottawa. So much may be gathered with some definiteness from the history of past deliberations on the Canadian tariff, and from the atti-

tude toward that subject of the Liberal party which was decisively returned to power in the Dominion by the elections of last November. Well-informed and trustworthy newspaper correspondents, like Mr. E. W. Thomson, of the Boston Transcript, emphasize the importance of prompt action by the Washington Government. Says Mr. Thomson:

The reasons why a promptitude of American reciprocitarians is desirable are open to public inspection. Laurier's Ministry stand committed to an early revision of their tariff. Were reciprocity clearly on the tapis that revision might be of a nature dissimilar from what it would be if reciprocity were out of consideration. The revision is to be undertaken after a perambulatory commission shall have thoroughly investigated conditions in every part of Canada. That investigation seems most unlikely to be made before the next session of Parliament begins. In order to set about the investigation as soon as possible it appears likely that the session will be called for the earliest possible date in January next. Did Washington in the meantime bring reciprocity forward then the course of the investigation and of the sequent tariff revision would be influenced. Once Parliament opens here the ministry would be held for several months so close to business that they could not enter into negotiations for reciprocity. They will wish to set about tariff revision as soon as Parliament shall be prorogued, and the nature of that revision will to some degree be set by the session. If all this be correct, it would seem that unless Washington shall make some sort of tender of reciprocity before this year closes a unique opportunity for removing international restrictions on trade will have passed by, and be unlikely to recur for a long time. What sort of a tender from Washington would be effective? One indicating a desire to reconvene the Joint High Commission, which appears to be still officially in existence, though dormant by effect of adjournment *sine die*. By the settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute a principal obstacle in the way of reassembling the commission, for discussion of reciprocity, was abolished. But there would be no use in Washington moving for such reassemblage without having regard to the last communications that passed on the subject between Sir Wilfred Laurier and Senator Fairbanks in February-March, 1903. Perusal of that correspondence shows that the gist of it was faithfully represented by Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Finance minister, when he told the Dominion House, in April, 1903: "The letter of the prime minister to Mr. Fairbanks points out that it is hardly worth while to summon the Joint High Commission if we are to meet with the same difficulties as before. I am sure I am right in interpreting the prime minister to mean that, unless a preliminary discussion gives us some reasonable hope that the outcome of another meeting will be fairly satisfactory, there will be no desire on the part of Government to have the high commission resume its sittings." He went on to declare that, if the States should make an advance, "We owe it to our own self-respect to meet them in a fair and generous spirit." He

had previously said: "The proposition that these peoples, living side by side, should enjoy a greater freedom of reciprocal trade, is as sound to-day as ever it was." Such are the opinions of the Ottawa ministry now. Barkis is willin'—for a kind of reciprocity. If Washington is in the like mind, it seems up to Washington to make a move.

Mr. Thomson remarks that "the kind of reciprocity for which Ottawa is willing if that which would be established were customs duties mutually removed from all sorts of crops, coal, ores, fish and fish products, fruits, fowls, lumber, and various raw materials for manufacture. It is to be remembered that raw materials include many manufactures. It would be politically safe for the Ottawa ministry to go into a joint high discussion on that basis," and, furthermore, he says, a consideration of a reciprocity arrangement along some such lines could begin at once. The "Massachusetts plan," calculated to induce Canada to lower or abolish duties on New England manufactures, with the condition that this country should remove the duties on Canadian "naturals," Mr. Thomson thinks the Laurier ministry would not wish to consider seriously. In fact, he says, that "to begin discussion on that basis would be worse than useless, since the certain failure to agree would probably cause annoyance that can be averted by refraining from a *pow-wow*." Canadians, he says, have become more protectionist in recent years, and, furthermore—

The most authoritative diagnosis is that they are likely to continue in that course, not consciously imitating the evolution of the American protectionist mind, but being pressed by circumstances into a similar evolution. By natural increase, repatriation, and immigration population is rapidly increasing in the Dominion. Hence the disadvantages of manufacturing on a small scale tend to vanish. The bigger the home market the more a particular industry can be extended, with consequent lowering of prices to consumers. Again, many American manufacturers are immigrating or setting up branch establishments behind the Canadian tariff wall and its anti-dumping legislation of last spring. The people like this immigration. The Laurier ministry will not enter into any international bargain restrictive of the process. . . . If Washington shall not respond very soon the Ottawa Ministry cannot but conclude that the desired reciprocity is unattainable. Then they must become mentally free to revise their tariff.

They have announced the scheme of revision. It is one for a treble tariff—a maximum schedule against the products of countries which, like the United States, lay high duties against imports from Canada; a minimum tariff for countries that tax such imports lightly; a preferential tariff for the products of Great Britain and of such British

countries as may reciprocate the Canadian preference.

Ministers
vs.
Reformers

In a little magazine "What's the Use"—a writer in the "Amen Corner" tells of a State convention of ministers he recently attended, and the report he brings is refreshing. There are many otherwise intelligent people who seriously suppose that a gathering of ministers is for the sole purpose of singing hymns, telling of the religious experiences through which they are passing, and making long prayers. It is especially true that many people who are so vitally interested in one or another plan for social betterment that they are known as "reformers" have the most acute contempt for a gathering of preachers. But the "Amen Corner" man says he discovered that the "hifaluten talk of anise, mint and cummin" was only a small preliminary defect in the meeting, and that "the brethren once having freed their minds and relieved their chests, uniformly gave consideration to the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy and truth."

He suggests that those who are interested in social reform cannot afford to keep apart from the ministers whose interest in reform is no less than their own. "Throughout the sessions the subjects of socialism, equal suffrage, single tax, temperance reform, initiative and referendum, government ownership and correlated topics were adequately discussed and bravely championed." He then urges that the ministers of the country have it largely within their power to promote any reform which their judgment approves, and that it is a great mistake for "reformers" to miss the chance of allying themselves with these influential members of the community.

In criticizing any class of people, one is prone to forget that men are largely fashioned by the faith and customs of their times. That ministers are *first* men, products of the social and educational forces that have been operative also on other members of the community. Preachers are not all alike: there are the patriarchal minds (in both old bodies and in young) in every ministerial gathering, and there are also young and virile minds, men awake to the needs of the hour and eager to throw their whole life into whatever movement promises relief from human ills. These latter are in sufficient numbers to

shape not only the policy of the denomination they represent, but the religious activity of the period. But these young preachers, full of enthusiasm and hope, ready to sacrifice in any way that gives promise, are sure to find a few of the most intelligent people in their community who will have nothing to do with the Church, and manifest little respect for the preacher—because he is a preacher. They are therefore forced to work with the material at command, and are often most cruelly insulated to their own hurt and the immeasurable loss to society.

If "reformers" feel that they are in possession of a clearer light than that which guides the "ministers" they will manifest that they are wise unto the salvation of the cause they champion, not by holding aloof; but by wisely working with and becoming the inspiration of every potential element in the community. At least a now all too frequent anomaly will have passed, when those who claim a strict belief in the solidarity of the race shall have ceased to cavil at the inferiority or weakness of a so-called "class."

The Better
Diplomacy

Pastor Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life" and other books, has drawn crowded houses in all the cities

where he has spoken in his visit to America. It is significant that the tremendous popularity of this useful man grows out of the wide publicity given to his least suggestive, and most conventional book. If "By the Fireside," with its striking appeals to the social nature of man, its recognition of the network of social organization, and of the fact that no life can grow to its fulness or live in the beauty of simplicity except as all society approaches that better life, formed the basis of his popularity, its significance would be far different. One is impressed in watching the well-nourished and comfortably dressed throngs that have gathered to his meetings that the old-established spirit of individual excellence, the belief in the possibility of a somewhat isolated personal salvation, is grasping at the evidence of its validity, which this Parisian pastor is supposed to bring. A Saturday morning audience, chiefly women, gathered to hear him, is a striking evidence that an equal or greater number of other people are doing, in the various homes represented, the work necessary to enable these auditors to live the simple life.

But it is gratifying that many of the ad-

dressess of Pastor Wagner are in the spirit of his larger social message, "By the Fireside," rather than an exposition of the so-called individual virtues so exalted in "The Simple Life." In a recent address on "The France of To-day" before The League for Political Education in New York he emphasized the fact that a right judgment of any community or people can be formed only by a study of the members of that group who do its work—that a fair study of Paris will begin at the morning hour when the useful people are going to their tasks, rather than at the evening hour when the useless and the sensual are going to their pleasure. In the organization of the home, he maintained that "the kitchen is the cornerstone of the home, and that the hands which minister to our daily physical needs must be hands that are honored."

It is obvious that such a defense as Pastor Wagner is making of the virtues and industry of his own people, based on a conviction of the sanctity of all useful labor, is giving the American people a new and more accurate estimate of the French people. It is in this that he renders us the greatest service. He becomes an illustration of that appeal to the people themselves in which lies the hope of the peace of the nations. All civilized nations have official representatives at the courts of all other civilized nations. But it is far from true that these official representatives always either represent the people of the government sending them or understand the people to whom they go. Their knowledge, both at home and abroad, is limited to official circles. They meet personally only such citizens as may be guests at diplomatic dinners. Perhaps this fact will help to account for the centuries of estrangement between nations. Pastor Wagner comes as the unofficial diplomat, direct from the French people to the American people, with no delicate questions of court form to bind him, and no bureaucratic intrigues to engineer. He comes to tell us that "a good French papa is most similar to a good American papa, and a pure French home is the most like a pure American home." Let the people become acquainted. The workers of all nations will in time learn that they are most closely akin to the workers of all other nations, and that only self-interest for the protection of unearned privilege has created that elaborate and destructive machinery by means of which the idlers and their vassals have been able to keep the nations apart.

There were two events of **Liberal Theology** importance in the theological world last month, and **again Victorious** each involved in a significant way the Westminster Confession of Faith. The first was the decision of the directors of the Union Theological Seminary to readopt the original charter of the institution. This charter was formulated in 1836, and does not require formal acceptance of the Westminster Confession by directors or professors of the seminary. The act of incorporation, which was passed in 1839, says: "Equal privileges of admission and instruction, with all the advantages of the institution, shall be allowed to students of every denomination of Christians." The clause requiring subscription to the Westminster Confession was added later. Whatever may have been the reason for abolishing this clause, the potentiality of the move is apparent. In an interview published in the New York Sun, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, who is one of the directors of the seminary, is reported as saying: "As will be observed by study of the original charter of the Union Seminary the institution had for its original purpose the preparation of young men for the gospel ministry without in any way imposing on itself the obligations to fit such men for any one particular denominational line of service. The denominational idea is not involved in the gospels and is not involved in the original charter of the Union Theological Seminary. Certain influences have operated to contract the seminary within lines narrower than were originally contemplated. And whatever action may have recently been taken by the trustees of the seminary is to be interpreted simply as a return to the broader grounds upon which the institution was originally founded. It should be understood, however, that the seminary is distinctly and unqualifiedly evangelical." Friends of the seminary declare that the action will in no way alter the attitude of the institution toward the Presbyterian Church, nor toward the Westminster Confession, as such. Concerning the former, point, the Sun says: "One of the trustees, whose name may not be printed, said that a very great lawyer, and one who was earnestly against Dr. Briggs in the heresy trial, had said to him recently: 'The trustees of the Union Theological Seminary never had the right to put the seminary under the control of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

They exceeded their legal powers when they did so. They perverted the broad and generous intentions of the founders." And as to the attitude of the institution toward the Confession, it is a little difficult for a layman to see why the disappearance of that document as an expression to which it was customary, if not necessary to subscribe, does not imply at least a modification of the seminary's formal policy along that particular line. Incidentally there is a curious analogy between the history of this institution and that of the United Free Church of Scotland against which the British House of Lords has recently decided the suit based upon the contention—of the "Free Church" faction—that the United Church had departed from the doctrine of the original institution—had, in fact, discarded the Westminster Confession. Excepting the statement of the lawyer above quoted, we have seen no intimation that the legal status of the Union Theological Seminary as a corporation was in question.

There can be no doubt, however, about the directness and the significance of the blow at the Westminster Confession delivered by the Nassau County (N. Y.) Presbytery. On December 12, that body considered the case of the Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Carter, one of the three Presbyterian clergymen who began the agitation which led to the modification of Presbyterian doctrine in America. Dr. Carter had made a set attack upon the Confession in a letter addressed to the Presbytery, had been characterized as a "rationalistic Unitarian" by one of his lifelong friends in that body, and seemed to be in a good way to be tried for heresy. Before the Presbytery, he defended his previous statement that "scholastic theology is wrong from the base upward," and (according to the *New York Evening Post*) also said such things as these: "There is no such God as the God of the Westminster Confession. There is no such world as the world of the Confession. There is no such eternity as the eternity of the Confession. It is all rash, exaggerated, and bitterly untrue. If no one else is ready to say it, I say it. The hard, cold, severe God of the Confession, with the love left out, is not our God. The Presbyterian Church has had for long enough a creed that she has been secretly ashamed of . . . The scaffold and the fagot have produced no revelation of the truth. We have passed the scaffold and the fagot, and that is good; but harsh judgment and repression produce as

little revelation as the scaffold and the fagot." Yet, although the committee appointed to consider Dr. Carter's case found some fault with certain parts of his defense, they recommended, and their report was adopted, that he be requested "to continue his honored connection with the Presbyterian communion."

**Some Interesting
Age and Sex
Statistics**

Two bulletins just published by the Bureau of the Census give some very interesting age and sex statistics based upon the twelfth and preceding censuses of the United States. This work was done under the direction of Prof. Walter Francis Willcox, of Cornell University, an exceedingly able statistician, and one, moreover, who has a faculty for selecting the significant and interesting facts deduced from study of the census tables, and making just enough use of the statistics involved to present the facts themselves in a way which is convincing without being either too dry or too technical for the lay mind. It will be a pity if the newspaper and periodical press do not discover and make use of these qualities. From these bulletins we learn that the ages of the population were ascertained more accurately at the census of 1900 than at any previous census of the United States, and that this improvement was largely due to the addition of an inquiry about the date of birth to the former direct question as to the years of age. Furthermore—

The analysis of the census returns affords convincing evidence of the tendency to understate ages. This tendency manifests itself in the unduly large proportion of the population reporting their age as 25, 30, 35, 40, etc. The tendency to report ages as less than the truth is strongest in the negro population, stronger in the foreign-born white than in the native white population, and is stronger with females than with males. The number of centenarians in the population is grossly exaggerated in the returns, this exaggeration being especially marked in the case of the more illiterate classes. The median age of the aggregate population of continental United States (that is, the age which exactly divides the population into halves) is 22.85 years. One-half of the population is above that age, one-half below it. One hundred years ago the median age was 15.97; since 1820 it has increased, on the average, by two-thirds of a year each decade. The median age of the population living in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ years greater than that of the population living in smaller cities and rural districts.

This difference may be attributed to two main causes—the higher birth rate of the rural districts and the migration from the country to the cities,

which, like migration from abroad, consists largely of adults.

Of the aggregate population 51 per cent are males and 49 per cent are females, but in the age groups of 15 to 19 years, 20 to 24 years, and 80 years and over, there are more women than men. Probably in the population of the world as a whole, and certainly in that half of it which has been counted with distinction of sex, there are several millions more males than females. In continental United States, however, the relative excess of males is greater than the average for all countries. The slight excess of females in the total population reported in 1900 as attending school is due to a very decided excess of females among the negro school attendants.

In all races and in all parts of the country there has been a decided increase since 1890 in the proportion of females among persons attending school. The change for the whole country was due to a rapid decrease outside of the cities in the proportion of young men among the persons at least 15 years of age attending school, the figures for the country districts approaching rapidly the proportion found in cities in 1900 and 1890. When the school attendants of a specified class are compared with the total population of the same age and class, a noticeable contrast between the negro and the foreign-born white population appears, the per cent of female negroes attending school at each age being larger than that of male negroes, and the per cent of female foreign-born whites attending school at each age smaller than that of male foreign-born whites.

The death rate of males in the registration area of the United States in 1900 was 19.0 per 1,000, and that of females 16.6 per 1,000, the former having a death rate higher by about one-seventh than the latter.

Difficulties of French Disestablishment

The French Chamber of Deputies by a decisive vote has approved of the Government's attitude toward the Vatican, and M. Combes, Minister of the Interior and of Public Worship recently said bluntly that it was time "to put an end to the Ultramontane pretensions which have lasted so many centuries," and that France had no longer "the slightest pretension to the title of Eldest Daughter of the Church." No definite plans for carrying out this truly revolutionary program seem as yet to have been formulated, but it is obvious enough that it would involve problems which could be solved only by the exercise of much skill and tact, together with all due regard for public ideals and private sensibilities. For example, what is to be done about the great cathedrals and other religious edifices? M. Combes himself seems clearly to be in favor of laicising them, but it is doubtful if his Liberal supporters would

not at first refuse to follow him so far, while it is certain that the mass even of the people who have voted for thirty years for anti-clerical legislation might hesitate long before consenting to a step of such immense significance. Then, too, there will be pity for the clergy. For, whether or not because of the espionage of agnostics and atheists, the French *curé* has come to be recognized as a good man, and virtually the sole guide, philosopher and friend in hundreds of little villages whose social life depends upon the local church—always, of course, Catholic. M. Combes seems to suggest a pension remedy for this embarrassment, but it is by no means clear that the people will take kindly to this suggestion; to go no further, it is conceivable that it may not please their pocketbooks. Doubtless M. Combes foresees these occasions for friction and distress even more clearly than do mere on-lookers, and perhaps he has plans for mitigating them as far as possible. In the meantime, of course, nothing is clearer than that the church-going French people want no sort of doctrinal changes. Even M. Combes expresses no objection whatever to the entire control by the Church of purely religious affairs. It is solely the separation of the Church as such from the State as such, that he seeks, and this, to use his own words, he wishes to have take the form of "a rational, decent, and courteous divorce," which shall be absolute and final.

Influence of College Athletics

That interest in college athletics has waxed mightily in the past decade is sufficiently apparent. Doubtless it is entirely true that every year increasing numbers of young men are influenced, if not controlled, in their choice of alma mater by the athletic achievements of the various institutions under consideration. How a young man so influenced is likely to regard incidental recitation rooms and laboratories once he is in them need not be debated. And, admitting that the purpose of a college is to cultivate the intellect and the broader moral qualities, it may fairly be questioned whether such a young man brings away from his putative alma mater much of what he was supposed to get from her. We do not mean to deny that athletic contests have certain moral and intellectual values. Undoubtedly

they have. But, estimating them at their full worth, if the college man becomes intent upon athletics to the exclusion, or even the subjection, of the influences of the studies he is supposed to be pursuing, it is a fair question whether his years at his university have been little better than wasted. Nor is it necessary to consider very seriously the proposition that successful athletics give an institution good advertisement. (Advertisement of what?) Yet this, it would seem, is a consideration by which governing boards of colleges are often strongly influenced. And plainly it is to the attitude of these bodies that the harmful effects of excessive athletic enthusiasm are chiefly due. It is too much to expect that the average young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years old and with the usual amount of animal spirits which go with those years, shall not be considerably impressed by the lionizing which

the college athlete gets in the newspapers nowadays. And the newspapers are not to be blamed for paying pretty careful and detailed attention to an event which is witnessed by twenty-five or thirty thousand persons, and the result of which is eagerly awaited in different parts of the country by ten times as many more. In his address to the alumni association of Princeton last July, President Wilson sharply attacked the very prevalent feeling among college men which gives all honor to successful athletes, and virtually ignores an equal degree of scholarly attainments. Neither President Wilson, nor President Hadley, nor President Eliot, nor President Schurman need expect to see any change in this state of affairs until influences are set at work which shall lessen the present tremendous importance of football and baseball and rowing to the average undergraduate.

Current Discussion—Both Sides

Edited by George Gladden

Discussion of the President's Message

For the most part the newspaper discussion of President Roosevelt's message to the Congress is limited to the consideration of the sections dealing with our foreign policy, our attitude toward the Filipinos and the strong recommendation for the increase of the navy. As to what has become known as the "big stick policy," the New York Sun (Rep.) says:

Again, Latin-American peoples are informed that they need fear no interference from the United States, *provided* they "keep order and pay their obligations." Now, no Latin-American government disputes the duty of keeping order or has ever denied the duty of making reparation for any insult or injury offered to the flag or official representatives of a foreign power, or whenever the subjects or citizens of such a power have been wronged in person or in property. A sharp distinction has always been drawn, however, by Latin-American legists between such damages to property as are the outcome of violence or of confiscation on the one hand and the failure to pay debts arising out of contracts on the other. In the former case they have never questioned the right of the injured party to exact an indemnity by force. . . . In the latter case, the Latin-American experts in international law contend that the enforcement of contracts by the appli-

cation of military and naval pressure is no more warranted in the forum of civilization than is imprisonment for debt. Unquestionably, in Argentina, Brazil and Peru, all of which countries are heavily indebted to foreigners, the fact that the principle laid down in Mr. Roosevelt's Cuban letter is reasserted in his message will excite anxiety. For the reasons here mentioned, we should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Roosevelt's conception of the scope of our national duty under the Monroe Doctrine, a conception now definitely formulated, has given rise to some apprehension at Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro, as well as at Lima and Caracas.

And the New York World (Dem.) says:

No such unwarranted, shocking and dangerous extension of the Executive power was ever before proposed by a President of the United States. There is no warrant for it in the Constitution, in law or in precedent. Mr. Roosevelt now seeks to justify his flourishing of the Big Stick as "adherence to the Monroe doctrine." Never was there a more grotesque, preposterous and perilous perversion of the Monroe doctrine than is embodied in this extraordinary proposition.

"Will this threat make the Latin-Americans more inclined to trade with us?" asks the Baltimore Sun (Ind.). The Chicago Tribune (Rep.), on the other hand, rather defends the President's policy when it says:

There may be a few who will accuse the president of brandishing the "big stick," but it is necessary that the countries he has in mind should understand the situation. They will not be permitted to go so far as to provoke foreign intervention. Before that point is reached the United States will be likely to interpose and lead the "erring sister" back to the paths of right-doing. No American wishes again to see the fleets of foreign nations correcting an American republic for its shortcomings.

The Nashville Banner (Ind.) says that "the United States has never before assumed any 'international police power' in the Western Hemisphere, and cannot do so in the future without inviting unnecessary trouble," and continues:

Considering the fact that the Latin-American republics bordering the Caribbean Sea have for many years been in a chronic state of disorder and revolutionary eruption, and that they are frequently in difficulty concerning their public debts, this language used in the President's message can be considered as little less than ominous.

And the Pittsburg Dispatch (Rep.) says that "the Monroe Doctrine does not necessitate the assumption by the United States of the character of police officer of the Western hemisphere; nor does it protect other American nations in wrongdoing." The Hartford Times (Dem.) says:

The people of Central and South America are again told how they must "behave" to win the approval of the government of the United States and to save themselves from being subjected to intervention. The two things they are particularly required to avoid are "wrong-doing" and impotence. If this part of the message is not intended as an advance notice of the rumored project for United States intervention in Santo Domingo, then we are very much mistaken.

On the same subject, and concerning the President's insistence upon the need for a large navy, the Springfield Republican (Ind.) presents these points:

It is contemptible, he says, for a nation to use high-sounding language to proclaim its purposes or to take positions which are ridiculous if unsupported by potential force, and then to refuse to provide the price. Quite so; but how about taking such positions and using such language to proclaim purposes which require force to back them up. The president gloriously begs or dodges the question. There follows the usual Rooseveltian sermonizing on "craven weakness," etc., and then comes the declaration—rather startling to appear in the message of a president of the United States—that "it would be a wicked thing" for the civilized powers to disarm. No, they must keep up immense and exhausting and disturbing armaments because, forsooth, theirs is the duty to preserve peace and fair-dealing between the nations and prevent aggression from the uncivilized! Well, who have been the ag-

gressors in international dealings hitherto, the powerful civilized or the weak uncivilized peoples? Must we arm to prevent encroachment on our rights from the Filipinos, or rather is it not that we may encroach upon their rights and hold them in subjection?

The President's language on this subject of a larger navy, remarks the Hartford Times, "is addressed to a nation which thirty-five years ago, without any potential force worth mentioning, obtained from Great Britain, the most powerful nation in the world, an agreement to pay \$15,000,000 in damages for breach of the neutrality laws during our Civil War." The Burlington Hawk-Eye (Rep.) defends the President in this way:

The best national defense is on the salt water; our chief reliance a powerful navy. No nation can or will assault the republic on land. The president wants a big navy; so do the American people. Rapid enlargement and improvement of the navy is the popular demand.

Concerning the President's emphatic approval of the Administration's Philippine policy, the New York Tribune (Rep.) says:

Perhaps it is too much to expect a certain class of academic agitators to consider anything settled. If there was left any reasonable chance that they could persuade a majority of the voters to their view, they would have an excuse for going on. The President does not speak in his message as a partisan, but as the head of the whole people, actuated by the single purpose of meeting aright this great national responsibility. He should have the cordial co-operation of Congress and of all citizens, irrespective of domestic politics. Whatever academic theories anybody may hold, he must recognize that, as the President points out, the prime needs of the Filipinos are moral and industrial, not political, and make the first duty the establishment of these our wards on a firm moral and industrial basis.

On the other side, the New York Evening Post (Ind.) quotes the President's words, "I most earnestly hope that in the end they will be able to stand, if not entirely alone, yet in some such relation to the United States as Cuba now stands," and then says:

Of course, he proceeds to qualify and hedge this about characteristically. He has some really comic remarks about those "foolish persons here at home" who have urged Filipino independence. Under that amiable designation, he describes President Eliot, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Potter, and some hundreds of the most eminent Americans that could be named. Those "foolish persons" have simply advocated the promise of ultimate independence to the Filipinos, and argued that the Philippine problem is to be solved as was the Cuban problem. To this President Roosevelt now assents in a message to Congress, but he has to have his fling at the men who have urged the policy which Secretary Taft said it

would be madness to adopt, but which the President does now adopt. He has accepted the doctrine that we ought to treat the Philippines as we treated Cuba, and that is the main thing. The trail is blazed. In time the country will be marching along it.

And the Springfield Republican dissects the Philippine pronouncement in this way:

Regarding the Philippines, the president strongly condemns talk of granting independence, and then proceeds to do some talking on that line himself. "I most earnestly hope that in the end they will be able to stand, if not entirely alone, yet in some such relation to the United States as Cuba now stands." And that is what anti-imperialists hope for and will continue to work for, and it cannot be regarded as more harmful that they should say so than that the president should say so; and if the president can talk of independence as a dim and distant prospect without harm, cannot others, also without harm, talk of the prospect as much nearer and more hopeful? Where is the line to be drawn on the measure of that prospect, this side of which suggestions of independence become seditiously injurious, and beyond which they can have the presidential approval? Mr. Roosevelt continues to labor under the impression or on the assumption that ideas of liberty and desire for independence are not inherent in such a people, but implanted from without; and thereby is displayed not only great lack of knowledge of human nature, but entire failure to appreciate the truths fundamental to democracy in government. Mr. Roosevelt's instinctive leanings are toward monarchical ideas. The "strong" government, the government of force, the government of superimposed authority—this is the sort of government which appeals to him.

**The Talk
about a
New Party**

No feature of the post-election discussion has been more striking than the insistence upon the idea that the result implies the probability that the Democratic party will be reorganized—perhaps to the point of obliteration. In this discussion there are frequent references to Mr. Bryan's position in the party, not alone during the campaign, but since the election. The significance of the result so far as the "Solid South" is concerned also got considerable extra attention because of the suggestion that the South should set up in political business for itself. But in all parts of the country, and without regard to their party affiliations or preferences, the papers drew their readers' attention to the two great results of the election,—i. e., that, in the first place, the Democratic party had been hopelessly beaten, demolished, in fact, at the polls; and, secondly, that there had been a remarkable increase in the "radical"

vote, as represented by the Populists and the Socialists, and especially the latter.

Speaking of Mr. Bryan's influence and present position, the Baltimore Sun (Ind.) says:

That there is a belief that the Nebraskan will attempt to regain the leadership is evident from the expressions of New York politicians and newspapers identified with the "safe and sane" Democracy. They are protesting emphatically against Mr. Bryan's utterances, his disposition to commit the party to a "radical program." They are calling upon Judge Parker to assert his leadership and appealing to Democratic voters to recognize it. Thus there would seem to be the possibility of a cleavage in the party long before it organizes for another Presidential campaign—the possibility that before many years there will be a congeries of parties in the United States, each having a purpose more or less radical, but unable to agree on a definite program for joint action.

And the Atlanta Journal (Dem.) pays this tribute to the Western man:

It was reported, almost immediately after the election, that the Nebraska man would be one of several others who intended to make the attempt to form a new party. This report did Mr. Bryan little credit—it was incredible—and it was, of course, promptly denied. We are no more in love with Mr. Bryan's silver idea, or others of his various isms, than we have been before. But as an example of how the man has grown it is only just to point out the manner in which his former insistence upon these has, under the stress of an honest desire to sink all minor differences and assist in the maintenance of party harmony, given place to a recognition of the fact that it is time for Mr. Bryan himself to dwell upon them no longer. So, without loss of consistency, he now appears to be a larger figure in the Democratic councils than he has ever been before. His evident purpose is to cease his insistence upon the theories which time and experience have proved make no popular appeal, and which ever have been and ever will be unacceptable to the majority of his party, and to devote his splendid fighting powers to the essentials which all members of his party agree to be the paramount issues, since they grow logically from the basic principles of the Democracy as applied to existing economic conditions.

The Kansas City Star (Ind.) says that "so long as monopolistic abuses flourish, so long as the Standard Oil Company, for instance, needs merely to write down the figures at which it will sell its product, radical politics will thrive in the United States, if for no other reason than by way of protest." And the same paper continues:

The undisputed pre-eminence of Mr. Bryan in the Democratic party to-day is the result of the existence of serious evils in the American industrial system. Trust managers might as well understand that every move they make in fighting President Roosevelt's reasonable policies for correcting existing ills, plays into the hands of the

radicals whom they dread. Bryan, Watson, Debs ought to be prophets of warning to the men who are greedily striving to mulct the people and to multiply unearned possessions.

William Marion Reedy, of the St. Louis Mirror, who keeps a sharp eye on politics in the Middle West, says that "Mr. Bryan has but to formulate a policy of clearly defined opposition to Roosevelt to gather about himself a party that shall be a real power in the land. It is not necessary that Mr. Bryan's policy should be extremely radical. He need not go the full limit of either the Socialist or Populist programme to hold the vote those parties polled." And the Minneapolis Evening Tribune (Rep.) says:

The Democratic majority, suppressed during one campaign by the power of money and intellect, will now return to dominion without any effective check upon its passionate class prejudices and undisciplined primitive emotions. The natural leader of this party, Mr. Bryan, is still in the prime of life with many years of oratory before him.

As an overt sign of an approaching reorganization of the present Democratic party, or the founding of a new party, the surprising increase in the votes for the Socialist and Populist parties—and especially the vote for Mr. Debs—is freely cited. Says the Minneapolis Tribune:

We are inclined to believe that many thousands of Bryan Democrats in every state voted for Roosevelt to bring about this return by making the defeat of Parker thorough and final. Probably we have heard the last of the conservative Democracy, except as an occasional reluctant ally of the Republicans against policies of its own party dangerous to business and menacing to society. The real Democracy would be a very formidable party now, could it get into action. It will be still more formidable when it has gathered up new forces of discontent, bred out of the coming business depression, and made its natural alliance with the growing body of socialism.

If the Republican party knows what is good for it, it will be on its very best behavior for the next four years. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt is right to put a third term behind him. He will need his whole strength and all his influence with the party to keep it from courses that would give it into the hands of its powerful antagonist of the future.

The San Francisco Argonaut (Ind.) calls attention to its prediction early in June that the Democratic party would be badly defeated, and that the general results of the election would show a great increase in the radical vote, and adds:

Not even the 133 electoral votes that Parker got represent the expression by the voters of their adherence to any principle. The popular votes he got are the votes of the South, cast for the

Democratic candidate because of prejudice and through habit. The so-called conservative Democracy—what there is left of it after the lambasting it has got—stands for nothing. It would seem as certain as anything can be that the reorganizers—Hearst, Bryan, Watson, and perhaps some others of the younger men—will gain control of the party, and the conservatives will have either to go over to the Republicans, or be partyless. The possibility that such a party may become formidable gets support from the astounding increase in the socialist vote. There is another thing that will strengthen the radical party. The labor unions appear to the casual eye to be suffering a decline in power. The endeavor on the part of workmen, through methods approaching coercion, to wrest from capital a larger share of the profits jointly earned by capital and labor, appears to be in a fair way to fail. Blocked in their progress in this direction, labor unionists will naturally, almost inevitably, seek to accomplish the same result through the ballot. And they think they have a friend in Mr. Hearst. In short, the rise of a formidable radical Democratic party may, we think, be very safely predicted. There will then be between the two parties but one real vital issue. It will be the trusts. Then the two parties, we should say, might be compared to a quack doctor and a wise and learned physician.

And the Chicago Tribune (Rep.), taking much the same view of the situation, says:

These three men, Bryan, Hearst, and Watson, are the leaders of three elements which, as long as the democratic party is controlled by the high finance of New York, do not seem to themselves to have any adequate political expression. They will attempt, therefore, to steal the democratic party from high finance and to install themselves as its captains. If this can be done the populist party will disappear and the democratic party will become an altogether new party. What will the main animus of the new party be? Clearly anti-trust rather than pro-labor. If it were pro-labor the farmers would be alienated. They do not love trade unionism. They want cheap labor on their farms. But they are, many of them, perfectly willing to be anti-trust. Both trade unionists and farmers can agree to "smash the criminal trusts." But "smashing the criminal trusts" is too vague an enterprise. The concrete expression of it will be: "Start in to smash the criminal trusts by having the nation own the railroads which build up the criminal trusts."

Here in the East, too, many of the more thoughtful and candid papers see the probabilities in much the same light. The Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.), for example, says that "as a conservative agency for constitutional reform the [Democratic] party has failed completely," and continues in part as follows:

Judge Parker's candidacy represented an ideal of conservative reform which aroused no enthusiasm. The party in power, with its apparently immobile policy, sufficiently satisfied the majority of conservatives. Parker in no way satisfied the radicals. The aggressive party must be

radical, and whether under Bryan or Watson or another, and whether called Democratic or by any other name, the rise of such a party is inevitable. It probably will be called the Democratic party for the reason that what is left of the Democratic organization will now be easily controlled by the radicals. The State organizations in the West and South will gladly follow Bryan, and there will not again be strength or hope enough in the East to exercise restraint. It is quite safe to assume, on the basis of present conditions, that the Democratic candidate for President in 1908 will represent an aggressive radicalism, much more pronounced than that of 1896 or 1900, and that the old-fashioned Democrats of the East, of the type of Cleveland, Olney and Parker, will be out of it.

And the Baltimore Sun contributes this suggestive forecast from the view-point of the South:

Here and there a voice is heard in the South crying out that Dixie should cut away from all parties in the future, nominate its own candidate for President and make the best terms it can when the time comes for casting its electoral vote. If such a program should be carried out we should have in the United States political groups resembling those in Europe. Should the Democratic party ever divide again, as it did in 1860, we should have Conservative Democrats and Radical Democrats. Perhaps there might also be a division in the Republican ranks, with two wings of that party—the Old-Line Republicans and the Progressive Republicans. We should have Populists and Socialists, perhaps also a straightout Labor Party. Finally we might have the South, detached from all parties, but ready to act with the party which would give it the best guarantee of material prosperity and immunity from partisan attack. These are some of the possibilities of the future, if one historic party should break down of its own weight, after a long lease of power and the other should break into fragments because of dissensions among its leaders and the impossibility of fusing heterogeneous elements into a harmonious whole. The detachment of the South from all parties seems to be, of all the contingencies enumerated above, the least likely to arise. Every Southern man can readily understand why it would be discouraged by Southern statesmen. It would inevitably revive the sectional issue in its most rancorous form.

It has been considered some
Will there be what significant that, al-
Tariff Revision? most immediately after the
 result of the election had
 become known, there began to appear in
 Republican, as well as Democratic and inde-
 pendent papers, discussions of possible tariff
 revision. Some of the Washington corre-
 spondents appeared to believe that this ques-
 tion was likely to be taken up at once, and
 seriously, by the present session of Congress.
 Others were not long in explaining that this
 would not be done, and furthermore, that

there would be no set treatment of the sub-
 ject in President Roosevelt's message. Then
 there began to be predictions that the Presi-
 dent would call a special session for the ex-
 press purpose of discussing the tariff, and
 that this session would be summoned to
 meet immediately after March 4. At the
 time of this writing, however, it seems not
 altogether improbable that this congressional
 consideration may go over until a still later
 date, since certain very powerful influences,
 which naturally would favor prolonged post-
 ponement, appear to be already at work in
 Washington. The Philadelphia Public Ledger
 (Ind.) remarks that "the revision or the
 changes will not be made during the next
 session, perhaps not in a special session, but
 Americans are well schooled to this sort of
 thing, like the patient ones in 'Wonder-
 land,' where Alice was informed that it was
 always 'jam to-morrow.'" Furthermore,
 the same paper says:

The reason for that most peculiar of phenomena—the spectacle afforded by the conservative Rep-
 ublicans and Republican newspapers demanding
 that there shall be revision of tariff schedules just
 after their party has achieved one of the most stu-
 pendous victories in the history of party govern-
 ment—is due to the general opinion that the in-
 terests of the country require a release for con-
 sumers and manufacturers and producers of all
 kinds in this country from a system which takes
 from the many to give to a few, while it stifles
 business and reduces revenue. If President
 Roosevelt undertakes this great task, he can
 carry it through. He has a wonderful oppor-
 tunity. If he neglects it he may split his own
 party, for the real insistent demand for tariff re-
 form which cannot be refused will in the future
 come from New England and the Northwest, and
 from Republican manufacturers and the indus-
 trial communities.

As to the general situation, the Boston Tran-
 script (Ind. Rep.) says:

Time was, and not so very long back, when the
 South was for free trade, or if it could not obtain
 that, for a tariff for revenue only, but to-day it is
 an industrial section which has a keen interest in
 the protection of cotton mills and iron works.
 Moderate protection, rather than high protection,
 may be the Southern ideal, but its cotton manu-
 facturers would be the first to take the alarm if it
 was proposed to reduce the schedules covering
 their industry to a point permitting competition
 from abroad in the finished product. The iron
 industry of Alabama would not take kindly to a
 very marked reduction. In the West there is,
 undoubtedly, a sentiment that the cost of manu-
 factured products bears hard on the Western con-
 sumer to the advantage of the Eastern producer,
 but the West, on the other hand, could scarcely
 be expected to welcome with open arms, in pe-
 riods of normal agricultural returns, the inrush of
 natural products from abroad in competition with

its own. Here in the East there is a demand for natural products. Thus it will be seen that assuming that the movement for tariff revision is as widespread and deep as it appears to be, there is yet no consensus of opinion as to what form it should take. That must be worked out and if the process of working out is to be a success, it must be by balancing the claims and interests of the several sections. This process of balancing is not one that can be effected in a few moments or a few days. It has often been the cause of delays little understood by the general public, but perfectly understood by those behind the scenes in tariff making. Another cause for making haste slowly will be the need of considering the revenue requirements for the Government. Government requirements are likely to grow rather than decline. The mere increase of population, together with the tendency to broaden the scope of Federal activities, will compel even with rigid economy a budget that will reflect these conditions. Therefore, it is to be expected in fiscal legislation that if something is lopped off here an equivalent must be put on there. Revenue readjustment is not a simple task anywhere, and in this country it is always liable to be complicated by politicians playing for points useful to them at home.

And the Baltimore Sun (Ind.) presents these points:

The "stand-patters" will, of course, be disposed to regard the recent election as an indorsement of their policy of continuing unchanged the existing prohibitory tariff rates. Tariff revision will be opposed. But the Congress that meets in December, 1905, will have to do something to meet a deficit which, by that time, may have become decidedly inconvenient. The condition of the national finances will probably compel revenue legislation. What form it will take is at present matter of speculation merely, but it is noteworthy that tariff reform in the line of revenue duties and reciprocity is in the air. New England and the Northwest call vigorously for reciprocity with Canada and Newfoundland.

"The amount of orthodox Republican talk about prompt and thorough work in revising the tariff is surprising," says the New York Evening Post (Ind.), and as to the necessities for such revision, the same paper says, in part:

The opportunity is certainly great. It cannot be too quickly seized. A marked quickening of manufacturing and commerce is apparently before us. It will accentuate the demand for new markets. To run the race set before it, American industry must throw aside every tariff weight. Instant action is necessary if we are not to let the chance of reciprocity with Canada slip. To give our manufacturers free raw materials and to cultivate the freest possible trade relations with the great nations that buy and sell, is a duty commanded not by theorists, but by the actual business conditions of the United States. It is gratifying to note the signs that leading Republicans perceive the inevitable, and are preparing to submit to it. No sensible man anywhere can stand up and defend the steel duties, which seem to exist mainly for the purpose of favoring the

foreigner at our expense. The doctrine of the "square deal" goes ill with that; and the Roosevelt majorities as little meant endorsement of that and other tariff outrages as they did approval of Addicks or Odell.

And the Minneapolis Evening Tribune (Rep.), taking somewhat the same point of view, says:

We think that the time has come for tariff revision by the Republican party; and for revision not up but down. We believe that many duties have become obsolete and superfluous. We believe that many duties not only obstruct foreign trade, but prevent the full development of domestic industry. Growing industry and expanding markets go together. We cannot develop industry beyond a certain point without going abroad for markets for its product. We cannot expand our markets abroad without removing artificial obstructions to most economical and efficient production at home. The industry and trade of the country have outgrown a tariff law made for different conditions. The great majority of the Republican rank and file, who are bent on tariff reduction, have been patient with Republican delay, because they trusted Roosevelt and distrusted the Democrats. They have strengthened Roosevelt's hands, for this among other reasons. They expect tariff reduction from the Republican party, and they expect a beginning to be made without more delay. We firmly believe that failure to satisfy this expectation by the Congress just elected would give the next House of Representatives to the Democrats.

The Cleveland Leader (Rep.) is no less clear about the essential requirements. It says:

Mr. Roosevelt is pledged to revision and is not the man to leave the plow in the furrow. It is not to be understood for one moment that the doctrine of protection is to be abandoned. That will be the cry raised by the ultra-protectionists, who refuse to recognize the hand-writing on the wall. We are not ready for free trade and no one with a grain of logic or patriotism would so pretend. The time has come, however, for the careful, calm, judicious and expert consideration of present schedules and their amendment to meet modernized and patent conditions in the business world. The continued dominance of the Republican party depends upon its fulfilling its promises in this and in other directions.

Explaining what he believes to be the attitude of the President, and describing the situation at Washington, the correspondent of the Evening Post says, in part:

The truth is that the opening of the question will not be due to either wing of the Republican party, but to the President. He has assented, as a Republican in regular standing, to his party's position on the policy of protection, looking at it purely on its economic side, as a policy of expediency, but he has never held but one opinion of what ought to be done when an industry obviously needs no more nursing at the hands of the Government and the people are demanding a reduction in the price of its products. The trouble has been to hold some of the more radical cham-

pions of this view in check till revision could be made a feature of the party programme. The stand-patters evidently realize the fact that they have got to do something. Their plea that the victory of November 8 was theirs is all very well, but they know by this time that the public recognize it as imposing certain obligations on whoever won it. They seem, as a rule, disposed to act liberally—"not under compulsion," it goes without saying, but to prove that victors can be generous. All they ask is that Foss and Cummins and Babcock and the other men who have been clamoring so long for a change shall not be treated as if they had driven their enemies to cover. The talk in the stand-pat circle is all on this order: "Choke off your revisionists; rename the work you propose doing, and make it a simple 'modification of two or three schedules'; then count on us to help you through." To save their faces is the first duty the stand-pat contingent feel constrained to perform.

Will Southerners
welcome
Mr. Roosevelt?

Certain political and social considerations, past and present, have combined to bring from the Southern press a series of remarkable expressions concerning the supposed attitude of President Roosevelt toward the South. In these pages there have already been quoted characteristic Southern journalistic comment on the "negro plank" in the Republican national platform. Various Southern editors, assuming that the President favored, if he did not actually inspire this plank, and that he will regard the result of the election as an indorsement of that as well as his other policies, are now discussing, sometimes with apparent anxiety, the possibility that he will actually attempt to reduce Southern representation in Congress. Another subject of much comment, some of it decidedly personal and none too courteous, is the proposed journey of the President through the South, and the intimation that he will take that opportunity to explain his position to the people of that section. Still another topic of discussion has been the letter which he wrote to Colonel John S. Mosby in which he remarked that he had always been "saddened rather than angered" by the attacks upon him in the South. And these discussions have frequently involved more or less bitter allusions to the apparently unforgivable entertainment at the White House of Mr. Booker T. Washington, and the insistence of the President in pressing the nomination of Dr. Crum for the office of Collector of the Port at Charleston.

The Baltimore Sun, one of the ablest papers of the South, has this to say on the question of reducing Southern representation:

With enormous majorities in both branches of the Fifty-ninth Congress, it would be practicable for the President's party to put through any program of legislation touching the South. That the people of the Southern States are apprehensive that some action may be taken which will disturb the existing order is apparent. Perhaps their apprehensions have no foundation other than the plank in the Republican platform. The President has it in his power to allay their fears. Before any action is taken by Congress—if such action is seriously contemplated—the President should take counsel with the best representatives of Southern Democracy. They are his fellow-countrymen, worthy in every way of his confidence. Let him talk freely with them about a matter which affects the nation, not merely a few States.

And in another editorial, the same paper says:

The threat of extreme Northern partisans to reduce Southern representation should not be countenanced by patriotic Northern people. Such an act would injure the North more than the South in the times to come. The North is face to face with dangers and problems which have not appeared in the South. The Southern representation in Congress, as to all these things, is the conservative force upon which the North must largely depend. To attack the South in this quarter would be to rekindle the dying embers of sectional strife into a furious flame. The Southern people upon their part should discountenance attacks upon the President. They should treat him with courtesy and consideration. They should await the progress of events with confidence. Let us have peace.

The New Orleans Picayune doubts whether, as a matter of fact, any such legislation could be passed, although "the pressing of such a measure is sure to create a most serious sectional disquiet."

but the radical opponents of the South will lose no opportunity to urge it on the President as well as on Congress, and an effort will be made to convince the President that the lining up of the North solidly behind him was chiefly brought about by a desire of the people to protest against the treatment of the negroes in the South. It is impossible to predict what will be the President's position on the subject, notwithstanding he has just written a letter to the famous Confederate scout leader, Colonel Mosby, that he loves the South equally with the North. In any case, the prospect is that this troublesome question of the reduction of Southern representation threatens to come into serious prominence in the near future, and to excite a great deal of sectional agitation and hostility. It will be wise, while hoping for the best, to make up our minds to endure the worst, if we must come to it after making all the resistance honor and manhood and a sense of right demand.

All of this discussion, it should be added, ante-dates the actual introduction (on December 7) by Senator Platt, of New York, of a bill calculated to reduce Southern rep-

resentation in Congress, according to the policy enunciated in the Republican platform.

From a long editorial in the *Atlanta Journal* we quote some remarkable utterances concerning Mr. Roosevelt's proposed visit to the South. In reply to a correspondent's question as to "what should be the attitude of the people of this State toward the President, should he really come among us," this paper says:

We answer frankly, that we know of no influences at work to bring the president here except among a few Republican office-holders. Furthermore, we think it would be a mistake for the president to come at this time, for we fear that he would not receive that degree of courtesy which the great office of president of the United States, which he occupies, should receive. If, however, he should come, we say, unhesitatingly, that his great office entitles him to be treated with courtesy, under all circumstances. It is said that he desires to know the southern people in their homes. The question of entertaining even the president at one's home is altogether a matter of personal taste. Any man has the right to so entertain him, if he desires. Upon the other hand, any one has the right to decline to do so, if he so desires; and such a refusal cannot be considered as an act of discourtesy. Mr. Roosevelt will doubtless be entertained at the homes of some of the Republican office-holders. Peradventure, he may be entertained by some who are not office-holders. We imagine that there is no very general desire among representative white people in the south to thus entertain him. When we recall the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, contrary to all precedent and in scorn of all custom, invited and entertained a negro at his dining table, in his personal capacity as a man, as well as in his official capacity as president of the United States, thereby establishing a precedent for social equality between the races, we are impressed with the belief that this man who, by choice of the people, now occupies the white house, has purposely derided and scorned the best sentiment and the best traditions of all southern people, as well as of a very large element of northern people, and we cannot think there will be an overwhelming desire on the part of those whose principles and traditions are thus defied, to receive him around the hospitable board of southern homes. One's "house is his castle," and neither courtesy to an individual nor consideration for a high official, requires that that castle shall be thrown open to one who either from association, taste or political expediency, has made himself an obnoxious person.

And the *Houston (Tex.) Chronicle* says:

It is reported that he intends ere long to visit the South, and while here set forth his intentions and define his policies. The South does not expect him to recede from his views on the tariff or on the Philippine or any other question upon which he has taken a definite stand, because these questions he is familiar with, is entitled to his opinions concerning them, because they are debatable, and he can ably defend his positions, but if he is a man wise enough to see an error and big

enough and brave enough to confess it, the South will expect him to declare that he will do nothing to give offense to a Southern community any more than he would to a Northern community; that the sentiments and even what he considers the prejudices and the hereditary antipathies of Southern people will be respected and that he will not attempt to press a theory while he ignores palpable and insurmountable facts, that he will regard the preferences of Southern communities and not do anything to cause irritation or arouse sectional bitterness, that he will recognize the constitutional rights of the states to regulate the privilege of suffrage, and not seek to nullify their action.

In a somewhat less intense strain, the *Charlotte (N. C.) Observer* says:

The people of the South have judged Mr. Roosevelt largely by his acts, especially in connection with the race question, and they oppose his ideas regarding it. They have, however, profound respect for the Chief Magistrate and need not be asked to give him a fair deal. As a matter of fact, despite the fear which many Southerners have that the President may continue to stir up the race problem by appointing negroes to office—there is no perceptible bitterness toward him. On the contrary, he is generally regarded as an honest and straightforward man who intends to do right, and whose wrongful acts are all mistakes.

And speaking of the reception the President is likely to receive in the South, the *Baltimore Sun* says:

The votes of the recent election were hardly counted before invitations to visit the South began to come to the President. This is the olive branch, the message of good will. If the President can find it possible to accept a great many of these invitations it will result in incalculable good. Wherever he goes among the Southern people he will meet hospitality and courtesy, and there is no better way to dispel prejudice and misunderstanding than to be brought face to face. In this way the President will learn how to deal with questions which interest the South so as not to excite antagonisms and prejudice, and the South will learn to esteem the President for his generous nature and admirable personality.

The President's letter to Colonel Mosby was written last September from Oyster Bay, but was not made public until after the election. The pertinent passages are as follows: "I have always been saddened rather than angered by the attacks upon me in the South. I am half a Southerner myself, and I can say with all possible sincerity that the interests of the South are exactly as dear to me as the interests of the North." From the courteous, yet very earnest and significant editorial remarks on this expression by the *Atlanta Constitution*, one of the most influential papers of the South, we quote the following:

Since Mr. Roosevelt has mentioned in such a connection the ties of consanguinity that bind him

to the south, his good mother's section will reply in all kindness. The south, knowing Mr. Roosevelt's immediate southern ancestry, had, when the president first assumed the office, way down in her warm heart a feeling for him that went a long way toward bridging the chasm of partisanship. It is not necessary to refer here to the specific nature of the treatment desired and expected. That is thoroughly understood north and south. Nor is it necessary to specify wherein President Roosevelt by acts, official and otherwise, has tended to reopen the old sore. Truly, the south can say with the President that she was "saddened rather than angered" when her fair and legitimate hopes were dashed to the ground. But let that pass. The years bring wisdom and wisdom brings justice. The south has been patient. She will be so yet. But, Mr. President, don't forget that southern civilization—southern society—has its great destiny to work out along peculiar and precarious lines. It is hampered as no other section of our common union is hampered. While constantly striving for the right, as God gives us to see the right, in the settlement of our grave internal question, there are sacrifices that we can never make to political expediency, never will make under any circumstances, and that you, of all men, should never ask us to make! And now, with that, are you ready to make a friend of the south by being a friend to it?

What is the
Matter
in Panama?

Discussion of the Panama affair, which had been rather languid during the first part of the presidential campaign, got new impetus and added spirit in the last fortnight of the canvass from the publication of Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Dr. Shaw and the President's ordering Secretary Taft to proceed to Panama and investigate the reported friction due to the influence of the United States in the "canal strip." In our last issue we referred to the discussion of the President's letter to Dr. Shaw. It was written on October 10, 1903 (that is, about three weeks before the revolution which resulted in the establishment of an independent government by Panama), and had been published before, excepting the closing sentence, which Mr. Roosevelt's critics considered highly significant. This sentence was as follows:

Privately, I freely say to you that I should be delighted if Panama were an independent state, or if it made itself so at this moment; but for me to say so publicly would amount to an instigation of a revolt, and therefore I cannot say it.

This expression received such criticism as the following, from the Springfield Republican (Ind.):

Has a president of the United States any warrant whatever to circulate privately a wish con-

cerning the dismemberment of a foreign state when the public expression of that wish, by his own admission, would constitute an instigation to rebellion in that country? . . . The question promptly arises, to how many other friends did President Roosevelt "privately" say that he would be "delighted" to have Panama secede? There were chances enough that the letter to Dr. Shaw of New York would reach Bunau-Varilla and Mr. Cromwell, the New York attorney of the Panama canal company. The point is this: Bunau-Varilla and his fellow-conspirators against Colombia were eager to discover in the autumn of 1903 how the president of the United States would act if a revolution should be started in Panama. Would he protect the secessionists and prevent Colombia from reasserting her authority over her revolted state? Bunau-Varilla, since his return to France, has in effect stated that he had come to correct conclusions as to President Roosevelt's probable course before the secession at Panama was attempted. How did he arrive at such correct conclusions? That President Roosevelt, in "privately" circulating his wish for a revolution at Panama, was consciously and deliberately fomenting revolt within the territory of a foreign power, we do not affirm. We would not think of charging him with committing an outrage of that sort. What he did, however, probably had the effect of encouraging the secession that came. The private circulation of his desires was, in any conservative judgment, a reckless thing to do, it was a wrong thing to do, it was utterly incompatible with the course which he knew he must follow in his public utterances and in his official capacity.

As to the original form in which the letter appeared, and the significance of the closing sentence, the Florida Times-Union (Dem.) says:

Under the appearance of frankness and willingness to show even his private correspondence, was there not here an attempt to conceal the truth and deceive, since the letter as printed gave a false impression of its meaning? It was within the right of the parties concerned to withhold a private letter—it is not within the right of any official of this Government to attempt a wilful deception as to his motives or wishes governing an official act.

The New York Journal of Commerce (Ind.) remarks that Mr. Roosevelt could not have said publicly that he "would be delighted if Panama were an independent state, or if it made itself so at this moment,"

and it was injudicious for him to say so privately, even in a letter that he regarded as confidential, but he only expressed a feeling that was natural and that was shared by a large majority of the people who were aware of the situation. There is nothing in it inconsistent with any assurances given by the President at that time or since, or anything discreditable to him. He was undoubtedly "delighted" to have Panama make itself independent and create the opportunity that presented a solution of the canal problem, which Colombia perversely made difficult. It was the best solution that could have been devised, and the

attempt to make capital against the Administration for availing of it is puerile politics.

On the other hand, the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.) says:

The President would be "delighted" if a revolution could be brought about, and the revolution was duly "held." Take this letter, the action of our Government in sending warships to the scene, the part which our naval and military force played in the uprising, the breathless haste with which our Government recognized the newly created State, the lightning speed with which we ratified the treaty which delivered the strip to us, the revelations about the conspiracy of the agents of the French Panama Company, and he is a dull man who will say that this Government was guiltless.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Secretary Taft, directing him to proceed to the Isthmus and thoroughly investigate the conditions there, was written on October 18, and was in part as follows:

Sir: By executive order of May 9, 1904, I placed under your immediate supervision the work of the Isthmian Canal Commission, both in the construction of the canal and in the exercise of such governmental powers as it seemed necessary for the United States to exercise under the treaty with the republic of Panama in the canal strip. There is ground for believing that in the execution of the rights conferred by the treaty the people of Panama have been unduly alarmed at the effect of the establishment of a government in the canal strip by the commission. We have not the slightest intention of establishing an independent colony in the middle of the state of Panama, or of exercising any greater governmental functions than are necessary to enable us conveniently and safely to construct, maintain and operate the canal, under the rights given us by the treaty. Least of all do we desire to interfere with the business and prosperity of the people of Panama. However far a just construction of the treaty might enable us to go, did the exigencies of the case require it, in asserting the equivalent of sovereignty over the canal strip, it is our full intention that the rights which we exercise shall be exercised with all proper care for the honor and interests of the people of Panama. The exercise of such powers as are given us by the treaty within the geographical boundaries of the republic of Panama may easily, if a real sympathy for both the present and future welfare of the people of Panama is not shown, create distrust of the American government. This would seriously interfere with the success of our great project in that country. You will advise the president of the republic what the policy of this government is to be and assure him that it is not the purpose of the United States to take advantage of the rights conferred upon it by the treaty to interfere with the welfare and prosperity of the state of Panama, or of the cities of Colon and Panama.

Soon after the arrival of Secretary Taft at Panama, there were reports to the effect that he had adjusted the difficulties

concerning tariff regulations in the canal strip, and that his decision had been enthusiastically received. Whether the secretary had full power in this matter does not appear at this time. But as to the various causes for friction, the views of President Amador, of Panama, are especially pertinent. To a representative of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, at Panama, he is reported to have said:

I do not like to admit that there is any controversy between the United States and Panama. The treaty is not clear on many points and the assumed position of the United States in the zone has caused friction. Panama foresees that her revenues will be depleted seriously by the establishment in the zone of an absolute sovereignty. The sale of lottery tickets which President Roosevelt ordered suspended in the zone, and for violation of which arrests were made by the zone police, is an old established custom in Panama. The concession to conduct the lottery was sold to Gabriel Duque and his company and the contract will not expire for seventeen years. Irrespective of the right or wrong in this form of gambling, I may say that it is a part of Panama life and custom. Eight per cent of the total sale price of tickets goes into the government funds and some 64 per cent of the money is realized by the people in prizes drawn and commissions for sale of chances. The government conducts the drawings. We cannot understand how this lottery will affect the canal project. If our merchants are to be taxed for all goods imported into the zone there will be serious losses to them. They are compelled to pay Panamanian port taxes and if they wish to sell these goods in the zone, should the Dingley rates be enforced, they would be forced to pay a second tax. So far as I am aware, the United States agents here have not collected any port or import duties in the zone from Panamanian territory to date. They do collect land taxes about one-half cent cheaper than are ours. A 2-cent stamp carries a letter to any part of the United States, while a 3-cent Panamanian stamp is required for the same purpose. But, while there are many perplexing questions, I have no doubt about the result. I believe in America's honesty of purpose.

Speaking of the reported friction on the isthmus, the Boston Herald (Ind.) says:

Evidently the President and his friends have tried by every means in their power to minimize these differences and difficulties, with the idea that they might gradually disappear of themselves. But it has probably been discovered that the conditions were really serious. The probabilities are that the susceptibilities of the people of Panama have been very little considered by the canal commissioners. It is rarely the case in dealing with what are termed an "off-color" people that the Anglo-Saxon acts as he would if he was in business relations with one of his own kind.

And the Baltimore Evening Herald (Ind.) takes about the same position when it says:

It is not as yet clear what attitude Secretary Taft will take upon the broad subject of governmental control of the zone, but apologists for the administration are already speaking contemptuously of the Panama people and of the government which President Roosevelt so hastily aided in establishing. They go further and intimate that the elaborate government established by the administration in the canal zone is intended as an object lesson of stable and serviceable institutions to the Panamaians. This may all be very commendable; there is no question but that the people of the pigmy republic would be the better for the adoption of American ideas of government and sanitation, but the building of a canal is the prescribed limits of this government's commission in Panama, and the country is not ready to be treated to another edifying instance of peripatetic philanthropy. Too much sovereignty on the canal zone squints too palpably to final control of the isthmus at large.

The Minneapolis Evening Tribune (Rep.) declares that the situation on the Isthmus is impossible, and continues, very candidly, in part as follows:

Secretary Taft is going down to straighten out the tangle for the present. In the end we think that congress will have to straighten it out. In the remoter end it will have to be straightened out by the resistless force of events. However little the government and people of this country like it, they will have to take complete sovereignty over the territory of the Panama canal. It is for the Panama republic to say whether or not it shall be blotted out in the process. The Panama government cannot survive on the canal site unless it accepts such complete subordination to the United States as that which the Egyptian government, everywhere directed by British advisers, accepts to the British government as owner of the Suez canal. It will be difficult for South Americans to adjust themselves to this anomalous position; but we think it is essential to the continued existence of the Panama republic.

Another phase of the controversy, which seems to have received relatively little attention, but is held up as peculiarly significant by certain newspapers, is furnished by interviews with Señor Obaldia, Panama's minister to this country, and Dr. Morales, legal adviser to the Panama legation, which were published in the New York Herald. "The United States," said Señor Obaldia, "is great and powerful, and Panama is a young and much weaker republic, but does this mean that the Washington administration shall be the judge, jury and the whole court?" "I have," he continued, "on behalf of the president of Panama, filed with the state department our complaint and a request that the orders of Gen. Davis be stopped, pending a settlement. After waiting twenty days, I received a note saying that John Barrett, the United States minister at Panama,

is the man to deal with. We have never been able to get any satisfaction out of our dealings with Minister Barrett."

And Dr. Morales said such things as these:

In response to our repeated protests we have never received the slightest promise that the evils we complain of shall be stopped. Before the independence of Panama was declared the promoters of the movement had been assured that if successful in establishing the new republic they were to obtain from the United States a canal treaty similar to the Herran-Hay treaty, which had been ratified by the American Senate and rejected by Colombia. With that understanding the independence of Panama was proclaimed on November 3, 1903, and a minister was appointed to go to Washington. Without awaiting instructions from the provisional government, in which I occupied the position of minister of state, Mr. Bunau-Varilla unexpectedly signed the treaty, in which he agreed to clauses that were not in the Herran-Hay treaty. This minister was false to interests of the country he was representing and should have been recalled immediately, but he professed to have decided influence in high spheres of the American government, and the provisional government of Panama feared to offend this country by that act of repudiation. By the same means Mr. Bunau-Varilla obtained the ratification of the treaty in Panama. The provisional government had the intention of ratifying the treaty, and conferred with Rear-Admiral Walker, head of the United States canal commission. He consulted with President Roosevelt about the objectionable clauses of the treaty by cable, and his answer was that the treaty had been a way of meeting the criticisms he had incurred by his action on the Panama question; that it was not possible to change the treaty at that time, but that in future a new treaty could be framed to do justice to our country. Under that clear and precise promise the treaty was ratified.

The Springfield Republican declares that these expressions amounted to attempts to bulldoze the United States into a desired action, and continues:

Imagine the British or the German ambassador flying in that style to the columns of the New York Herald to complain of the neglect by our government of certain business which the ambassador wished to press to a conclusion. The chances are that such coercion would be penalized in no time by a message to his home government intimating that he had become persona non grata and demanding his recall. But Minister Obaldia is being handled as if he were a piece of Dresden china. He is not become persona non grata. By no means. Secretary Taft himself is not only ordered to go to Panama, but Secretary Taft does Minister Obaldia the honor of inviting him to accompany the special mission on its journey. The administration not only failed to resent the Panama minister's undiplomatic threats and his appeals to the American public, but it has now taken the most conspicuous means to soothe the wounded dignity of this mighty power on the isthmus of Panama.

Books on Vital Issues

The Reverse Side of Prosperity*

A FEW years since we were hearing much about "the advanced guard of prosperity"; since then the main body has been much in evidence in party platforms and political speeches. What might be called "the rear guard of prosperity" straggles and stumbles through the several chapters of Mr. Hunter's book to a music that is desperately sad. The whole book is a pregnant comment on the arrogant and hilarious optimism of the ruling powers. In Lange's "History of Materialism" there is a vivid contrast between the landscape as it appears to the lover of natural scenery from some coign of vantage, and the things that are actually transpiring in its bosom, where birds of prey are rending their quivering victims with beak and claw, and in the river, gleaming so pleasantly, thousands of tiny creatures are suffering cruel death. The contrast is not less vivid than that which is afforded by the habitual outlook of the prosperous classes, political and commercial, and such a presentation as we have in this book—and, indeed, in any well-considered statement of the conditions of our social life upon its lower planes. It was said that Gladstone could make figures sing. If Mr. Hunter may be credited with this gift, it must be confessed that his figures sing a most pathetic and heart-breaking melody, and not

A tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.

Mr. Hunter's acquaintance with the problems of his book has been of many years' continuance, and he has brought to them both sympathy and careful judgment in such degrees that we are bound to attend carefully to what he writes. His object is to define poverty and estimate its extent at the present time in the United States; to discriminate between poverty and pauperism—two very different things; to describe some of the evils, not only among the dependent and vicious classes which constitute the social wreckage in the abysses of our cities, but also among the unskilled, underpaid, underfed, and poorly housed workers; further-

more, to point out certain remedial actions which society may wisely undertake; and finally, to show that the evils of poverty are not "barren virgins," but fruitful mothers of innumerable ills; that both those in poverty and those in pauperism are procreating creatures so miserable that their reclamation is almost impossible, especially when the reclamation must consist in forcing back the pauper, the vagrant and the weakling into that struggle with poverty which is all the time defeating stronger and better natures than theirs.

Mr. Hunter's first chapter deals with poverty in its more general appearance and effect. It is a matter for regret, which he does not conceal, that our lack of information is a conspicuous feature of the situation. Many persons, seeing the announcement of this book, have doubtless entertained a hope that we should have something closely resembling Mr. Charles Booth's study of London poverty, or Mr. Rountree's "Poor of Cities." But we have not. Both of those books were based on house-to-house investigation, Mr. Booth's in London and Mr. Rountree's in York, a provincial city of typical character. Mr. Hunter is very modest in his disclaimer of results comparable in significance with theirs. He has done his best to *estimate* the extent of poverty, and his methods are so careful and conservative that we may be very certain that he does not exceed the mark when he estimates that ten million persons in the United States are living below the poverty line; that is, insufficiently fed, clothed and housed. It is evident that his well-formed opinion points to a figure at least half as large again as this. A remarkable showing, this, in a young country capable, it is reckoned, of supporting at least three times its present population; a rear guard of prosperity that is a hostile force, its impact upon those next on before horribly destructive and discomforting. One of the difficulties with which Mr. Hunter has to contend is the diversity of standards of decent living which obtain in different parts of the country and among different strata of the population. Of course, it costs much more to live

*POVERTY. By Robert Hunter. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1904.

in New York than in small towns or in the country, especially in the South. And it costs much more in "these prosperous times" when eggs are forty cents a dozen and flour is eight dollars a barrel than it does when prices are more moderate. It was Adam Smith's idea that the consumer's point of view, not the producer's, was the right point of view for the economist, but there are none so poor as to do it reverence now. A wiser economy would, perhaps, consider both. One point made by Mr. Hunter is well worth considering. It is the low standard of "the living wage" entertained by such immigrants as the Italians and the Russian Jews. He contends that this standard is only temporary; that to work up and hold the American pace the Italian and the Jew must have as full a dinner-pail as the American born.

Some of Mr. Hunter's particular figures are more eloquent in their reproaches of our industrial optimism than his larger generalizations. In the matter of pauperism we do not seem to be doing so well as England, though the proportion of poverty is much greater there than here. In forty recent years London's pauper population decreased fifteen times as fast as the general population increased. Here in America, the increase of population and pauperism was about neck and neck. Now about four millions are reckoned. It is not these for whom Mr. Hunter invites our most active sympathy. At least they are not the unhappiest part of the community. The damned whom Swedenborg saw in hell when he was intromitted to that quarter were as happy as the occupants of the heavenly seats. Similarly Mr. Hunter finds the paupers quite as happy as any of their social superiors; much happier than those just above them in the social scale. Of course, happiness is not a final test. To be damned and not know it is the worst kind of condemnation. It is the poor people on the verge of the abyss, fearing to topple over into its festering mass, making an heroic struggle to preserve their independence—it is these that present the most pitiable aspect to the attentive eye. There are some of Mr. Hunter's figures that have a very special poignancy. Think of saucing one's Christmas dinner with the reflection that there are 60,000 evictions yearly in Manhattan, and some twenty pauper burials every day—a pauper burial being the last indignity to which the struggling poor sub-

mit their broken state. Making full allowance for the duplicate entries on lists of dependent persons, the number of these in the State of New York is set down at 1,322,891. Surely there must be something rotten in the State of New York as well as in the state of Denmark for such figures to present a tolerably fair account of the actual condition of the proudest commonwealth in the United States.

Mr. Hunter's second chapter deals with pauperism as intelligently as his first with poverty. It has illuminating pages on the contributions made to the pauper class by consumption, "the White Plague," by drunkenness, by the crippled class, to which our railroad service furnishes many thousands every year, by the irregularity of employment which is so characteristic even of times regarded as pre-eminently good. He says: "Among the many inexplicable things in life, there is probably nothing more out of reason than our disregard for preventive measures, and our apparent willingness to provide almshouses, prisons, hospitals, homes, etc., for the victims of our neglect." He reckons that from 20,000 to 25,000 deaths and 40,000 to 50,000 cases of severe illness could be prevented in New York in 1905 if proper precautions were taken to prevent disease. It is important that the debility and exhaustion resulting from poor housing stand in the way of that efficiency which would justify a higher rent and secure a better home. A system of old-age insurance is advocated with much force. Calling a man a pauper who is exhausted by faithful service is denounced as the equivalent of calling a man a deserter who has no more strength to march on.

It is impossible within our permitted space to follow Mr. Hunter through his seven chapters with the particularity we have heretofore observed. There is, perhaps, more vagrancy in his chapter on "The Vagrant" than in some of the others, but it is one of the most interesting in the book. Here and elsewhere no generalized statement would convey the force of Mr. Hunter's book, so much of this force inheres in the vividness of particular illustrations. There are reports of things which he has seen with his own eyes which are too sickening to be regarded without a miserable sinking of the heart. And some will say, no doubt, The disease being so much more apparent than the remedy, as it certainly is, why torture ourselves and em-

bitter our most simple food by submitting our minds to the appalling stress of such a painful presentation? But we do not wish to live in a fool's paradise. We do not wish to flatter ourselves that everything is booming splendidly when next door to our confident prosperity there are conditions of such threatening misery and brutalism as are here soberly and convincingly described. Chapter IV, "The Sick," is one of the most painful in the book, and yet one that has its gleam of hope. The next, "The Child," discusses the problem of child labor in a profoundly impressive and convincing manner, meeting effectively the plea that child labor is necessary for the support of the family. Chapter VI, "The Immigrant," presents, in a

very striking manner, the tendency of America to become a foreign country, and the criminality of the steamship companies competitively working to this end. In 1896 there were seven thousand emigration agents in Italy, speculating on the peasant's ignorance and intoxicating him with lies. It is a striking and yet reasonable paradox of the late Francis A. Walker that without the last half century immigration our population might have been as great as it is now and much better. "We cannot welcome an indefinite number of immigrants to our shores without forbidding the existence of an indefinite number of children of native parents who might have been born."

John White Chadwick.

Lafcadio Hearn's Japan

THE rapid march of Japan to the van of civilization is one of the most striking phenomena of the second half of the nineteenth, and of the opening of the twentieth century. At this very moment the Japanese are thrilling the world with the kind of spectacle that moves it most—that of great companies of men holding life cheap in the pursuit of an ideal, and embracing death met in its service with a kind of joy. Circumstances now conspire to focus the attention of the nations upon the Island Kingdom, and to fill them with a desire for a more intimate knowledge of a people who have in these latter days so greatly distinguished themselves. This desire is quickened by the interest, very marked in our time, and manifesting itself unmistakably both in Europe and America, in Eastern literature, art and religion. It is the aim of Mr. Hearn's latest book—the last that is to come from his pen—to meet this desire, and to do something toward an interpretation for the Occidental mind of the ideals, the modes of thought and feeling, and the secret springs of action of this Oriental race. Thus the book appears in a happy hour. But it can well afford to dispense with all the claims to attention that are based upon adventitious circumstances; for in its author the

Japanese recognize the foreigner who has best understood them, and those who know pronounce the book a valuable contribution to knowledge in its special field.

Mr. Hearn opens his book with a reminder that no comprehension of Japanese life and character is possible without something more than a superficial acquaintance with religious conditions. Political and social arrangements, art and literature, even industry, are intimately associated with religion. And the great service of this book will be found to lie in the help it affords the Western mind to realize the nature of the national faith. It makes plain how it is apprehended by the average man, how it appeals to his feelings, and how it bears upon the conduct of his life.

"The real religion of Japan," says Mr. Hearn, "the religion still professed in one form or another by the entire nation, is that cult which has been the foundation of all civilized religions, and of all civilized society—Ancestor worship." The various forms of this cult are all classed together under the name of "Shinto," which signifies "The Way of the Gods." The tenets of Shinto grow out of the belief that at death man's spirit enters into the possession of superhuman powers. The common toiler, who yesterday was a man of no importance, becomes to-day, being dead, a divine power, to whom his children pray for the prosperity

*JAPAN: AN INTERPRETATION. By Lafcadio Hearn. The Macmillan Co., New York and London. 1904. \$2.00.

of their undertakings. Like the personages of Greek tragedy, the dead are believed by the Japanese to be suddenly transformed into divinities by death, and are addressed in the language of prayer or worship. Yet these ghosts are themselves dependent upon the living for their happiness and well-being. Homage they need, and offerings of food from which, for their nourishment, they extract the invisible essence. "Each ghost," we are told, "must have shelter—a fitting tomb—each must have offerings. While honorably sheltered and properly nourished the spirit is pleased, and will aid in maintaining the good fortune of its propitiators. But if refused the sepulchral home, the funeral rites, the offerings of food and fire and drink, the spirit will suffer from hunger and cold and thirst, and becoming angered will act malevolently, and contrive misfortune for those by whom it has been neglected. . . . Such were the ideas of the old Greeks regarding the dead, and such were the ideas of the old Japanese."

The three great forms of Shinto worship are the domestic cult—the worship, that is, of the spirits of the family ancestors; the communal cult—the worship of the spirits of the clan-rulers; and the national cult—the worship of the spirits of the national rulers. To the domestic cult—the universal religion of Japan—a shrine is devoted in every home. Within it are little tablets of white wood—"spirit substitutes," is the meaning of the term applied to them—inscribed with the names of the household dead. Before these tablets prayers are repeated, and offerings are placed every day. In this worship the dead are regarded as continuing to form part of the household life, pleased when the members of the family do well, angered or grieved when they do ill. These ancestor-ghosts are thought of as dwelling mostly within the lettered tablets—"unseen they guard the home, and watch over the welfare of its inmates; they hover nightly in the glow of the shrine-lamp; and the stirring of the flame is the motion of them. . . . From their shrine they observe and hear what happens in the house; they share the family joys and sorrows; they delight in the voices and the warmth of the life about them. . . . They are the givers of life, the givers of wealth, the makers and teachers of the present; they represent the past of the race, and all its sacrifices—whatever the living possess is from them.

Yet how little do they require in return. Scarcely more than to be thanked as the founders and guardians of the home, in simple words like these: 'For aid received, by day and night, accept, August Ones, our reverential gratitude.' . . . To forget or neglect them, to treat them with rude indifference, is the proof of an evil heart; to cause them shame by ill-conduct, to disgrace their name by bad actions, is the supreme crime. They represent the moral experience of the race: whosoever denies that experience denies them also, and falls to the level of the beast, or below it. They represent the unwritten law, the traditions of the commune, the duties to all; whosoever offends against these, sins against the dead. And finally, they represent the mystery of the invisible; to Shinto belief, at least, they are gods."

The communal cult, with its Shinto temple, was to the community what the domestic cult, with its family shrine, was to the family. In the temple the ghosts of old rulers were worshiped as tutelary gods. As the domestic religion became the sanction of rules of household conduct which must be obeyed if the family was to prosper, in like manner the communal cult demanded obedience, as a condition of the prosperity of the community, to laws that regulated the relation of the individual to those without the home.

The worship of the imperial ancestors carried with it teachings as to the duty of the individual and the community to the nation.

The value of any religion depends, at least from the sociological standpoint, upon its success in shaping national institutions and personal character to beneficent and beautiful ideal ends. It is by this standard that Mr. Hearn measures the religion of Japan; and his lucid exposition of the influence of the ideals of Shinto can hardly fail to excite a keen interest. It is particularly interesting to-day for the light it throws upon the kind of heroism of which the Japanese are now giving an exhibition by land and sea.

As a clue to the procedure of his essay, Mr. Hearn has set down upon his title-page this quotation from Walter Bagehot: "Perhaps all very marked national characters can be traced back to a time of rigid and pervading discipline." The discipline that has given the Japanese character its unmistakable national distinctiveness is the rigorous application of the ethical ideals of Shinto.

The fundamental idea underlying all an-

cestor worship is that the welfare of the living depends upon the welfare of the dead. For every man, therefore, two things were of the first importance—to provide for the propitiation of the ancestral spirits and to provide for the future cult of his own spirit. It was with a view to these two necessities that the Japanese family was organized. The head of the family was the priest of the sacrificial worship and the absolute ruler of the household. It became his duty to manage all things with a view to the maintenance of the cult. It was a life of filial piety that pleased the spirits of the dead, of piety in the old Roman sense of household duty—reverence for the dead, affection between husband and wife, children and parents, masters and servants. Out of this filial piety evolved sentiments of patriotism, of loyalty, of unquestioning self-sacrifice. With the elder son of a house marriage was obligatory. For an elder son to remain childless was a crime against the ancestors—the cult being thereby threatened with extinction. Nor could a son choose his own wife. The head of the family made choice of the wife, who, for one reason or another, would best serve the interest of the family and the family cult. And the son must accept the choice without question. In case the wife proved barren, in old times a concubine must be taken or a new wife obtained; in modern times a son must be adopted. In its extreme form the paternal power in early times controlled everything—the right to marry or to keep the wife or husband already espoused; the right to one's own children; the right to hold property; the right to choose or follow an occupation. And the head of the family was obeyed literally and without question. He was, but for one qualification, a despot, whose rule was sanctioned by religion. The qualification referred to lay in the check upon his conduct exercised by the consensus of family opinion. This brought to bear upon the head of the house a moral influence which he could ill afford to disregard. But, as regards the organization of the Japanese family, the point of social and ethical significance which cannot be too strongly emphasized is this: the family and the maintenance of the family cult were the matters of prime importance; personal passions, inclinations, and whims were, upon principle, crushed into subservience to family interests. The power of the *paterfamilias* was not, as it might at first appear, an exception to this

rule; for he was himself under the moral sway of the united opinion of the family, which bridled all tendencies to tyrannical individualism. As the conclusion of the whole matter, it may be said, in a word, that the whole scheme of family life aimed at the stern repression of individualism in the interest of the family as a whole.

The habit of subordinating individual interests to the interest of a number of people, of acting, not in accordance with the dictates of individual judgment, but in accordance with the consensus of opinion of a group, which characterized the family life of Japan, was characteristic also of the larger life of the community. Its ethics insisted also upon the sacrifice of the individual to larger interests. The good-will of the spirit of the communal ancestor, the tutelary god, demanded unquestioning obedience to the unwritten laws of the district. These unwritten laws or customs were identified with morals. An offense against them was regarded as a defiance of the will of the god, and therefore a menace to the public weal. The crime of any one man might bring punishment upon all. And as a consequence the commune held each member responsible for his conduct. "The mere idea," says Mr. Hearn, "of doing as one pleases (within such limits as are imposed on conduct by English and American societies, for example) could not enter into the mind of a Japanese. Such a freedom, if explained to him, he would probably consider as a condition morally comparable to that of the birds and beasts." To rules which it regarded as the will of the god the community would tolerate no insubordination. It gave advice, and insisted that such advice should be followed, in purely private and domestic affairs. It might, for instance, compel a man to furnish help to poor relatives; it might compel him to accept arbitration in family quarrels; it might impose a penalty upon the lazy, or upon the man who kept late hours; or it might punish a son for filial impiety. Indeed, the community felt free to correct forcibly not merely grave moral offenses but petty faults, disagreeable habits, and bad manners. Today the arm of the law can be invoked against such forcible punishment. But as a matter of fact the man who has been punished for offenses against customs that have the force of religious law does not dare to defy public sentiment by calling in the civil law to right him. This interference with the

manners and morals of the individual, had it been imposed from without, would have been an intolerable tyranny. But it was not so, for it represented the sentiment of the community. The family ethics and the communal ethics have, it is plain, the same distinctive feature—the individual is completely and pitilessly sacrificed. But this coercion of the individual by the group had its beneficent aspects. The community saw to it that none wanted the necessities of life. Competition, except between different communities, was discouraged or repressed. The custom still prevailing among jinrikisha men that a runner must not pass by another going in the same direction is an instance of this. The old ethics—and ideally they were of course right—regarded it as base to take advantage of one's superior strength or energy to force competition. And to-day many communal restraints upon competition represent the altruistic spirit that so largely prevailed in ancient Japanese society.

It will be readily understood, though it is not possible here to follow Mr. Hearn's exposition of the matter, that the affectionate loyalty, the habitual self-sacrifice, the obedience and submission to authority that characterized the relation of the individual to the family and the community, came also to characterize his relation to the nation. That it did so is abundantly illustrated by the patience with which the nation submitted to all sorts of sumptuary laws regulating even matters of dress and the details of domestic life.

It remains now to sketch out briefly the type of character produced under the influence of Shinto. The ethical ideals of that religion gave personality small chance to develop and assert itself. Its whole tendency was to numb personality, to suppress all mental and moral differentiation, and to establish a uniform type of character. All this must be admitted; but it should also be remembered that it succeeded in bringing the average of character surprisingly close to the ideals which it upheld. And the type of character it formed was worthy in many ways of earnest admiration. The product of long subjection to a discipline of almost incredible minuteness in detail and extraordinary rigor in application, it combined surprising patience, docility, honesty and kindness with a high courage. It was a

character that cultivated sobriety, simplicity and economy, and enforced cleanliness, courtesy and hardihood. The filial piety that was one of its great traits, widening with social evolution, developed into the loyalty of political obedience and the loyalty of military obedience. Loyalty and self-sacrifice are indeed the master traits of the national character. And the particular kind of heroism that is at this hour trying the soul of Russia was bred in the blood and bone of the race by the ideals of Shinto. For long generations Shinto has taught insistently, and practised, the sacrifice of self-interest, of liberty, even of life to the interests of the family, the community, and the nation. And the soldier who to-day meets death in a spirit of cheerful, unquestioning, uncomplaining, self-sacrifice, is, in so bearing himself, but exemplifying Shinto ideals. No work upon Japan of a like compass can rival this volume of Mr. Hearn's in advancing one in a knowledge of Japanese character and in affording illuminating generalizations upon the tone and tendency of Japanese history and social life. And it carries with perfect ease its heavy weight of substantial information. Confining itself mainly to the pleasanter aspects of its subject, as in the charmingly idealized portraits of Japanese womanhood, it consistently touches the sorest spots with the softest terms. He who would dwell upon the unpleasant features of Japanese life must look elsewhere. Mr. Hearn's style, though not without mannerisms, and though wanting a little in the free, unbroken flow proper to a work that goes at any length, is still upon the whole charming. Its lucidity, grace and speed suggest French, rather than English, models. It evinces, among other good qualities, a rare pictorial gift that can conjure up landscapes or scenes from human life with a truly wonderful vividness, and throw over them the glamour of poetry. The delightful pictorial passages of the book no one can forget. The illustrations of a skilled artist could scarce serve as well as these to supplement the text. This work of Mr. Hearn's must be classed among those broad and suggestive sketches which, whether entirely reliable or no, are always of great value as a point of departure for the study of a national civilization.

Horatio S. Krans.

Cartoons upon Current Events



ARBITRATION SEEMS TO BE IN FASHION

—Warren in the Boston Herald



THE CZAR'S DILEMMA

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle



HOCH FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE!

LIBERTY "WELCOME, FREDERICK, MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME"

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle



THE GREAT PEACEMAKER
MALCONTENTS HAD BETTER LOOK OUT
—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle



UNCLE SAM: "NOW WE CAN GET UP STEAM
AGAIN"
—From the North American (Philadelphia)



"WHO HEAVED THAT BRICK?"
—Walker in The Appeal to Reason



DANGER! BE CAREFUL HOW YOU USE IT!
—Bradley in the Chicago News



THE NEW PEACE ANGEL
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: "CAN THIS BE ME?"
—Bartholomew in *Minneapolis Journal*



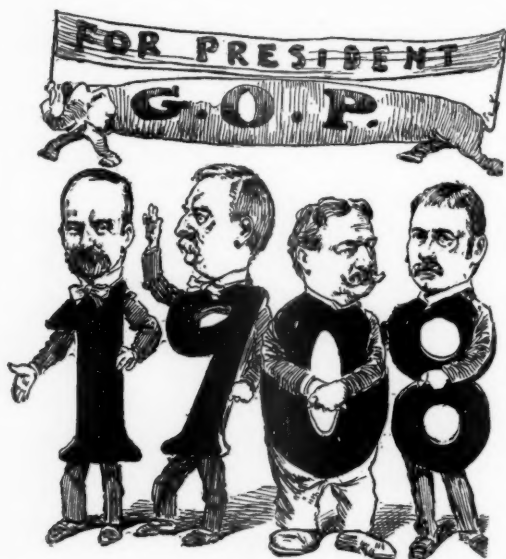
ANDREW CARNEGIE WOULD HAVE A PEACE TRI-
BUNAL WITH POWER TO ENFORCE DECISIONS
—McWhorter in the *St. Paul Despatch*



UNCLE SAM: "I WANT TO HEAR **THESE** WHEELS
GO ROUND"
—Evans in the *Cleveland Leader*



HOW A STRENUOUS PRESIDENT WOULD CALL A
PEACE CONFERENCE
—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*



—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade



THE KEY TO PORT ARTHUR
JAP—"GREAT SHOGUNS! HOW MANY BUNCHES
MORE MUST I CAPTURE TO UNLOCK THE DOOR?"
—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle



"A POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION"

—McDougall in Philadelphia North American

People in the Foreground

**The Oracle
of
Archey Road**

The reappearance of the unique "Mr. Dooley," as sagacious, astute and withal as amusing as ever, is an event of real importance in the world of American letters. It was during the

after he continued to "speak truth smiling" about our pet hypocrisies, amiable or otherwise; our ideals, false or fatuous; and our prophets, real or stuffed. Then there was a hiatus of a year or so, during which Mr. Dooley was silent, because Mr. Dunne had



Courtesy of Small, Maynard & Co.

F. P. DUNNE—"MR. DOOLEY"

Spanish-American War that his originator, Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, made this publican of "Archey Road" famous for his shrewd and sapient, but invariably good-natured comment upon questions of the day, and for four or five years there-

turned editor of one of the New York dailies, and as such presumably had no time to look forward, much less backward. That was a great pity. It seemed like making a sow's ear of a silken purse. Mr. Hennessy grew more and more lonesome—

also increasingly shaky about his politics and his general morality. Very likely he threatened mandamus proceedings. At all events, Mr. Dooley finally yielded, resumed his "barkeep's" apron, and the Delphic oracle was restored to Archey Road.

Not since the days of Hosea Biglow has an oracle of this kind been listened to more attentively. And to compare Martin Dooley with Hosea Biglow is not far-fetched, for the Chicago Irishman, in his delightful brogue, has pilloried the combined brutality and stupidity of war and militarism as effectively as ever did the Down East Yankee farmer of nearly sixty years ago. For example, Hosea said:

If you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,—
God 'll send the bill to you.

And humane people applauded. But here is Mr. Dooley, discussing the Russo-Japanese War, and saying, apropos of the "Rooshyan" who is called away from his wife "an' forty small childer" to "fight f'r Gawd an' his Czar:"

"It's th' ol' firm. Whiniver I'm called on to fight f'r Gawd an' me counthry I'd like to be sure that th' senyor partner has been consulted."

Mr. Dooley's political analyses and prognostications are famous for their accuracy, but his general moral philosophy is no less profound. And what is more, he is a real literary artist. As an evidence of this latter quality, we have in one of his recent letters, "Mr. Dooley on the Pursuit of Riches" (copyright, 1904, by McClure, Phillips & Co.), the following exceedingly clever and vivid allegorical exordium:

Life, Hinnessy, is like a Pullman dinin' car: a fine bill iv fare but nawthin' to eat. Ye go in fresh an' hungry, tuck ye'er napkin in ye'er collar, an' square away at th' list iv groceries that th' black man hands ye. What'll ye have first? Ye think ye'd like to be famous an' ye ordher a dish iv fame an' bid th' waither make it good an' hot. He's gone an age, an' whin he comes back ye'er appytite is departed. Ye taste th' ordher an' says ye: 'Why, it's cold an' full iv broken glass.' 'That's th' way we always sarve fame on this car,' says the coon. 'Don't ye think ye'd like money f'r th' sicond course? Mither Rockyfellar over there has had forty-two helpin's,' says he. 'It don't seem to agree with him,' says ye, 'but ye may bring me some,' ye say. Away he goes an' stays till ye'er bald an' ye'er teeth fall out an' ye set dhrummin' on th' table an' lookin' out at th' scenery. By an' by he comes back with ye'er

ordher, but jus' as he's goin' to hand it to ye Rockyfellar grabs th' plate. 'What kind iv a car is this?' says ye. 'Don't I get annything to eat? Can't ye give me a little happiness?' 'I wudden't ricommend th' happiness,' says th' waither. 'It's canned, an' it kilt th' las' man that thried it.' 'Well, gracious,' says ye, 'I've got to have something. Give me a little good health an' I'll thry to make a meal out iv that.' 'Sorry, sir,' says the black man, 'but we're all out iv good health. Besides,' he says, 'takin' ye gintly be th' ar-rm, 'we're comin' into the deepo an' ye'll have to get out,' he says.

Ermete

Novelli

It is a pity that we are no longer permitted the joy of discovery. For everything we are carefully prepared in

advance. Just think what exquisite pleasure it would have been to have found a copy of Shakespeare and not have known that he was the greatest poet and dramatist of the English race, to have felt his greatness dawn upon one. But such joys are denied us, and instead we are forced to see the beauties and glories of this world through the eyes of others, until, we are told, our own are trained to view them in the proper light. Many of us thus never get beyond this stage.

So it is with each new sensation, each new creation. Some one proclaims it, and then we all prove sheep and follow the lead until our judgment steps in and calls a halt. Still there is this much to be said in favor of the system: many who would otherwise never have recognized worth find themselves thus able to do so.

The coming of the Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, to this country is preceded by a lavish display of encomium expressed in superlatives. If Signor Novelli can live up to the reputation that has gone before him, he will, indeed, prove a great actor, for the adjectives have not been spared. Upon the Continent, where he has frequently appeared, he is held in high esteem. Those in this country who have seen his acting and publicly expressed themselves upon it, have been most enthusiastic. Therefore, are we duly prepared to see an artist, "thought by many to be the greatest living actor." His visit is thus in the nature of a big event.

Ermete Novelli is now somewhat over fifty years of age. All his life, from very infancy, has been passed on or near the stage. His father was a prompter in a traveling company, and it was thus that the young boy received his first impressions. His rise after he began his own career was not sudden and not without hardship and struggle. At

one time he was forced to take a position as waiter in a café; yet he held his purpose firmly in mind and kept fighting on and upward until after a long while he had organized a traveling company of his own, for the presentation of comedies. And it was as a comic actor that Novelli made his first real reputation.

ity, a fact attested by the range of his repertoire, which runs the gamut from "The Taming of the Shrew" to "Œdipus Rex." Whether or not he possess the very lofty supreme place suggested by advance notices, there can be no doubt that he is an actor of great reputation and worth, and one whom every lover of the drama will welcome as a



Photograph by Sarony

ERMETE NOVELLI

It took courage and perseverance to turn from this to serious and tragic parts. Anyone who knows the stage knows how hard it is for an actor to get his audience to accept him in anything save the type of part he has long played. Novelli kept at it, however, and to-day he is as well known for his tragic rôles as for his comic ones. He is thus an actor of great training and splendid virtuos-

distinct gain to our stage. His coming is not merely a novelty, but an event of large dramatic value and importance.

Maud Howe,
author of
"Roma Beata"

Maud Howe (Mrs. John Elliott), the author of "Roma Beata," a book descriptive of modern Italian life, is the youngest daughter of the late Samuel G.

Howe, and of Julia Ward Howe, who has celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday anniversary. Mrs. Elliott has been before the public as a writer and lecturer for a score of years. In 1884 she went to New Orleans to take charge of the literary department of the Women's Exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition. The outcome of this visit was "Atalanta in the South," perhaps the most successful of her early books. This was followed by "Mammon," and, after a lapse of several years, by "Phyllida." A year ago Mrs. Elliott and her sister, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, published the story of their father, Dr. Howe, and his remarkable pioneer work in teaching Laura Bridgman, the

ing several summers spent in Rome, Tuscany, etc., Mrs. Elliott has drawn the materials for her book of charming pen-pictures of Italy and her people, entitled "Roma Beata," which is noticed at length elsewhere in this number. The inspiration of the book was a series of letters written to her sister, Laura E. Richards, while Mrs. Elliott was in Rome with her husband, Mr. Elliott then being engaged in painting his mural work for the Boston Public Library.

André
Castaigne

The Century Co. published recently a novel dealing with Parisian art life, by André Castaigne, the popular

artist. Mr. Castaigne has made his own illustrations for his book, which is equivalent to saying that they have been done *con amore*. Remembering the case of another artist whose venture into the literary field made him even more famous as author than as artist, "Fata Morgana" will be read with eager interest. Shall we find in it and in the author another "Trilby" and another George du Maurier?

Readers who have conned well the "Century Magazine" for the last ten years need no introduction to Mr. Castaigne and his work. Whatever his medium—oils, water-colors, charcoal or pen and ink—his pictures have the brilliancy of technique and the distinction of quality which give them unique and special value.

André Castaigne was born in Angoulême in 1861, and was brought up among books. His grandfather was librarian of the city of Angoulême; and the home was fortunate in having a private library of over four thousand volumes, comprising the best in Greek, Latin, English, German and French literature. There the young Castaigne browsed, reading voraciously, and illustrating, with pencil sketches, all he read. The elder Castaigne was an amateur artist of considerable talent, but did not believe in teaching, so the son was left pretty much to his own devices, until he was sent to the Académie Suisse and later to the Beaux Arts as a pupil of Gérôme and Cabanel. Castaigne's *début* in the Salon was made in 1884.

Castaigne has two studios, one, of course, in Paris, and another in an old tower in Angoulême, his boyhood home. Work on "Fata Morgana," to which he gave the best part of two years, was divided between the



MAUDE HOWE (MRS. JOHN ELLIOTT)

deaf-blind mute. This book, aside from its great human interest, was of scientific and educational value, and attracted widespread attention in this country and in England.

Mrs. Elliott has lived much in Rome, and has taken a deep interest in the infinitely varied life of the Eternal City. As the wife of John Elliott, the artist, as a woman of letters, and as a keen observer of men and manners, no aspect of the Roman kaleidoscope escaped her notice, and for Pope and peasant her comprehension and sympathies were alike quick and ready.

From her letters and diaries, written dur-



ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE AND A CORNER IN HIS PARIS STUDIO

city and the country; for the fascination of his work so held artist and author, once he had begun to write, that he sought his atmosphere and characters wherever he could find them—he retreated to his tower to get the feeling of camping out, he frequented strolling circuses in order to understand the sawdust intoxication, and big music halls to gain the sensation of these places; he hobnobbed with art students and dukes, gymnasts and Americans, quaint folk of all sorts, that his characters might be living persons, not mere figureheads.

One of the most interesting of Castaigne's studios is "the tower" on the estate in Angoulême, where the artist works and entertains in the summer. The tower, a quaint old structure, has been restored, and is an odd jumble of Turkish rugs, Japanese hangings, American furniture, old brass, shells from the South Seas, faiences from Brittany, etc. A glass balcony has been made into a library and gives a beautiful view off over the Angoulême country. This tower for many years belonged to a wealthy Angoulême estate, and though it was a

ruin, the owner placed his selling price at a prohibitive figure. He was finally induced, however, to let Castaigne add the coveted bit to his country home, the influencing factor in the transaction being a portrait of his dead son painted by Castaigne. It was to this tower that many of the characters in "Fata Morgana" came often during the writing of the book, and here much of the book took form.

Captain

Robert E. Lee

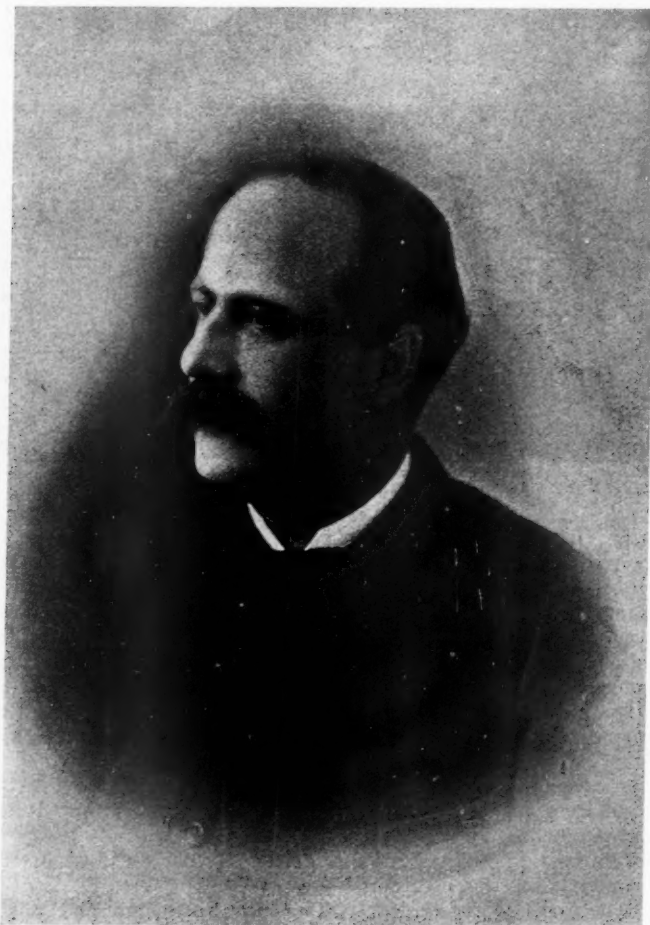
Captain Robert E. Lee, whose book, "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), has had such a remarkable reception in every section, is the youngest son of the great Confederate whose full name he bears. He lived during his early boyhood at Arlington, the Lee mansion near Washington. He was a student at the University of Virginia when the war broke out. Although his father was commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies, young Lee enlisted as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery, where he served with distinction, and

rose to be a captain. He met his father three times under fire. Once, at Sharpsburg, the commanding general ordered his son's battery into action after it had retired. Since the war Captain Lee has lived quietly on his farm at West Point, Va.

Captain Lee's book was reviewed in the November number of *Current Literature*. It covers the entire period of General Lee's

Washington College, in Lexington, Va., he passed away.

In these letters, to quote the publisher's note, "General Lee's whole attitude, as citizen of the Republic, shines as never before. They show that, as loyally as he followed his patriotic convictions in what he believed was constitutional right and liberty, so did he take his modest, sincere place in the recon-



CAPTAIN R. E. LEE

public activities, from the time he was engineer in the United States Army, following his graduation from West Point, to that October day in 1870, when, as President of

struction of his distracted country. They reveal him in no sense as 'the unreconstructed rebel,' but as one who calmly accepted the inevitable."

Pathfinders of the West

WITHIN recent years a special interest has been manifested in the history of the West, its discovery, its exploration, its settlement and its development—an interest which the present great demand for such books as the "Journals of Lewis and Clark" abundantly attests. One more book, dealing with early Western discoverers, is now added to the lengthening list. This is the "Pathfinders of the West," by Miss Agnes C. Laut.*

As its title implies, this is not a systematic history of Western exploration; it is not the kind of book, dry and smelling of the lamp, that the incipient doctor of philosophy would write as his dissertation; it is not the kind of book that is dear to the heart of the dyed-in-the-wool "scientific historian." It is merely an account of the discoveries of a few individual explorers—the few whom the author regards as pre-eminently the pathfinders, the men who first blazed a way into the Great Unknown—of Radisson and Groseillers, Vérendrye, Samuel Hearne, Alexander Mackenzie and Lewis and Clark. The story of each one of these explorers is told with the contagious enthusiasm of one who loves the West, who has an instinct for the picturesque, who has a never-failing admiration for daring, pluck, resourcefulness and virility, and who has herself traveled over many of the paths which her heroes found. On the whole, it is a sincere, hearty, vivid book; whatever else may be said about it, no one will say that it is not stimulating, or that it is not interesting.

By far the most significant part of it is that section, forming 190 pages out of the 380, which deals with Radisson and Groseillers, It is this part which will arouse contro-

versy and invite attack. Generations of schoolboys and schoolgirls, at an age when one is least prone to question the authority of the printed word, have read in their text-books on American history that Joliet and Marquette and La Salle were the men to whom the credit of the discovery of the upper Mississippi and the country immediately beyond the Great Lakes is due. Moreover, to the authority of the text-books has been added that of the principal writers on Western history, even of Parkman, to whom the reader is accustomed to surrender himself with the pleasing conviction that, besides enjoying the narrative as he would enjoy any romance,

he is reading unassailable fact. Parkman, however, wrote before 1885, when the "Voyages of Peter Esprit Radisson" was published, and later, though he could not wholly rewrite his book on the "Discovery of the Great West," he expressed the opinion that in 1658-59, Radisson and Groseillers reached the "Forked River"—presumably the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi. Since the publication of Radisson's narrative, there has been considerable controversy with regard to its trustworthiness, the majority of writers having impeached, sometimes with acrimony, his veracity, while

such well-known authorities as Mr. Benjamin Sulte, of Ottawa; Dr. George Bryce, of Winnipeg; Dr. N. E. Dionne, of Quebec; Mr. Justice Prudhomme, of St. Boniface, Manitoba; and Judge J. V. Brower, of St. Paul, have taken up the cudgels in his behalf. The question cannot, as yet, be said to be definitely settled, but if the decision is ultimately given in favor of Radisson, manifestly early Western history will have to be rewritten.

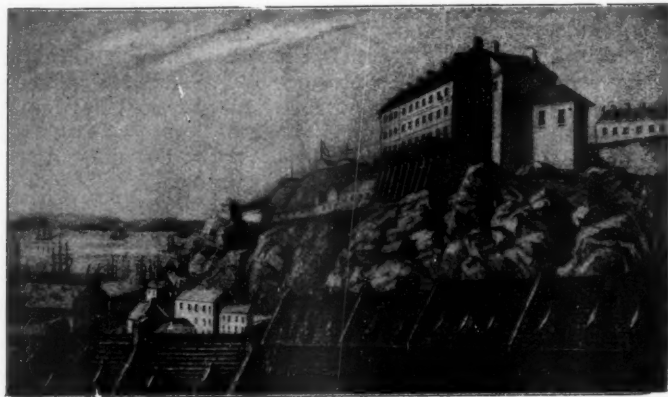
Miss Laut is one of his most ardent protagonists, and bases her conclusions not alone on Radisson's narrative, but on cor-



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE
From a painting of the explorer

*PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST. By Agnes C. Laut.
The Macmillan Co., New York, 1904. \$2.00
net.

roborative evidence which she has found by going direct to the sources of early Canadian history, such as the "Jesuit Relations" and allied documents. Her book, therefore, though popular in treatment, is the result



CHATEAU OF ST. LOUIS, QUEBEC, 1669

From one of the oldest prints in existence

of original research, and her conclusions can be overthrown only by overthrowing her authorities, or by showing from them that she has misinterpreted them. The book, however, except in the "Foreword," in footnotes and in occasional paragraphs, is not argumentative; it is a stirring narrative made up of picturesque episodes entertainingly told. Nevertheless, there is no timidity, no lack of emphasis or conviction in the opinions which the author expresses. In her "Foreword," for instance, she says: "The question will at once occur why no mention is made of Marquette and Jolliet and La Salle in a work on the pathfinders of the West. The simple answer is—they were *not* pathfinders. Contrary to the notions imbibed at school, and repeated in all histories of the West. Marquette, Jolliet, and La Salle did *not* discover the vast region beyond the Great Lakes. Twelve years before these explorers had thought of visiting the land which the French hunter designated as the *Pays d'en Haut*, the West had already been discovered by the most intrepid *voyageurs* that France produced—men whose wide-ranging explorations exceeded the achievements of Cartier and Champlain and La Salle put together." Again, on pp. 80-85, she says: "Radisson and Groseillers had discovered the Great Northwest. They were

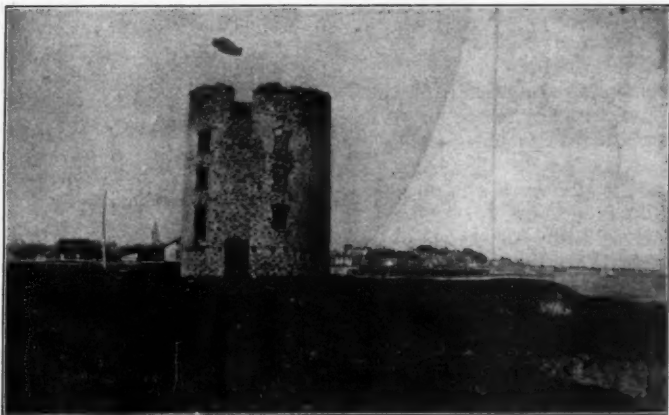
standing on the threshold of the Great Beyond. They saw before them not the Sea of China, as speculators had dreamed; not kingdoms for conquest, which the princes of Europe coveted; not a short road to Asia, of which savants had spun a cobweb of theories. They saw what every Westerner sees to-day—illimitable reaches of prairie and ravine, forested hills sloping to mighty rivers, and open meadow-lands watered by streams looped like a ribbon. They saw a land waiting for its people, wealth waiting for possessors, an empire waiting for the nation builders. What were Radisson's thoughts? Did he realize the importance of his discovery? Could he have the vaguest premonition that he had opened a door of escape from stifled older

lands to a higher type of manhood and freedom than the most sanguine dreamer had ever hoped? The question arises,—when Radisson discovered the Great Northwest ten years before Marquette and Jolliet, twenty years before La Salle, a hundred years before De la Vérendrye, why has his name been slurred over and left in oblivion? The reasons are plain. Radisson was a Christian, but he was not a slave to any creed. Such liberality did not commend itself to the annalists of an age that was still rioting in a very carnival of religious persecution. His discoveries were too important to be ignored by the missionaries. They related his discoveries, but refrained from mentioning his name, though twice referring to Groseillers. What hurt Radisson even more than his indifference to creeds was his indifference to nationality. Like Columbus he had little care what flag floated at the prow, provided only that the prow pushed on and on and on—into the unknown. He sold his services alternately to France and England till he had offended both governments; and, in addition to withstanding a conspiracy of silence on the part of the Church, his fame encountered the ill-will of state historians. He is mentioned as 'the adventurer', the 'hang-dog', the 'renegade'. Only in 1885, when the manuscript of his

travels was rescued from oblivion, did it become evident that history must be rewritten. Here was a man whose discoveries were second only to those of Columbus, and whose explorations were more far-reaching and important than those of Champlain and La Salle and De la Vérendrye put together."

The last quotation has been reproduced for the purpose not only of giving the author's point of view and her estimate of the importance of Radisson's discoveries, but also of showing something of her style, though, obviously, a detached quotation from an extended narrative cannot do justice to the whole. A fair idea of the author's narrative style can be gained only by reading the book, just as a fair idea of the extent and character of her researches can be gained only by reading the foot-notes. Certainly Radisson's life, as told in this volume, is picturesque and eventful in the extreme. Captured by the Iroquois Indians near Three Rivers in 1652, at the age of seventeen, he was adopted into the Mohawk tribe; he escaped to Fort Orange (Albany), then a Dutch settlement, in 1653; soon afterward went to France by way of Amsterdam, and in 1654 was back again at Three Rivers. In 1657 he joined an expedition to Onondaga, where with his French associates he was closely besieged by the Iroquois throughout the winter, finally saving himself and the garrison by gorging the besiegers to stupefaction at a peaceable *festin à manger tout*, such as Parkman has so well described. Returning safely to Montreal, he left there on a trapping and exploring expedition in 1658, in company with his brother-in-law Groseillers, who was associated with him in most of his expeditions, and during the next two years discovered the upper Mississippi and penetrated into what is now Wisconsin, Minnesota and Manitoba. In 1661-63, on another exploring expedition, he approached Hudson Bay overland, building a fort and wintering west of the present Duluth, and visiting the Sioux. This last expedition having been made in defiance of the French gov-

ernor, he was badly treated on his return, and unable to obtain redress in France, he proceeded to England, where soon afterward he married the daughter of Sir John Kirke. He was influential in securing the formation of the Hudson Bay Company in 1670, and in 1671-74 made a trading voyage to Port Nelson, on behalf of this company. Recalled to England to answer to a charge of disloyalty, he was vindicated and pensioned, but in 1645 accepted a commission in the French navy, and soon afterward, resigning his commission, again visited Hudson Bay, this time in the interest of the French. After 1684, in which year he returned to the service of the Hudson Bay Company of England, he made several more voyages to Hudson Bay; but, distrusted as a Frenchman upon the breaking out of war with France, he passed his last years in poverty, and died some time after 1710, when he ceased to draw his annual allowance from the Hudson Bay Company. Such in bare, bald outline is the story of Radisson's life, as told by Miss Laut. In closing her account the author says: "There is no need to point out Radisson's faults. They are written on his life without extenuation or excuse, so that all may read. There is less need to eulogize his virtues. They declare themselves in every



MARTELLO TOWER OF REFUGE IN TIME OF INDIAN WARS.—THREE RIVERS

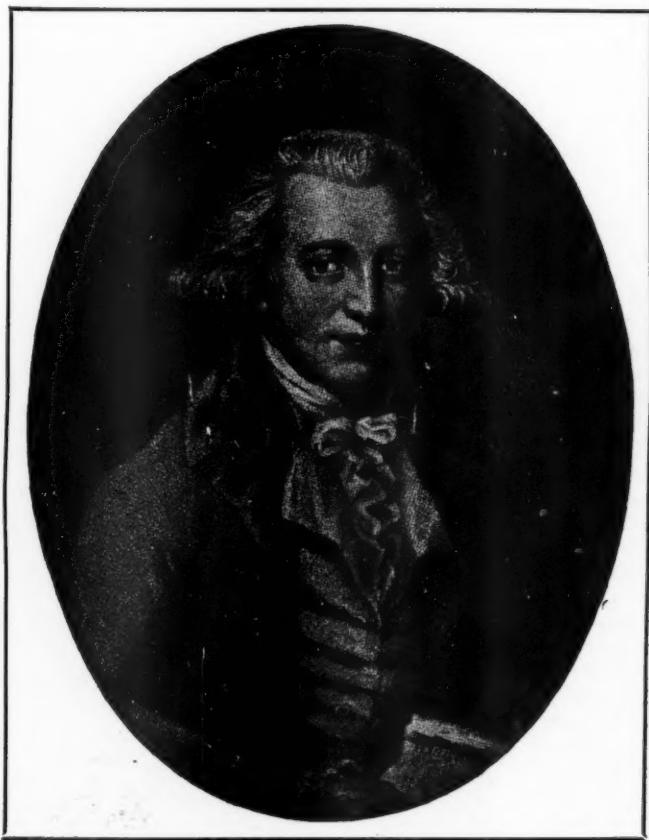
act of his life. This, only, should be remembered. Like all enthusiasts, Radisson could not have been a hero, if he had not been a bit of a fool. If he had not had his faults, if he had not been as impulsive, as daring, as reckless, as inconstant, as improvident of the

morrow as a savage or a child, he would not have accomplished the exploration of half the continent.

"There was an old saying among retired hunters of Three Rivers that 'one learned more in the woods than was ever found in l'petee cat-ee-cheesm.' Radisson's training was of the woods, rather than the curé's catechism; yet who that has been trained to the strictest code may boast of as daunt-

memory. But amid all the mad license of savage life, Radisson remained untainted. Other explorers and statesmen, too, have left a trail of blood to perpetuate their memory; Radisson never once spilled human blood needlessly and was beloved by the savages."

The remaining chapters of the book deal in the same picturesque way with less controverted and more familiar subjects—with



SAMUEL HEARNE

less faults and noble virtues? He was not faithful to any country, but he was faithful to his wife and children; and he was 'faithful to his highest hope'—that of becoming a discoverer—which is more than common mortals are to their meanest aspirations. When statesmen played him a double game, he paid them back in their own coin with redoubled interest. Perhaps that is why they hated him so heartily and blackened his

the discovery by Vérendrye, in search of the Western Sea, of the Rocky Mountains, the Missouri Uplands, and the Valley of the Saskatchewan; with the voyage of Samuel Hearne, in search of the Northwest passage; to the Arctic circle and the Athabasca region with the crossing of the Rockies to the Pacific of Alexander Mackenzie; and with the journey across the continent of Lewis and Clark.

The Woman's Book Club

A Study of Plutocracy and Divorce*

"COME," said Mrs. Wilson, rising, 'I will show you the presents. Only think, four hundred of them, and so many beautiful things! Several of my brother's friends in New York have sent most exquisite tokens—a necklace of diamonds and pearls from Mr. Fenton, the banker, a gold dessert service from his railroad ally, Mr. Kennard.'

"She led the way from the drawing-room suite into the hall where electricity in artistic guises illuminated the broad panellings, a splendid Teniers and three or four bronze or marble statuary of rare merit, and up the staircase to the next floor into what was known as the morning-room—an apartment where she conducted her affairs and did her reading and thinking. This was a combination of study and æsthetic boudoir. There were seductive sofas and quaint capacious chairs supplied with brightly colored cushions and dainty draperies all in silken stuffs of patterns reminiscent of the Orient. Art, in its most delicate and spiritual forms, breathed from every object of furniture or decorations; from the small pictures—some in oils, some in water-colors, which merited and often demanded the closest scrutiny; from the few vases of entrancing shape and hue, from the interesting photographs in beautiful frames, from the curious and rare memorials of travel and wise choice of what cunning fingers had wrought with infinite labor. As in the rest of the house, there was still too much wealth of material, too much scintillation and conglomeration of color, but the intent had been—and not without success—to produce a more subtle atmosphere than prevailed outside, as of an inner temple. Prominent in one angle stood Mrs. Wilson's desk, rosewood, inlaid with poetic gilt tracery, and littered with the correspondence of a busy woman. Books and other articles of daily use, lying here and there, without effort at order, gave to the room the air of being the intimate abode of a human soul. Opening out of this was a private music-room, which was used by Mrs. Wilson and her daughter in preference to the large

music-room on the street floor intended for musical parties and dances. Here were the wedding presents, a dazzling array. As they entered, an attendant withdrew into the hall.

"We have thought it more prudent to have a watchman on guard by night and day," explained Mrs. Wilson, 'for, I suppose it is true, as one of those ridiculous newspaper items asserts, that these gifts represent at least one hundred thousand dollars. By the way,' she continued, with a gentle sigh, 'it is so difficult to know what attitude to adopt with the newspaper people. How is a person in my position to be courteous toward the power of the press, and yet to maintain the right to privacy? Is not this superb?' she added, holding up a crest of diamonds in the form of a tiara. 'My brother's present to Lucille.'

"Beautiful—beautiful, indeed," murmured the clergyman. The sight of all these costly things was bewildering to his mind, as well as to his eyes. 'Ah, the press—the press, it is a problem, indeed. We would seem to have the right to individual privacy—and yet, it is difficult to know where the rights of the public end as to what one has. What would seem to be vanity may often be another form of philanthropy. And yet—'

"And yet," interposed Mrs. Wilson, as she singled out an enchanting fan of gold and ivory and the most exquisite lace, and spread it for his inspection, 'why should I pander to the vulgar curiosity of the public? . . . The next step will be our houses thrown open to the madding crowd. Six newspapers—two from New York—applied recently for leave to see the presents. I intended to refuse firmly, but to my astonishment Lucille seemed disappointed. It never occurred to me that she would not hate the publicity. She gave a little shriek, and said, "Mamma, how dreadful!" and then added in the next breath, "Everybody does it, and as some thing is sure to be printed, might it not be better to make certain that it's correct?" A day or two later she was photographed in her tiara, and from what has transpired since I

*THE UNDERCURRENT. By Robert Grant.
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

fear that the idea of publicity was not foreign to her thought. My child, Mr. Prentiss! Only think of it! I consulted Carleton, and he grew successively irate, contemplative, philosophical and weak-kneed. In short, a week ago, a reportorial woman, with the social appetite of a hyena, and the keen-eyed industry of a ferret, passed the forenoon in the house, and went away with a photograph of Lucille and the tiara. And, what is worst of all, in spite of my humiliation with the whole proceeding, I am decidedly curious to see what she has written."

Clearly the hand of the author of "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" and "Unleavened Bread" has not lost its cunning. The scene of "The Undercurrent" is laid in Benham, remembered by many readers as the home of Selma and her Senator. But it is Benham some years later on, and socially ripened and transformed. Mrs. Randolph Wilson represents the inner circle so passionately envied by Selma, to which she could never attain. That such a position as Mrs. Wilson's is enviable, the reader is disposed to take for granted. That she is a good and charming woman, Judge Grant takes pains to make one feel. The whole family group of multi-millionaires (to use an indispensable but painfully hackneyed Americanism) is at first pleasant, domestic and gracious. Where the fortunes of the other heroine of the novel, Constance Stuart, mingle with those of Mrs. Wilson, the finest spirit of womanly sympathy and delicate, yet large, generosity, is shown by the elder woman to the destitute, deserted wife of the swindling politician. Wealth, in the first presentation of its possessors here, seems to mean only opportunity and responsibility.

As one reads on, however, the title of the novel justifies itself. Judge Grant is no cynic. His impartiality has the true judicial flavor. He holds the balance level. But this only deepens the impression when things are weighed and found wanting. No thoughtful woman can follow the story without recognizing its insistent questions. Are the rich able to do as much good by their charity as they do harm by their example and practise of personal luxury? Can plutocracy escape its own environment and peculiar temptations? And, most important of all—What about divorce under present social conditions? The fatal undercurrent, carrying even the strongest swimmer away from the old ideals, the fixed moorings,

sweeps through the book and justifies its strong and suggestive title.

The author does not take sides. He lets his characters act themselves out. Lucille, in all her episode, is not condemned; she is simply presented. Her mother's helpfulness before her is shared by the reader, and the plain facts that Lucille's hasty divorce and remarriage do not prevent her acceptance by society, and make her certainly a happier and apparently a better woman, are impartially shown. Lucille exasperates one's moral sense; but she does not outrage her own conscience; she does what seems to her right and sensible. What conscious virtue in her protest—

"It ought to satisfy you, mamma, that there is not a word of truth in the story of the intimate relations between me and Mr. Nicholson, circulated at Newport. I told him I should keep him at arm's length until I was divorced and at liberty to marry him. I let him kiss me once, and that was all."

The contrast between Lucille and Constance forces the divorce question home. There is nothing more subtle in the whole subtle book than the authority and eagerness with which Mrs. Randolph Wilson and her clergyman urge the sanctity of marriage and the wickedness of divorce upon the dependent and helpless Constance, while at the same time they are obliged to accept Lucille's divorce and remarriage without any but the mildest protests. How are they going to help it? Quite true. There is no doubt of their sincerity. The illuminating thing is the utter helplessness of the Church before such plutocratic parishioners as Lucille.

Nevertheless, the point where Judge Grant fails is in his dealings with the divorce question from the Church side. Not that Mr. Prentiss is not well enough drawn. But he is weak, a man of straw. He is all form and no spirit. His arguments fail; they deserve to. Gordon wins; but he wins by default, and thus his victory fails to influence the judgment as one closes the book. If marriage is a civil contract only, then clearly the Church has neither authority nor argument. But if marriage is a sacrament, things are different. The debates of the Episcopal Convention in Boston, while this very novel was going to press, and their result, show what the Church, in real life (not in the form of Mr. Prentiss), has to say on the divorce question. George Eliot was not a churchwoman. Yet, in the noble chapter where Romola appeals to Sa-

vonarola for counsel, she has stated the extreme position of the Church in terms of the spirit. It is quite possible that Judge Grant did not mean to do this—that he meant to show a weak, prosperous modern rector facing a problem which demands the spiritual insight that he does not possess. In that case, the character-drawing is beyond praise, but the arguments and conclusions are mere waste of ink and paper.

The book leaves countless quotable things in the memory. There is Paul Howard, the young millionaire "who delighted in the plumbing facilities of his establishment. He was perpetually taking baths and changing his underclothes, and the apprehension lest this orgy be interfered with had taken off the edge of his desire for closer contact with the beauties of nature." Paul is a fine fellow, really, though as he explains: "'What is a fellow to do? How is he to escape? I'm a millionaire—I'm likely to be several times that if nothing breaks. It isn't that I'm weak, it's—what do you call it—the force of

my environment. And a millionaire's environment has a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch.'"

Loretta, the smart degenerate, is another modern instance: "'Private concerns!'" she remarks, scornfully when Constance hopes that Lucille's mother will be spared a newspaper scandal. "'The multi-millionaires have the money; we have the newspapers. We don't get any too much that's interesting in our lives!'" Loretta brings in the tragedy and the climaxes, and is a whole social question in herself. So is Emil Stuart, the recreant husband of Constance, with his craving for riches and bitter hatred of the rich. The undercurrent drags these two to the depths; but it leaves no character untouched the book through. Not so single and finished a work of art as "Unleavened Bread," this new novel of Judge Grant's is still eminently worthy of his fame, and is one to be read, discussed and remembered by all thoughtful Americans

Priscilla Leonard.

College-Bred Wives

A WESTERN college professor, in lecturing to an audience of young men the other day, is reported to have warned them against falling in love with women of literary tendencies, and to have wound up his fervent admonitions by saying, "Heaven help the man who marries a college-bred woman."

Whether the professor spoke from theory or experience, is not stated. He may suffer from dyspepsia as a result of marrying a wife who takes a deeper heart interest in the classics than she does in the cook-book, or he may merely be one of those prejudiced individuals whose imaginations conjure up bogies whenever you mention woman and education on the same day, but, in any event, the subject is of great interest to everyone.

Many of us have daughters whom we are making sacrifices to educate under the belief that we are thereby adding to the sweetness and light of life. If, instead of this, we are disqualifying the girl as a matrimonial partner and bringing sorrow on some innocent young man who may marry her, we want to know it in time to snatch her away from school and prevent the catastrophe. No one can deny there is altogether too much domestic discord in the world, but it is

a brand new theory that it is the result of the wife having too much sense. Most of us had thought that it was the lack of sense, and not the preponderance of it, that led silly women into ways that end in the divorce court.

Nothing has died a harder or more lingering death than the old idea that ignorance is bliss, as far as women are concerned, anyway. We feel that it is our duty to prepare a boy for the battle of life by arming him with knowledge of all the difficulties he is liable to meet. We think the best way to safeguard a girl's innocence is by keeping her in absolute ignorance of the dangers she is bound to encounter. We teach our boys how to earn money and protect their property, but our idea of kindness to a woman is to keep her in ignorance of all the practical affairs of life, so that she is the victim of anybody unscrupulous enough to take advantage of her lack of knowledge of business. Common observation shows that it is woman's ignorance that spells continual disaster for herself and other people, but we continue to hold to the cherished belief that it is for her happiness and good not to know things.

Yet it was woman who earliest craved knowledge and risked everything to gain it.

It was Eve, not Adam, who took the first bite of the apple.

So far as a college education for girls is concerned, it seems to me that it admits of exactly the same arguments, pro and con, that the question of a college education for boys does. First, the individual's desire for it, secondly, the parents' ability to afford it, and lastly, the career that the individual, whether boy or girl, means to follow. If I had a son who was naturally studious and desired to be a doctor, or a preacher, or a lawyer, or follow any learned profession, I should certainly send him to the best university I could find. If he had no taste for books and never read anything in the papers but the sporting columns, and I ascertained that he had traded all the other boys in the neighborhood out of their jackknives and white rabbits, I should waste no money on sending him to college. Just as soon as he was through the high school I should put him in a store or office where in the next four or five years he would be grounded in commercial knowledge instead of football, and learn the vital details of business instead of a college yell.

If I had a daughter I should let her look decide the college question for her. If she was ugly and unattractive, I would move heaven and earth to give her something to offset her lack of beauty, and at least provide her with the way of making a living for herself. If she was a dimpled darling, with rose-leaf skin and melting blue eyes, on the contrary, I would know that matrimony and not the higher mathematics was her predestined career, and I should be careful not to circumvent nature by making her a blue stocking.

For, in considering this question, it is well to bear in mind that for a girl to be highly educated—and for the dreadful fact to be known—is about the heaviest matrimonial handicap that can be put upon her. There are several reasons for this. One is that in this country our young men are not, as a class, college bred. They go to work and not to school, and this produces a curious condition of affairs that the college-bred woman has to face. As a general thing, the man who can support her, can't entertain her, and the man who can entertain her, can't support her. Nor does the average business man desire to marry a highly educated woman. He wants a jolly girl whose tastes are in the same key as his own, whose gram-

mar is not a standing reproach to his, and who prefers "Bedelia" and "Hiawatha" to "Tannhauser" and symphony concerts.

Nor is the college-bred girl particularly sought after as a wife by the college-bred man. Half the extremely clever men you know are married to women so dull and stupid it keeps you wondering how they ever came to do it. There are exceptions to all rules, of course, but if mothers and fathers are bent on keeping their daughters hanging on the parent stem, they can take no method that is so likely to achieve this result as by sending them to college. Statisticians are trying to prove that the higher education for women disinclines them towards matrimony, but this is nonsense. The real reason that college-bred women so seldom marry is because they so seldom get the chance.

There is also another and a pathetic phase to the question of a college education for girls. If the college-bred woman marries a man who has spent all his life in business, and who has not had the opportunity for the wide culture she has, she must always be to a large extent lonely. She has thoughts he cannot follow; her mind browses in pastures he cannot enter; life means things to her it can never mean to him. No matter how good and kind he is, or how fond she is of him, there is always just that lack. She goes through life intellectually starved, and she knows that it would be better and happier for them both if they were on the same mental plane.

Do not think, though, that I oppose college education for women. Far from it. It may be a good thing for a pretty girl. For an ugly one it is an absolute necessity. It undoubtedly lessens a girl's chances in getting married, but if she does find a man with sense and courage enough to escort her to the altar, I am convinced that she is better fitted to make him a good wife than the girl whose mind and character have not been disciplined by thought and study. If I were a girl and heaven had blessed me with a passable nose, and a good complexion, and a knowledge of how to dance the two-step, I shouldn't go to college, because I should prefer a husband to a diploma, but if I were a man I should choose a college-bred woman for a wife every time. That sounds contradictory, but it is the two points of view of the question.

Other things being equal, the chances are that the educated woman will be a better housekeeper and manager. If the lack of

knowledge of books predicated a knowledge of domestic affairs, there would be some reason to make a mad rush for girls who have never read anything but Marie Corelli and the Duchess. But it doesn't. Some of the worst housekeepers in the world are women who are just as ignorant of cooking as they are of Greek, and who can no more add up a butcher's bill than they can do a problem in geometry. It is ignorance in every line that is at the bottom of failure. The woman who understands chemistry is not liable to accept the luck theory about her bread turning out light or heavy. The woman who has mastered the science of mathematics is going to know enough to grapple with the household expense. And after she has studied the germ theory you may depend upon her not letting her family be poisoned by defective drainage, or her baby be slain by the bacteria in a sour milk bottle.

The educated woman is also more apt to be reasonable than the uneducated. The only absolutely hopeless people are those who are so narrow and so prejudiced that they can never see any side of a question but their own. This is the peculiar province of ignorance, and especially of feminine ignorance. That sort of a woman's town, though it is only Bird Center, is the biggest place on earth, and its ways the only proper ways.

Her religion is the only true faith. Her

political party the only patriots. To try to change her is like beating yourself up against a stone wall. Now, the only way to keep believing that Bird Center is the metropolis of the universe is never to get outside of it. The educated woman has broken down the walls that shut her off in her own particular Bird Center, and her views are as liberal and broad as the horizon her eyes scan.

In marrying a highly educated woman a man also casts an anchor to windward, and comes as near as he may to taking out an accident policy against those evil days of matrimony that are sure to come when the flush of youth and beauty are dead on a woman's cheeks and the gold in her hair has turned to ashes. Too many women, who had only their own personal charms to recommend them, have nothing left when that is gone, but the educated woman can never be less than interesting, and if it was the beauty of her mind and soul that charmed a man in the first place, he may count on all succeeding years adding to the delights of her companionship.

In spite of the learned professor's warning the educated woman is the preferred risk in matrimony for a man. As for the risk the woman runs of not getting a husband by going to college, that is, as Mr. Kipling would say, "another story."

Dorothy Dix in St. Louis Mirror.

Moncure D. Conway's Autobiography

THERE cannot well be two opinions concerning the value of the autobiography* which Moncure Daniel Conway has given to the world from the peaceful retirement of his declining years. Brought in the course of a long and busy life into intimate contact with the first minds of the age, he has enjoyed unusual facilities for observing the tendencies and developments of the last fifty years in the realms of religious, political, scientific, literary, and artistic thought, and has himself been an active participant in history-making events of the period. In America, he has known the Virginia and Maryland of ante-

bellum days, the Concord and Harvard of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Agassiz, the Washington and Cincinnati of the eve of the Civil War. In Europe, he has studied at close range the intellectual giants of the Victorian era, and has been an interested spectator of the unification of Italy, the Franco-Prussian War, the welding of the German Empire, and the birth of the Third Republic. Apart from what he has seen, his career contains elements of high interest, involving as it does a striking story of spiritual evolution. Moncure Conway to-day stands as one of the foremost representatives of religious free thought. The steps by which he progressed to this view-point from the orthodoxy to which he was born and bred are revealed here with a scrupulous

*AUTOBIOGRAPHY: MEMORIES AND EXPERIENCES.
By Moncure D. Conway. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$6.00.

self-searching that makes this one of the most remarkable contributions to the literature of introspection that we have received of recent years, just as in its wealth of recollection and reminiscence it throws many a luminous side-light on the history of the past half century.

Undoubtedly the most potent influence in the shaping of Moncure Conway's life was Ralph Waldo Emerson. The chance perusal of an essay by the Sage of Concord was the immediate cause of his entering the ministry. And when he found himself unable longer to subscribe to the doctrines of his Church, it was to Emerson he turned, sending an appeal that evoked a letter stimulating the young Virginian to leave home and place himself under the guidance of the teachers of the Divinity School at Harvard, a step causing a breach with his father that it required years to close. Arriving at Cambridge in February, 1853, it was not until May that he visited Emerson, feeling "shy about invading the 'spot that is sacred to thought and God.'" The warmth of his greeting overwhelmed him. "Emerson met me at the front door, welcome beaming in his eyes, and took me into his library. He remembered receiving a letter from me two or three years before. On learning that I was at the Divinity School, and had come to Concord simply to see him, he called from his library door, 'Queeny!' Mrs. Emerson came, and I was invited to remain some days. I had, however, to return to college that evening, and though I begged that his day should not be interfered with, he insisted on my passing the afternoon with him." Later in the day they took a walk around Walden Pond, and visited the ruins of the shanty Thoreau had built. "When we were in a by-way among the bushes Emerson suddenly stopped and exclaimed 'Ah! there is one of the gods of the wood!' I looked and saw nothing; then turned to him and followed his glance, but still beheld nothing unusual. He was looking along the path before us through a thicket. 'Where?' I asked. 'Did you see it?' he said, now moving on. 'No, I saw nothing—what was it?' 'No matter,' said he gently. I repeated my question, but he still said smilingly, 'Never mind, if you did not see it.' I was a little piqued, but said no more. . . . Perhaps the sylvan god I had missed was a pretty snake, a squirrel, or other little note in the symphony of nature.

. . . That evening I sat in my room in Divinity Hall as one enriched, and wrote: 'May 3. The most memorable day of my life: spent with Ralph Waldo Emerson!'"

Only two days later Emerson returned the call. Thus began a lifelong friendship, and, for young Conway, his "instruction in the supremacy of the present hour." Emerson's influence never lost its hold of him, as is clearly testified by the abundance of his references to the poet-philosopher. Of his life at Harvard and of religious and social Cambridge and Boston, Mr. Conway has much to say, always with the kindly, sympathetic touch which, with one or two notable exceptions, is characteristic of these memoirs. Among his instructors Agassiz appears to have left the most abiding impression.

Agassiz, it appears, gave a lecture every year at Concord, where he was always the guest of the Emersons. "On one such occasion," writes Mr. Conway, "I remember listening to a curious conversation between Agassiz and A. Bronson Alcott—who lived and moved in a waking dream. After delighting Agassiz by repudiating the theory of the development of man from animals, he filled the professor with dismay by equally decrying the notion that God could ever have created ferocious and poisonous beasts. When Agassiz asked who could have created them, Alcott said they were the various forms of human sin. Man was the first being created. And the horrible creatures were originated by his lusts and animalisms. When Agassiz, bewildered, urged that geology proved that the animals existed before man, Alcott suggested that man might have originated them before his appearance in his present form. Agassiz, having given a signal of distress, Emerson came to the rescue with some reconciling discourse on the development of life and thought, with which the professor had to be content, although there was a *souffçon* of Evolutionism in every word our host uttered."

Mr. Conway's sojourn in Massachusetts had other consequences than a liberalizing of his thought on religious questions. His belief in the institution of slavery, a belief innate and confirmed by early training and environment, waned until, long before he received his call to the Unitarian Church at Washington, he was ready to take a firm stand for abolition. He was in Boston at the time of the Anthony Burns rendition, and on

July 4, 1854, attended the annual gathering of the abolitionists in Framingham Grove. He tells us that Garrison made of that July Fourth a day of judgment. "That day I distinctly recognized that the antislavery cause was a religion; that Garrison was a successor of the inspired axe-bearers—John the Baptizer, Luther, Wesley, George Fox. But as I could not work with Lutheran, Methodist, or Quaker, I could not join the Antislavery Society. There was a Calvinistic accent in that creed about the 'covenant with death and agreement with hell.' Slavery was not death, nor the South hell. I did not care about the Constitution, and my peace principles inclined me to a separation between sections that hated each other. Yet I knew good people on both sides. I also believed that slavery was to be abolished by the union of all hearts and minds opposed to it—those who believed emancipation potential in the Constitution, as well as the Constitution burners."

Venturing to visit his home town shortly after his removal to Washington, he found that his abolition sentiments had preceded him, and he was virtually expelled by his irate fellow-townsmen. His position in regard to slavery also cost him his church in Washington, but it was not long before he was invited to fill a pulpit in Cincinnati. Interesting as are his reminiscences of life in these cities, there is space for but one quotation. Passing through the market-place of Cincinnati one evening in 1859, Mr. Conway paused on the edge of a crowd listening to a political speech. "Something about the speaker, and some words that reached me led me to press nearer. I asked the speaker's name and learned that it was Abraham Lincoln.

"Browning's description of the German professor, 'Three parts sublime to one grotesque,' was applicable to this man. The face had a battered and bronzed look without being hard. His nose was prominent and buttressed a strong and high forehead; his eyes were high-vaulted, and had an expression of sadness; his mouth and chin were too close together, the cheeks hollow. On the whole, Lincoln's appearance was not attractive until one heard his voice, which possessed variety of expression, earnestness, and shrewdness in every tone. The charm of his manner was that he had no manner; he was simple, direct, humorous. He pleasantly repeated a mannerism of his opponent,

'This is what Douglas calls his gur-reat principle'; but the next words I remember were these: 'Slavery is wrong.'"

Only a few months later and the Cincinnati preacher, in company with Channing, was at the White House urging upon President Lincoln immediate emancipation of the slave. In this cause Mr. Conway went lecturing through the Middle States, assumed editorial charge, with Frank B. Sanborn, of "The Commonwealth," and finally journeyed to England in the hope of shaping public opinion in favor of the North. In England he was destined to make his home, succeeding William J. Fox as pastor of South Place Chapel in London, and occupying the pulpit there for more than twenty years. From the outset he found himself a welcome guest of the high-minded. One of the first upon whom he called, in connection with the mission that had brought him to England, was Carlyle, and their acquaintance ripened into a comradeship that lasted until Carlyle's death. As Emerson is the most prominent figure in the first volume of these reminiscences, so is Carlyle ever in the foreground of the second. If the memory of the Lion of Chelsea requires any rehabilitation it assuredly finds it in these pages. In the chapter detailing Froude's relations with Carlyle, and the passages dealing with the domestic relations of Carlyle and his wife as seen by one who had at all times entry into the Carlyle home, we have what may well be accounted a final word in the luckless controversy provoked by Froude. With the latter Mr. Conway was also on terms of the closest intimacy, declaring that Froude's friendship was one of the highest charms of his London life, and we clearly perceive the regret with which he found it necessary to correct Froude's "errors." His explanation of the unfortunate position taken by Froude deserves citation:

"With a mountain of material to master, and the most complex tangles that ever beset a biographer to be unravelled—all requiring the utmost calmness of mind—Froude fell into a panic lest some one might publish a biography of Carlyle before his appeared. He feared two or three writers, among them, probably, myself. He knew that I had a large collection of Carlyle's letters, and for seventeen years had been making notes of his conversations, and that in Edinburgh he had given me an outline of his life." (Which affords one of the most interesting of the

many interesting passages.) "Alas, Froude did not know how I loved him, and how gladly I would have made over to him every scrap I had, and furthered him in every way. The immensity of his task overwhelmed him; he could not keep a level head under it; he hurried unnecessarily. Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' appeared full of errata and of things never meant for publication. In the biography, said Tyndall, 'Froude damaged Carlyle and damned himself.'"

Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, form a notable trio among our author's friends. Of Darwin he relates a story told to him by Mrs. Wedgwood. "Darwin could never realize the world-wide impression made by his discovery nor his own fame. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, being in the neighborhood of Down, had called. When he had gone, Darwin said, 'To think of such a great man coming to see me!'" Among the famous preachers of the time we find Mr. Conway dwelling more particularly on James Martineau. In politics Cobden ranks as his beau ideal of a statesman. Some illuminating glimpses are given of Ruskin, who, in Mr. Conway's opinion, "was an inspired egotist without egotism, a spirit at once lowly and aspiring, to whom any mistake is forgiven." Into the charmed circle of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood he was a welcome visitor, and of his acquaintance with the Rossettis, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and Ford Madox Brown he writes genially and informatively. The Rossetti reminiscences include a capital Whistler anecdote. "At a dinner given to Stillman, at which Whistler (a Confederate) related with satisfaction his fisticuff with a 'Yankee' on shipboard, William Rossetti remarked, 'I must say, Whistler, that your conduct was scandalous.' (Stillman and myself were silent.) Dante Gabriel promptly wrote:

There is a young artist called Whistler,
Who in every respect is a bristler;
A tube of white lead
Or a punch on the head,
Come equally handy to Whistler.

On the literary side Mr. Conway can lay claim to the friendship or acquaintance of many of the leading Englishmen of letters.

Browning in person seems to have heightened the favorable impression made upon him by the Browning of poetry, who first won his heart with "Pippa Passes" far back in the days of his boyhood. "Browning," he informs us, "had few intimate literary friendships. He liked to talk with George Eliot and Lewes, but was rarely at the Priory on their Sunday evenings, when others were usually present. He had more friends among the London artists. He cared little, I think, for English politics, and his interest in the affairs of France and Italy appeared to me rather that of a spectator looking down on the arena. I could never discover whether he sympathized with Mrs. Browning's admiration for Napoleon III, but once at my table when Mazzini was mentioned, he said with genuine feeling, 'Poor Mazzini!' William Malleson, an intimate friend of Mazzini, and an enthusiast for his cause, was troubled by the exclamation. But I had often reason to recall it with sympathy, and its indication of the remoteness of Browning from the rush and roar of European politics. His interest was in individual minds and characters, and met in people herded together either in political or sectarian masses. Above all he appreciated and loved the 'Eternal Feminine,' and merited the warm friendship he enjoyed of ladies."

Browning's Italian predilections were fully shared by Mr. Conway, who draws some exceedingly attractive pictures of the Sunny Peninsula as it appeared to him in the several visits he paid to it. But into the "travel" phase of his recollections we cannot enter here. Suffice it to say that the reader will find his descriptions of war-time scenes, of life in Paris and Berlin, tinged with the warm colorings of the sympathy that breathes throughout the narrative of people and events in the United States and England. Here, too, he will find the frankness and spontaneity characteristic of the passages wherein Mr. Conway traces the successive steps of the "earthward pilgrimage" through the many years that now lie behind him. In these volumes is spread an intellectual feast of which it is to be hoped many will partake.

H. Addington Bruce.

Recent Notable Poems

New Poem by Thackeray*

Sweet bird!

What sudden burst of melody
Startles the still silence of the night?
It comes again—hush! hush!
It comes from yonder bush,
Rife with sound, as that with light
Which Moses spied afar, on Horeb's height—
I will draw near, as he,
Slowly—silently;
For within such sweet sound
This, too, is holy ground.

Hark! it comes again;

A long, low wail of more than mortal pain
And more than mortal sweetness—it must be
One of those angels lured by woman's love
And banished evermore from heaven above

To pine in earthly prison. Hark, again!
The wail has died, and gushing joyously
From the same source,
A blessed recollection of glad notes,
Rich and tumultuous as from many throats
Or many bubbling brooks in headlong course,
Like childhood's laughter, innocent and
clear,

Tells of no sorrow there.

The Arctic Night

[The poems of Joaquin Miller were collected in 1897 in a volume containing many of his pictures of Western scenes, whose theme and gorgeous coloring justified his title, the Poet of the Sierras. His untiring energy led him to follow in the wake of the Alaskan prospectors, for the gold hunter never entirely recovers of the fever. As a result his extravaganzas called "As it was in the Beginning" contains a realistic picture of the northern winter night and the return of day.]

The year waxed weary, gouty, old;
The crisp days dwindled to a span,
The dying year it fell as cold
As dead feet of a dying man.
The hard, long, weary work was done,
The dark, deep pits probed to the bone.

The hand of God had reached swift out
And locked, as in an iron vise,

The whole white world in blue, bright ice,
And daylight scarce seemed living more.
The day, the year, the world lay dead,
With star-tipped candles, foot and head;
Great stars that burn a whole half year
Stood forth, five horned, and near, so near!

The ghost-white day scarce drew a breath,
The dying day shrank to a span;
There was no life save that of man
And woolly dogs—man, dogs and death!
The sun, a mass of molten gold,
Rolled feebly up, then sudden rolled
Right back, as in a beaten track
And left the white world to the moon
And five-horned stars of gleaming gold,
Such stars as sang in icy rune,
And oh, the cold, such killing cold
As few have felt, and none have told!

And now he knew the sun's last light
Lay on yon ice-shaft, steep and far,
Where stood one bold, triumphant star;
And he would dare the gleaming height,
Would see the death-bed of the day,
Whatever fate might make of it.
A foolish thing, yet were it fit
That he who dared to love, to say,
To live, should look the last of light
Full in the face, then go his way
All silent, into lasting night,
As he had left her, on her height.
He climbed, he climbed, he neared at last
The Golden Fleece of fleeting light!
When sudden, as an eagle's flight—
An eagle frightened from its nest
That keeps the topmost rock-reared crest—
It swooped, it drooped, it, dying, passed
As on some sunny, poppy day
The Mariposa gathers gold,
Then, careless, brushes it away,
Like star-dust when the day is old,
So passed his life, and all was night.
Some stars or scattered flecks of gold
Flashed from the far and fading wings
That kept the sky, like living things—
Then, oh, the cold, the cruel cold!

The light, the life of him had fled;
The lover of God's first-born, Light,
Descended, mourning for his dead.
The last of light, the very last

*THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES. By James Wilson. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

He deemed that he should look upon
Until God's everlasting dawn
Beyond this dread half-year of night
Had fled forever from his sight.

Scarce seen a change came, slow, so slow!
The moon sank slowly to the right,
The lower world of gleaming white
Took on a somber band of woe,
A wall of umber round about,
So dim at first you could but doubt
That change there was day after day—
Nay, nay, not day, I can but say
Sleep after sleep, sleep after sleep—
That band grew darker, deep on deep,
Until there girt a great dark wall,
A low black wall of ebony hue,
Oppressive, death-like as a pall;
It walked with you, close compassed you,
While not one thread of light shot through.
Above the black a gird of brown
Soft blending into amber hue,
And then from out the cobalt blue
Great, massive, golden stars hung down
Like towered lights of mountain town.

That wall, that hideous prison wall!
That blackness, umber, amber hue,
It follows you, encircles you,
It mantles as a hearse's pall,
Your eyes lift to the star-tipt sky,
You lift your frosted face, you pray
That e'en the sickly moon might stay
A time if but to see you die.
Yet how it blinds you, body, soul;
You can no longer keep control,
Your feeble senses fall astray,
You cannot think, you dare not say.

And now such under-gleam of light,
Such blazing, flaming, frightful glare;
And like a horrid, dread nightmare,
Such hideous light, born of such night!

It burst, with changeful interval,
From out the ice beneath the wall,
From out the groaning, surging stream.

It blinds your eyes until they burn,
Until you dare not look or turn,
But cry with him who saw and told
The story of, the glory of
The jasper walls, the streets of gold,
Where trail God's unseen garment's hem,
The holy New Jerusalem.

The burning Borealis passed,
The umber walls fell down at last
And left the great cathedral stars,
The five-horned stars, blent, burnished bars.
The morn resumed all heaven now,
She shepherded the stars below
Along her wide, white steeps of snow,
Nor stooped, nor rested, where or how.

Beware white silence more than white!
Beware the groaning stream below,
Beware the wide, white seam of snow,
Where trees hang white as hooded nun—
No thing not white, not one, not one.

At last he saw, or seemed to see,
Above, beyond, another world—
Far up the icy path there curled
A red-veined cloud, a canopy
That topped the fearful, ice-built peak
That seemed to prop the very porch
Of God; and then as if a torch
Burned dim, there flushed a fiery streak,
A flush, a blush on heaven's cheek.

And night was broken. Light at last
Lay on the Yukon. Night had passed.



The Appreciation of Sculpture

THIS attractive book* is the third in the Popular Art Series which is being brought out by the Baker & Taylor Company, and is also a notable addition to the list of books concerning sculpture to be published this year, a "History of American Sculpture," by Lorado Taft, and "American Masters of Sculpture," by C. H. Caffin, —to name only two—having preceded it earlier in the year. Mr. Sturgis was the author, also, of the preceding volume in the series, "How to Judge Architecture," which was reviewed at length in this magazine. It is scarcely necessary to state that the present book is distinguished by the same felicities of presentation which made the earlier work a valuable addition to the shelves of one's library. The wide culture, the keen perception, the artistic sympathy, the clear presentation of fact on the part of the author, and beauty of typography and illustration on the part of the publishers, make the volume a fitting companion to the earlier work, and also further the design of the series, "to furnish that basis for art education which is essential to culture."

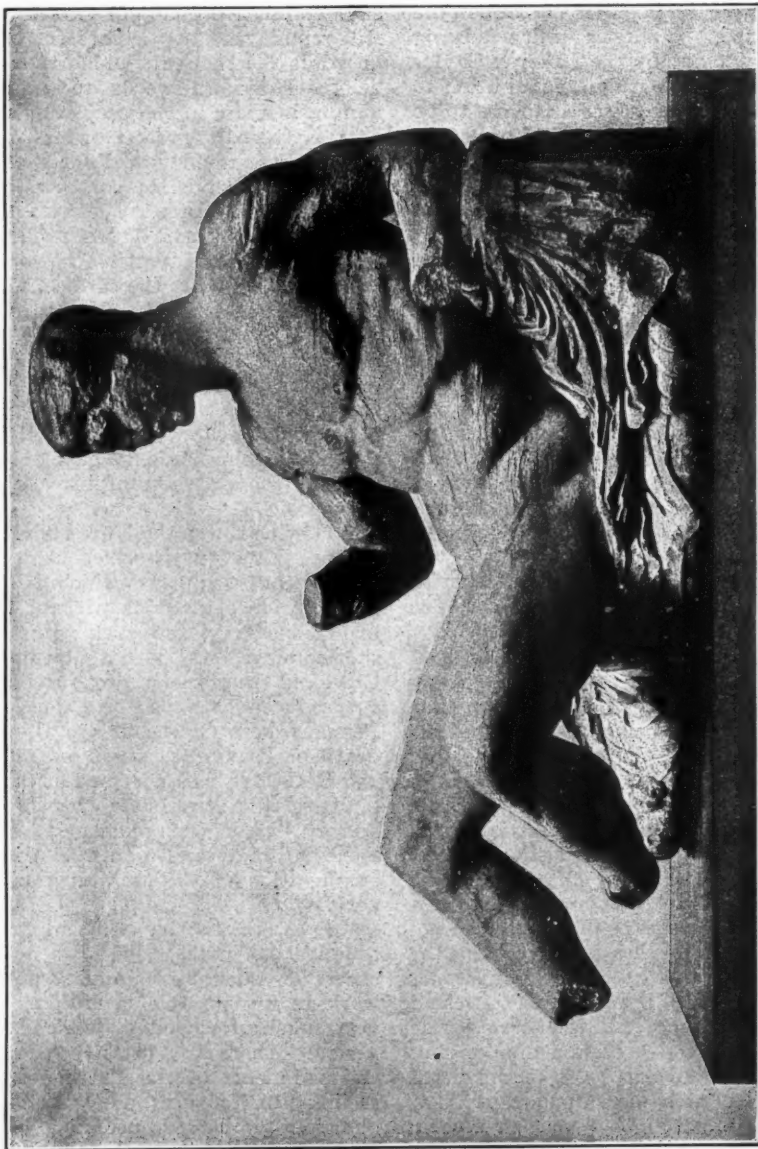
The difficulties of writing a popular book on sculpture are great, for the bibliography of the subject is not only far less than that of other arts, but "popular ignorance regarding its subtleties is much greater." More than all, as Mr. Sturgis points out early in the present book, "the plague of all attempts to write critically about the plastic arts is that when an important question comes, words are not found by which that question can be stated—much less answered. In a matter of architecture or of another decorative art, the differences seen or felt by the critic may sometimes be expressed in words or it may be asked of the reader or suggested to him that he think for himself how far he is prepared to go with certain opinions set forth in the text which he is reading, but with regard to such pieces of sculpture as these, it is impracticable to show them aright by means of illustration in the book—and even if a dozen photographs of each statue could be given and all these taken

from correlative points of view there would still remain the hopelessness of expressing in words the thoughts which they call into being. How are words to express that minute increase in the projecting rotundity here, or there, its greater or less flattening? And yet it is upon such differences as these that there depends the greatness or the inferiority of sculpture. When we pronounce upon the approximate date of a relief, how are we to state in words what it is that we see in the refined modelling of the surface, which ineffable something marks the distinction between the work of master and master?" Mr. Sturgis has thus stated the difficulties of his task, it would appear, only to show how nearly they might be overcome in the pages which follow, for with full appreciation of the point made, we have only admiration for the clearness of his analyses and expositions.

Following the method of his book on architecture, Mr. Sturgis takes as a starting-point "that sculpture which is the most generally recognized as without fault, humanly speaking, and even without serious shortcoming." "The sculpture of the Greeks in the works of greatest importance, as produced between the expulsion of the Persians from Greece in 479 B. C. to the death of Praxiteles, which we may put at 350 B. C., has been accepted as more nearly faultless than any other class of works of fine art." As a supplement to this statement it is interesting to read the author's enumeration of the greatest works of this period.

"So as for statuary and sculpture 'in the round,'" he writes, "we have not such an excessive amount of unmistakably perfect work in recognizable condition; nor even very much of secondary work of the great period. There are, first, the statues from the pediments of the Parthenon, the two reclining male figures, one from the eastern, one from the western pediment, in common nomenclature 'Theseus' and 'Ilissos,' and several draped female figures grouped or single; second, the caryatides of the Erechtheion; third, the 'standing' or 'resting' Discobolos of the Vatican; fourth, the helmeted statue at the Louvre called

*THE APPRECIATION OF SCULPTURE. By Russell Sturgis. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. \$1.50.



STATUE FROM EAST PEDIMENT OF PARTHENON, NOW IN BRITISH MUSEUM; CALLED GENERALLY THESEUS,
WORK OF ABOUT 430 B. C.

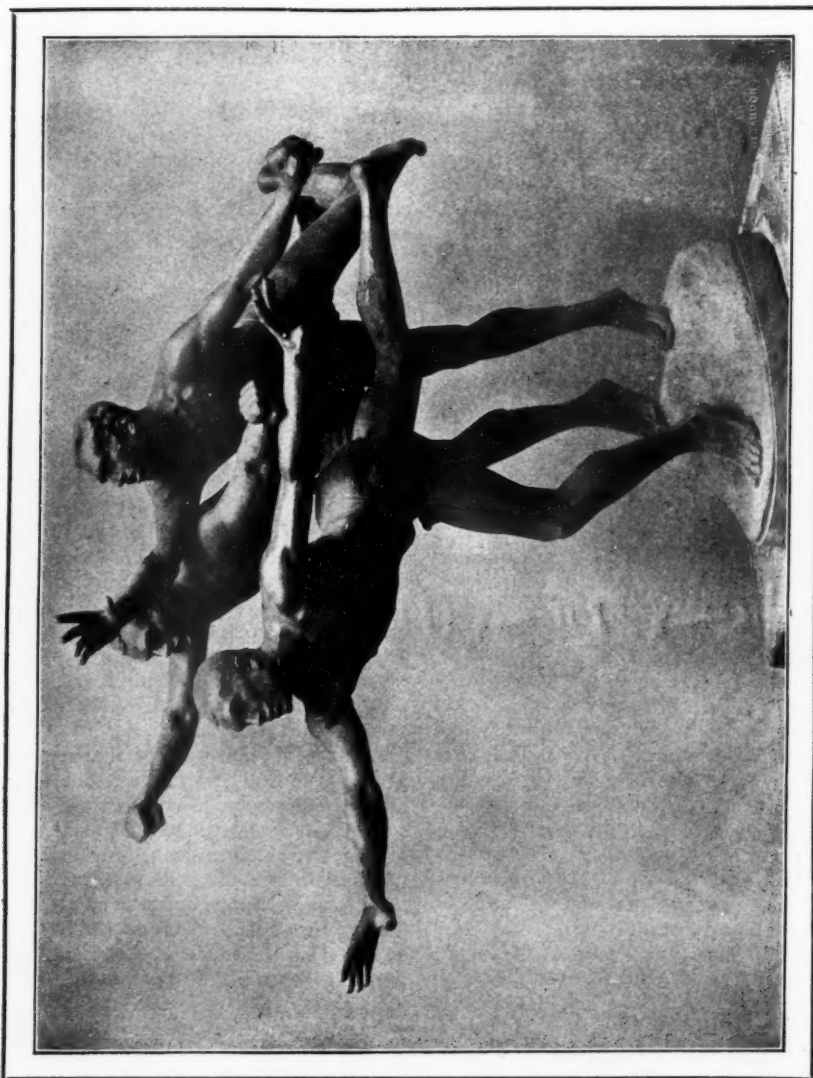
the Mars Borghese; fifth, the Victory of Paionios found at Olympia; sixth, one or two of the draped marine divinities (so called) which sit between the columns of the Nereid Monument; and seventh, the Hermes of Praxiteles. Those are all of the highest order of art: and a few original pieces of less dignity or less importance to us moderns, remain: such as the six draped women (*danseuses*) of the Naples Museum, all found arranged in stately order in the peristyle of that famous villa at Herculaneum. Such an original we may have, also, in the Amazon of the Berlin Museum: but the existence in the Capitoline Museum and in the Vatican of two other statues, differing but slightly in character, and of nearly equal merit, tends to a conclusion that all three are copies, or studies, of a lost original, perhaps the wounded Amazon of Polykleitos, made famous by Pliny. The lovely draped female statue recently set up in the Berlin museum, and published by Collignon, belongs in this list—unless it should be placed among the masterpieces."

The plan of the book may be suggested by a glance at the chapter headings: "The Greek Standard of Excellence"; "Greek Culmination and Decline"; "The Roman Empire and Early Egypt"; "The European Middle Ages"; "The Italian Revival"; "Italian Decadence—French Transition"; "Form, Sentiment, and Monumental Effect in Recent Art"; "Recent Art Compared with Greek Standard"—these titles indicate the path along which the reader is led with pleasure and edification. Passages abound throughout the book which cry for quotation, but we may heed but one or two. The following paragraphs concerning the most popular perhaps of all statues of antiquity—the Venus of Milo—give an interesting account and analysis of this marvelous and mystifying figure:

"As regards the Aphrodite of Melos, it must be stated that there have been several different opinions held and urged strongly by competent judges as to the probable state and purpose of the statue in its original condition. Even the epoch is disputed, for at least one most accepted archæologist and fearless critic of our time claims for it an antiquity as great as that of the Phidian age itself—the fifth century B. C. It has even been proposed that the statue be taken really as an Aphrodite (Venus) and as such grouped with perhaps Ares (Mars), from

whose shoulders she may be thought to be lifting the sword-belt—or else as "Venus Victrix," holding out the apple just received in the "Judgment of Paris." The placid unsuggestive expression of face and the undisturbed attitude allow of this diversity of opinion; and yet it seems to the writer that a person who has studied the other two statues named above, and especially the Victory of Brescia, would feel the close relation between this piece and the triumphant masterpiece of the Louvre. Ever since the placing of the statue in its gallery by the Seine, it has received a worship as general and immeasurably more intelligent, because coming from a more critical epoch, than the outcry of an earlier time which greeted the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus of the Medici in Florence. It seems odd to read in "The Newcomes" the greeting given to this statue which seems to us so modern a discovery, and one has to look up the date and to realize that it was placed in the gallery eighty years ago, before one can grasp the full significance of the long-continued and constantly increasing chorus of admiration.

"It is a curious fact that in the case of a statue of such unmatched fame and of recognized supremacy there should be so much doubt, not merely as to the original significance of the work but also as to its complete character as a work of sculpture—as a mere piece of modeling, of deliberately chosen pose, of the marble cutting. Thus the well-known fact that the body of the statue consists of two blocks of marble, the joint at the hip, and the further fact that it has always been set up with certain wedges inserted between the two blocks of marble, giving to the figure a tilt or inclination of undecided amount, illustrates the uncertainty which hangs over every ancient piece. The Venus of Milo was removed from its place at the time of the siege of Paris in 1871, and when it was replaced the amount of inclination was diminished—at least this was the general statement made by the authorities and accepted as true by students of art previously familiar with the statue. Those who remember it in its earlier pose, and those who have by them casts or carefully made photographs of a period before 1871 know how great was the slant, as if of a body carried so far from the ordinary vertical position of a person standing firmly on her feet, that this position could not be



GROUP, AU BUT; BY ALFRED BOUCHER (B. 1850)

maintained for more than an instant. It was in a sense an injury to the statue; that is to say, the exaggerated pose certainly contradicted the intention of the great artist who imagined the work of art, and of him who finished it according to the original

which the surface has undergone, nor the uncertainty as to the action of the arms—an uncertainty carrying with it an equal doubt as to the general purpose of the statue as a figure standing alone or as one of a group—none of these can be thought



STATUE, ATHLETE AND SERPENT; BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON

conception. As we have it now it is more reasonably posed—there can be no doubt about that—and yet neither that curious misconception of the statue as first received by its custodians, nor the serious injuries

to injure the piece in any essential particular. It could not have been admired more heartily, nor could it have given to the enlightened people of the European races greater artistic pleasure, were it complete



BROKEN STATUE, CALLED TORSO OF THE BELVEDERE, VATICAN MUSEUM

and in its undoubted original condition. In that original condition it would have given more instruction to the sculptor of modern times; unquestionably a perfect knowledge of what the Venus of Milo was meant to be would be a most valuable addition to the technician's stock of knowledge and a new stimulus to his thought, but it is hardly to be supposed that the artistic charm would be enhanced. All of which is another form of words for the same statement, that what we are concerned with in a work of art is the artistic aspect of it; and also that this artistic merit of the piece is not so very much enhanced by any other significance than that contained within its own superficies."

Concerning the illustrations shown on pages 52 and 53, Mr. Sturgis says in the chapter comparing recent art with Greek standards: "Another artist will care more for pose and for the expression of action. Let it not be assumed that he disregards the details; indeed, he cannot complete his expression of the human body in action without attending to the details. The statue modelled by the English painter, Lord Leighton, and exhibited in 1877, represents a vigorous man strangling a python who is trying to crush him in its folds; and everything here may be thought to be sacrificed to the expression of violent effort resulting in no rapid movement, but in the great exertion of strength in other muscles than those of locomotion. This is expressed finally in the pose of the figure; but the very matter alluded to, the grip of the toes upon the ground and of the fingers on the serpent, is as important to the expression required as is the attitude of the whole body; and therefore both have been considered equally. Still, in any such piece of work, the artist will think first of the pose of the whole body. If his figure is represented as in motion, the very first thing to do is to make it steady on its legs, well poised, so swaying with the action of walking or running that the momentary attitude, the very position given to the block of hard material, shall be that of the man in the momentary pause between two of his strides. This figure by Leighton is "academic," completely so,—the very idea of a school piece; but see how much the academic teaching can give! One of the wisest of living artists says of the mighty Rodin that he needs, terribly, a year of the École.

In the group "Au But" the attempt is, of course, to give the idea of very rapid motion, of headlong running with the goal close in view, and each one of the three runners striving to reach it first. Obviously, the chief thing attempted is the expression, in each figure, of such hold upon the ground and of such balanced action, one foot upon the ground during the instant between two great leaps, that the idea of rapid running shall be given, while still nothing hopelessly ungraceful results."

The closing paragraphs of the book are a statement as to the real aim of the sculptor's art. The author asserts that "the hope of any fine art is in the singleness of purpose of its workmen. That purpose is nearly certain to be purely artistic—we need not trouble ourselves about that—few, indeed, are the painters or sculptors who trouble themselves about others than artistic purpose in their work. What we require of them is, then, an undisturbed and constant devotion to it. And, that this may be possible to the artist, the public must learn that only artistic work is to be had from an artist, and must really stop asking him for moral teaching, and archaeological information, and general exhortation. That piece of sculpture which alone among the works even of antiquity is accepted as equal in a later style to the work of the Phidians is a shattered and mutilated trunk. No one has more than a tolerable guess as to the pose in which the godlike body was carved. It is called a Hercules, or rather a Herakles, and is so entered in certain catalogues, chiefly because of the fragment on the left thigh of what is thought to have been the lion's hide. What then? Whether it once formed part of a group, whether it is the original work of a contemporary of Lysippos and as great as he, though the ancient writings which we know contain no mention of him, whether it represents Polyphemos, the giant who loved Galatea, as one ingenious theorist maintains, what matters it? That which we regret is not the loss of the identity, of the legend, of the association, which a second-century Greek would have with it: we miss the missing parts for their own sake primarily, and then because we need to know what the attitude of the whole figure was, that we may better understand each part. That is what a sculptor feels when he regrets this mutilation. There remains so much noble sculpture in the shattered

block, that our enquiry may close with it as tury man will equal it: but that merit is, it opened with reliefs and statues of the after all, the thing to seek. Even more



RELIEF INTENDED FOR ALTAR BACK: THE MADONNA BETWEEN S. LORENZO AND S. LEONARDO
BY MINO DA FIESOLE, ABOUT 1465

time of Phidias: pieces which alone equal the Belvedere Torso in sculptural merit. It is not probable that any twentieth-cen-

than sentiment, even more than action, pure sculpture is the one thing needful."

S. A. C.

Roma Beata

LOVERS of gossip letters, of foreign travel along unbeaten tracks, of glimpses of Italian society in Rome, of artists' studios, of sketches of personages and others who are interesting but not personages, of all the varied and picturesque incident, in fact, that goes to make up the life of a sympathetic foreigner residing among a strange people—lovers of all this will find their anticipations fully realized in "Roma Beata."* The book is the result of several years' residence in Rome, during which Mrs. Elliott and her husband lived in an old palace with a delightful roof which they converted into an out-of-door living-room, familiarly called "the Terrace." The summer journeyings to mountain or shore end always with the return to "the Terrace," and it grows to be the center of family reunion. These excursions afford many interesting passages in the book and give variety and contrast to the letters and journals of the life in Rome itself. The latter are full of interesting episodes, and the reader may open the book at random and find his attention caught at once. Here, for instance, is an account of a presentation to the Pope: "I do not remember much about the coronation ceremonies, but I have a very clear impression of my presentation to Pope Leo in the winter of 1878, very soon after he became Pope. The mother refused to go: those stubborn Protestant knees would not bow down to Baal or to the Pope. Our generation takes things differently, not half so picturesquely. We say, 'An old man's blessing is a good thing to have, whether he be a lama from Thibet or a priest of Rome.' Two other young American girls went with me; there were, all told, perhaps twenty people presented that day. We wore black, with such diamonds as our mothers would lend us, and Spanish mantillas. A few minutes before the Pope entered a chamberlain made us all kneel; then Leo, dressed in white, with a heavy gold chain around his neck, from which hung a cross set with emeralds, made the tour of the room, stopping to speak to every one. The chamber-

*ROMA BEATA. By Maud Howe. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50.

lain mentioned our names and nationality, the Pope asked each of us to what church we belonged. My place was next an emotional convert; he hardly noticed her, merely giving her his blessing and passing on. He asked me where I came from, said Boston was a famous city, inquired how long I had been in Rome, wished me a pleasant journey, and a safe return to my people. He spoke longest to a little Jewess who was at my left—on the principle, I suppose, that we already have our friends, and should make friends of our enemies. We kissed his ring—a large amethyst—as we had been told, *not* his hand. I am not sure whether it was Pope Leo or Pius the Ninth who always asked strangers how long they had been in Rome. When the answer indicated that the stay had been for days or weeks, he said in parting, 'Addio,' when it had been months, 'Arivederci,' (*au revoir*) 'because if you have been here only a short time, you may not return, but if you have been here for months, you are sure to come back.' I have heard it told of both; it very likely dates back to Gregory the Sixteenth. Stories are immortal in Rome, those from the 'Gesta Romanorum' being still current."

As a contrast to this purely Roman and Italian scene, here is another extract which gives a glimpse of one of the journeys from "the Terrace." This excursion was in search of health, but the author's account is none the less diverting.

"WOERISHOVEN, BAVARIA,

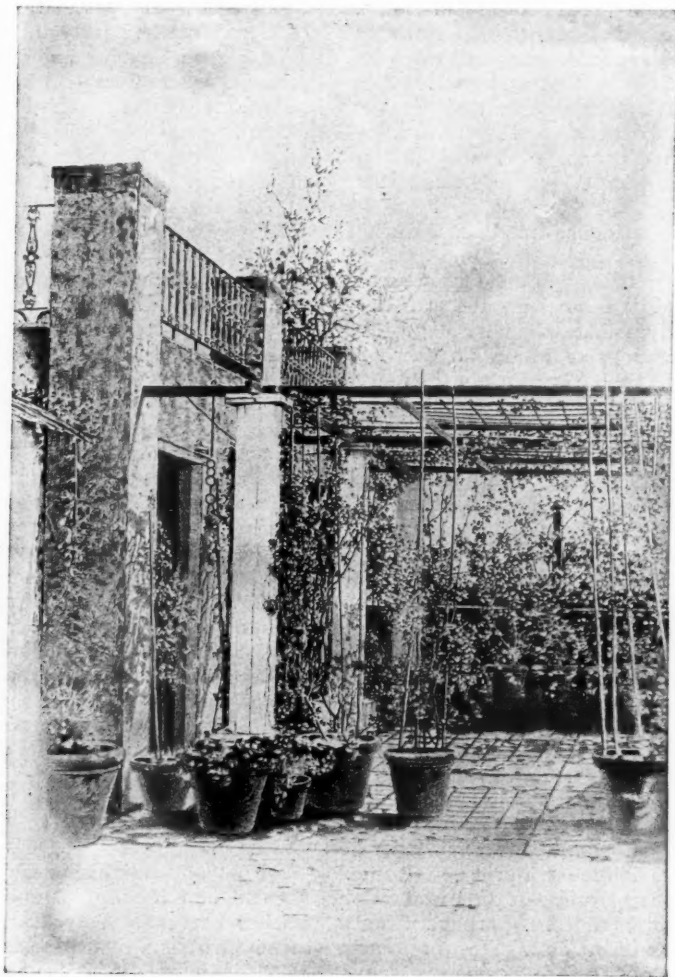
"September 20, 1894.

"I have been banished by bronchitis from the Eden, Cadenabbia, and have come to Father Kneipp's Water-Cure, near Munich, although it is a little late in the season, to take the 'cure.' It is *de rigueur* before seeing Father Kneipp to consult a regular practitioner, who pronounces whether or no you are a fit subject; people with weak hearts are not allowed to take the cure. I paid a small sum, became a member of the Kneipp Verein, received a blank-book—in which the *medico* wrote out a diagnosis—and a ticket stating the hour of my appointment with 'the Pfarrer,' as Father Kneipp is called. I

arrived a little before time at an immense barrack of a place like the waiting-room at a railroad station. The door to the consulting room was guarded by two functionaries who read aloud our numbers as our turn came, looking carefully at the tickets before letting any one enter.

nated, bored me with a second auger glance, then dictated my course of treatment to one of his secretaries, a callow *cherico* who sat beside him at a long table with three or four other men.

"I found out afterwards that they were young doctors studying his methods. Father



TERRACE OF THE PALAZZO RUSTICUCCI

"'Einundzwanzig!' (twenty-one), and I passed into the long room and stood before Father Kneipp, like a prisoner at the bar. He is one of the most powerful-looking men I have ever seen; his eyes pierced me through and through. I handed him the book with the diagnosis. He read it, grunted, rumi-

Kneipp spoke to me rather sharply, going directly to the point. Never mind what he said, I deserved it, I shall not forget it, and, like Dr. Johnson, 'I think to mend!' 'Come again in a fortnight,' he said suddenly. The consultation was over, and I was ushered out. I had not reached the door when 'Zwei-

undzwanzig, a crippled boy, a far more interesting case than mine, came in.

"Father Kneipp dislikes women, ladies especially, me in particular, because no one had warned me not to wear gloves, a veil, and a good bonnet. If I had put an old shawl over my head and looked generally forlorn, he would have been kinder. Isn't that dear? His benevolence is of the aggressive type; he grudges time spent on rich people,—is only reconciled to them, in fact, because they offer up gifts in return for health, and in this way a great sanitarium has grown up where the prince is nearly as well treated as the peasant—but it is the peasant folk, his own people, that the *Pfarrer* loves! This is the only truly democratic community I have ever lived in,—a pure democracy, governed by a benevolent despot. The despot is past seventy years old; he has an aldermanic figure, a rough peasant head, and extraordinary bristling white eyebrows, standing out a good two inches from his pent-house brows. His coloring is like an old English country squire's,—brick-red skin, bright blue eyes, and silver hair. He is a prelate; so his rusty black cassock is piped with purple silk, and he wears a tiny purple skull-cap. His two inseparables were with him, a long, black cigar and a white Spitz dog.

"In the early morning all the patients walk barefoot through the wet grass. Those who have been here longest go without shoes and stockings all day. I am told it is delightful to walk barefoot in the new-fallen snow. Women's skirts reach only to the ankles; men wear knickerbockers. The only footgear allowed at Woerishoven is the leather sandal, classic and comfortable. Newcomers begin by wearing the sandal over the stocking, then the stocking is left off for half an hour—an hour—finally for the whole day. An hour and a half after breakfast and dinner a cold douche is taken. The *blitzguss* (lightning douche) is for people who have been taking the cure for some time, the *rumpf* (body) douche is commonly prescribed for new arrivals. At the ladies' bath attached to this hotel a rosy *mädchen* plays the hose upon the patient with skill and firmness. That ordeal over, the dripping victim scrambles hastily into her clothes—drying and rubbing are forbidden—and exercises vigorously until she is perfectly dry and warm. The exhilaration which follows is indescribable. In the exercise-room

attached to the largest bath I have seen a bishop capering, a princess sawing wood, a fat American millionaire pirouetting with a balancing pole. No one laughs; it is too grave a matter. You dance or prance, box, saw wood, or do calisthenics for your life—anything to get up the circulation!"

We have already referred to "the Terrace," and the sketch of it, as given in the following quotation, is a pleasant one with its glimpse of "the mother," the now venerable Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The date, December 27th, should be noted in conjunction with the white hyacinths, pansies, roses and passion flowers blooming out of doors.

"December 27, 1897.

"Oh! the terrace, the terrace! with the white hyacinths ablow, little starry bunches of narcissi, pansies, a rare rose, and the yellow gourds of the passion flower hanging down through the crossed bamboos of the trellis. Our mother feels the fascination of the terrace life more and more. Yesterday she asked me to buy her a small watering-can,—ours are huge,—and to-day she helped water the plants and weed the tulips. I put the pots up on the wall for her where she could easily reach them, and she pulled out the tender weeds with her beautiful hands. Bulbs do not thrive so well the second year as the first. The delirium of the hyacinths is gone with that precious burst of youth. This season they bloom soberly; no more passionate, lavish giving, they have left that behind,—like some other flowers,—but they do their little, middle-aged best. We had a merry Christmas. The weather was perfect; a gift, the first and best of all, of a clear, bracing morning. 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.' No emperor being at hand, we went to St. Peter's, walked up and down the side aisles, had just a whiff of the high mass, Cardinal Rampolla officiating, the Pope's angel singing the soprano part phenomenally. His voice has a peculiar soaring quality; it seems to scale the heights and knock at the door of heaven."

A chapter, entitled "Roman Codgers and Solitaires," is interesting, both because of the picturesque and pitiable instances given and also because of the revival of a good and serviceable word not often used. The "Century Dictionary" defines codger as "an old fellow, an old person, a character," and the

term is amply justified in the case of one Signor Galli, as related by Mrs. Elliott. His story was a long one, too long to quote, but here is another which is worth repeating, although we cannot agree with the old gentleman's concluding remarks concerning Italians. As resurrection companions, as well as in life, they are far to be preferred to other nations that could be named.

"Poor, old Mr. X—— died the other day; I shall miss him dreadfully. He was the only snob variety of the genus codger in Rome; they are rare anywhere, the codger's social aspect being generally mild and mil-

saints). His daughter—she married Prince Q——, is a particularly nice woman; the comfort the old gentleman took in [his grandchildren's titles was pleasing to behold. At fifty he sat solidly down to enjoy the pleasures of 'good society,' and the occupation of collecting engraved gems. That old law of compensation, you know, which makes some men after an idle youth leap with fiery ardor to embrace hard work was reversed for him. Having grubbed all his youth he had the luck (it is rare) to find out how much fun there may be in play, after all! I went to see the Princess Q——



THE PINCIAN GATE AND WALL OF ROME

dewed. I once asked him what had brought him to Rome (he came here twenty-five years ago with two marriageable daughters).

"The fact that it is respectable to be idle here, and that one finds the best society.' He said, 'the best society' in the sort of voice with which raw and crude converts mention the Madonna or one of what the Romans call *i soliti santi* (the same old

soon after the old gentleman's death. She told me something of his last days. 'The night before my father died he made me promise for the twentieth time that I would send his body home.' I asked him why he was so set on the idea. He rose right up in bed and said in a loud voice, 'I can't rise from the dead along with these damned Italians!'"

S. A. C.

Newspaper Verse

Selections Grave and Gay

The Hills of Home.....New York Times

The moon hangs high across the sky
That holds the hills of home;
The clouds have lost their sunset fire,
Lost is the vagabond desire
That taught my feet to roam.

Love's presence fills those tender hills
And soothes the heart of me;
There is no charm can make me stray
By town or plain or valley way
Or the insistent sea.

O fitful whim, call not to him
Who dwells with Love to-night;
Than sunset sheen or vagrant star
The hills of home are fairer far,
Beneath the calm moonlight.

James O. Tryon.

The Magazine Hero.....Town Topics

The Magazine Hero is big and broad
And handsome and brave and fine;
And we who would write must follow the cut
And fashion him line for line.

It doesn't matter what real men are
In every-day life we know;
There are things the Magazine Man must be,
Or the Magazine Tale won't go.

Would we dare to carve a Magazine Man
In the stature of five feet four,
Though the measure of men we meet each day
Is very seldom more?

The Magazine Man is a "college grad."
And starred on the football field.
How could we make him a dry-goods clerk,
With a pair of shears to wield?

Oh, the Magazine Hero gets in fights,
And never with less than two.
Imagine making him run if he could,
Which is just what a man would do.

The Magazine Hero loves and weds
In a month or a week or a day,
For it isn't a question of dollars and cents,
Which is only a real man's way.

So we model him after the regular rule,
And our story is read with glee,
For people don't want what a real man is,
But what they would like him to be.

The Pot-Boiler.

Wander-Thirst.....The Spectator

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West
the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will
not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say
goodby;
For the seas call and the stars call, and, oh! the
call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what
the blue hills are,
But a man can have the Sun for friend, and for
his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the
voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and, oh!
the call of a bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night
and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young
ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask
you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the
sun and the white road and the sky!

Gerald Gould.

An Artist's Story

THE casual reader of "Fata Morgana,"* the story by the artist, André Castaigne, recently published by the Century Co., ignorant of the profession or fame of the author, would, on a wager, stake large odds that the story could have been

*FATA MORGANA. By André Castaigne. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

written by no other than an artist. Aside from the familiarity and knowledge displayed in those passages which portray artist life in Paris—a knowledge acquirable by the average literary student or layman—the unmistakable view-point of the real artist, ever on the lookout for the picturesque and the romantic, is unconsciously pro-

claimed on every page of the book. The plot of the story, its action and its climax form a vision of romance such as none but the imagination of an artist—and an artist of Latin extraction at that—could conjure up, while the varied and picturesque assortment of characters constitute a *dramatis personæ* which only the inconsequential judgment of an artist would dream of welding into an harmonious and artistic whole. American millionaires, Parisian artists, *boulevardiers*, journalists, circus performers, personages of high society, and the Duke and people of Morgania, an empire of fable and romance, are the varied and vivid strands with which Mr. Castaigne confidently sets out to weave a finished and iridescent tapestry. That he has successfully accomplished his end, viewed from the standpoint of consistent story-writing, will be questioned by the judicious, but the frankly imaginary and fanciful kingdom of Morgania, its popular legends, its melodramatic populace and necromancy, its delusive incidents, all diffuse an atmosphere of illusion throughout the story that, for the time, blurs into a semblance of reality the kaleidoscopic shifting of scenes and action, and the dreamlike character of his story people and their interrelationships.

The reader will recall how but recently a master has welded the supernatural and the latest phase of modernity into a marvelous story, and how more remotely an artist wrote of student life in Paris in a book that was the world's wonder for the time, creating characters that live. But although "Fata Morgana" cannot show the amazing skill of a Kipling in "They," nor the convincing character drawing of DuMaurier in "Trilby," it has its own merits. Of these the descriptions of life in Paris—of the atelier, the boulevard and the café, and their *habitués*—are all ground upon which the author stands firmly and where he is most convincing. Other obvious faults there may be, of construction, of style, of artistic balance, but the life of the artist-student in brilliant Paris, in all its phases from the glory of the Salon to the degradation of the lowest café of Montmartre, he draws with sure and unerring touch. The most charming incident in his story is a glimpse of this artist life as shown in the episode of Phil and Helia, the hero and heroine, in their idyllic life in the garden of the Louvre.

"The garden of the Louvre, on top of

Perrault's colonnade, was a resting-place for the pigeons in their flight over Paris. They lighted there in bands, heedless of Phil and Poufaille. But one day the birds were all a-flutter. The hanging garden had its Semiramis—Helia!

"Phil, while they held their dismayed flight above him, sat at the feet of Helia, who looked down and smiled at him. To the young girl it was a strange place. For thirty years the inspector of the Louvre roofs—the same man whom Phil had already seen at Mère Michel's—had been making this garden, bringing up little by little the earth in which the plants grew, and the pebbles which covered the alleys. Boxes hidden among the foliage held great shrubs; the perfume of iris and gilly-flower, of mignonette and roses, breathed from the flower-beds. Hanging over the borders were ripening currants and peaches and apples; and laurels gave their purple flowers. A whole row of statues and busts outlined the plots. Helia pointed to the busts.

"'The one who looks like a circus-rider with his big mustaches—who is he?'

"'Napoleon III,' Phil answered.

"'And that other with his hair brushed up to a point like a clown?'

"'That is Louis-Philippe'

"'And this one? and that one?'

"'Phil went on explaining his aerial paradise.

"'There is Grévy, that is Carnot; here is M. Thiers—these are all official busts. When the government changes they pack them off to the attic, and the inspector has put them here to ornament his garden'

"'And this arm-chair on which I am sitting, with all its gilding rubbed off? Is that official, also?' Helia asked, examining the wood, carved with palms, and the red velvet embroidered with the attributes of Law and Justice.

"'It's a relic of the Revolution of '48,' answered Phil; 'we found it only lately in the attic—it was King Louis-Philippe's throne.'

"'A king's throne!' Helia said, jumping up. 'How can you think of it for a poor girl like me? You would be better in it, Phil. Seat yourself; I wish you to—I command you!' she said, imitating what she considered the royal tone.

"'Well, since you wish it.'

"'Yes; it's your place—and here is mine,'

she added, as she seated herself at Phil's feet. 'Stay there, Phil—leave me at your feet. I am so happy!'

"Paris was around them with its muffled

before her. First of all she descried, among the trees of the Quai de Conti, on the other side of the Seine, Phil's little window. That was her first halting-place. La Monnaie (the Mint), with all its millions on one side,



Frontispiece from Fata Morgana

"HELIA AT THE VERY SUMMIT OF THE CAR"

murmur. At the height where they were a pigeon's cooing subdued the noise of three million human beings; at their feet carriages filled the streets, moving on ceaselessly, like a silent river. Helia looked to the horizon

and the Institut (the palace of the Academy), with its Immortals, on the other, interested her less. For her they were simply side-pieces, setting Phil's attic in relief. Just behind, over an immensity of roofs, the

Palais du Luxembourg served as a background. Farther still, to right and left, and everywhere, even in the distant blue, could be seen cupolas and spires, towers and domes. The church of the Sacré-Cœur rose above this ocean like a cliff at whose foot the smoke beat up like waves.

"How beautiful it is! Oh, Phil, is it not beautiful? And how happy I am!" said Helia.

"In those first days the strangeness of the place intimidated her; even the busts took from the privacy of the spot. But she soon came to look on them as old friends, treating them as equals, as sovereign to sovereign. When Phil was painting and herself posing for him, she would tranquilly disembarass herself of her collar and place it on the shoulders of Napoleon III and crown the blessed head of Louis-Philippe with her flowery hat. She sat on the old throne, and presided without ceremony over the assembled monarchs.

"The little garden seemed immense to her, for it held their happiness. In reality, it occupied only one angle of the middle pediment above the colonnade which looks toward Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

"From that corner, flat as a Russian steppe, stretched the immense oblong of the zinc roofs which surround the court of the Louvre, forming a desert six hundred yards long by thirty wide. Farther on, pointed roofs and *pavillons* and deep gutters invited to adventure, and they amused themselves in exploring their domain.

"Especially the side toward the river attracted them. They went along the balustrade above the Place Saint-Germain, and turned to the right above the Quai du Louvre. An enormous piece of decoration, composed of bucklers and lances and fasces of piled arms sculptured in the stone, terminated the flat roof, like an army watching over the frontier of their empire. They went down a little iron ladder across the Galerie des Bijoux and turned to the left above the Galerie d'Apollon. Helia followed hesitatingly; it seemed to her that the whole city was looking at them.

"In reality, no one could see her. They

were shut off from the Seine by the leafy tree-tops; only the cries of children playing on the lawns came up to them, mingled with the twittering of sparrows. The next moment they found themselves in gutters deep as the beds of rivers. They discovered peaceable corners which the old kings of France seemed to have built expressly for themselves. At times they might have thought themselves in gardens of stone.

"There were lofty chimneys profusely carved with garlands; the leaves of acanthus and laurel and oak were interlaced with strange flowers, among which laughed the loves and satyrs of the Renaissance. Cornucopias poured at their feet their marble fruits; and goddesses, standing against the blue sky, trumpeted through their shells the happiness of their loves.

"In the distance their own garden seemed like an oasis of greenery. After long reveries it was sweet to them to come back and breathe the air of its roses and to hear the birds twitter in the shrubbery of their paradise.

"Helia, since she had made Phil's acquaintance, blushed for her ignorance. She had given to reading all the time left her by her exercises; there was in her something else than superb physical beauty. Sometimes, with the blood in her face and glad to be alive, after scaling with an acrobat's agility the obstacles of the roof, she would stop and ask Phil questions which showed a thoughtful mind. She listened to his replies with attention, little by little ridding herself of the common speech and narrow views of her trade."

Whether this delightful garden of the Louvre is a reality or a fiction we cannot say, but it is a novel and charming stage setting for a love scene, upon which Mr. Castaigne is to be congratulated. The scene also of Phil's introduction into a Parisian *atelier* is very well done. The book, in fact, will give the joy of reminiscence to the veteran artist and that of anticipation to the young aspirant with face set toward Paris, while the average reader, uncritical and unbiased, will draw from it a considerable degree of pleasure.

Samuel A. Chapin.

Science and Invention

The Reconstruction of the Physical Sciences

The world of science appears to be on the eve of a great discovery. Its very atmosphere is full of expectation. Never before in the history of the world has there been so critical a moment in the sphere of knowledge. All our present notions about matter, the atomic theory upon which our chemistry has been built, may have to be entirely reconstructed, so strongly are indications pointing to the inadequacy of our present hypotheses about the character of matter and the construction of the atom. If anyone doubts this, let him study the November number of the "Popular Science Monthly," which is occupied with addresses delivered before the International Congress of Arts and Sciences. Especially should he read those by Sir William Ramsay, on "Present Problems of Inorganic Chemistry," and by Prof. Edward L. Nichols, on "The Fundamental Concepts of Physical Science."

In the latter we read:

The evidence obtained by J. J. Thomson and other students of ionization, that electrons from different substances are identical, has greatly strengthened the conviction which for a long time has been in process of formation in the minds of physicists, that all matter is in its ultimate nature identical. This conception, necessarily speculative, has been held in abeyance by the facts, regarded as established and lying at the foundation of the accepted system of chemistry, of the conservation of matter and the intransmutability of the elements. The phenomena observed in recent investigations of radio-active substances have, however, begun to shake our faith in this principle.

If matter is to be regarded as a product of certain operations performed upon the ether, there is no theoretical difficulty about transmutation of elements, variation of mass, or even the complete disappearance or creation of matter. The absence of such phenomena in our experience has been the real difficulty, and if the views of students of radio-activity concerning the transformations undergone by uranium, thorium and radium are substantiated, the doctrines of the conservation of mass and matter which lie at the foundation of the science of chemistry will have to be modified. There has been talk of late of the violations of the principle of the conservation of energy in connection with the phenomena of radio-activity, but the conservation of matter is far more likely to lose its place among our fundamental conceptions.

With regard to this radio-activity, we may,

in passing, give the following from Sir William Ramsay's address:

If radium is continually disappearing, and would ultimately disappear in a very few thousand years, it follows that it must be reproduced from other substances at an equal rate. The most evident conjecture, that it is formed from uranium, has not been substantiated. Soddy has shown that salts of uranium, freed from radium, and left for a year, do not contain one ten-thousandth part of the radium that one would expect to be formed in the time. It is evident, therefore, that radium must owe its existence to the presence of some other substances, but what they are is still unascertained.

In "The World To-day," R. A. Willikan thus summarizes the investigations of J. J. Thomson, alluded to by Professor Nichols:

J. J. Thomson's paper on the "Structure of the Atom" has attracted universal attention. In this, one of the foremost of physicists gives to the world his picture of a thoroughly up-to-date atom. He finds it to consist of a sphere of positive electricity, within which are revolving, with enormous speeds, concentric rings of tiny negative corpuscles, or electrons; the number of the latter being proportional to the atomic weight of the atom, and varying with different atoms from one thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand. By a mathematical analysis of this mechanism, Thomson has considerable success in accounting for the known properties of various atoms, especially noteworthy being his explanations of the periodic law and of radio-activity.

Subway Ventilation

It is curious to note the avidity with which a defect in some great undertaking is seized upon as ground for a sensation, and how exaggeration distorts actual conditions. Much has been said recently about the ventilation of the New York subway, and disastrous, indeed, have been the effects predicted from a deficiency of oxygen in the air of that important addition to the means of transit in the city. It is well, therefore, that one can turn to such a reassuring statement as the following from "The Electrical Review" of November 12:

The report circulated in one of the New York papers that the ventilation of the subway is insufficient, and the air there is very poor in oxygen need cause no anxiety. The method by which this has been determined is questionable, and it is probable that the samples of air were taken too soon after the subway was started to give a fair test of what conditions will be when they have settled down to normal. The fact that a

large difference was found in certain samples of air taken at different points would seem to show that this is not yet so. It will be an easy matter to have the quality of air tested carefully, and should it be found that the movement of trains does not produce as much ventilation as was hoped, it will not be difficult to install fans at proper points, and thus rectify the matter. It should be remembered that the subway is an enclosed space, and hence, like any occupied building, will contain, under normal conditions, a smaller percentage of oxygen than will the free air outside. It should also be remembered that carbon dioxide is not an active poison, but merely a neutral gas. Air which is poor in oxygen is not necessarily injurious, as its fault lies merely in the lack of a desirable quality.

Those who love sensation, therefore, will wait in vain for some day on which all the travelers will be found asphyxiated *en masse*, and no one who desires to end an inconvenient existence will find it efficacious to spend a day in passing back and forward in the cars.

Measuring a Base-line

Ever since the Caliph Almamoum, in 814 A.D., set his astronomers to measure a degree on the earth's surface with wooden rods, there has been a craving for greater accuracy in this supremely important starting-point of geodesy. Science and ingenuity have been employed to devise some measuring rod which shall be absolutely reliable and not subject to variation. The "American Inventor" of November 15 has some interesting remarks upon the subject:

The science of geodesy is making rapid strides along the line of accuracy, and there is not much left to be perfected in the way of method. The all-important problem of modern, as well as ancient geodesy, of course, is the measurement of the dimensions of the earth, which enters into all practical work of surveying, navigating and terrestrial physics. The International Scientific Association several years ago undertook the problem, the different nations having agreed to contribute their share towards an accurate determination. The determination was undertaken in Ecuador in 1901, and extended from the Colombian to the Peruvian frontier, and every possible refinement to attain the maximum degree of accuracy was adopted. The greatest difficulty is to secure an accurate base-line, which is complicated by so apparently trivial a thing as the expansion of the measuring medium. The latest refinement in the bar method is that originated by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, using a single bar immersed in melting ice, the containing trough being carried on a suitable car upon a temporary track. Later still, M. Guillaume discovered an alloy of 64 per cent. steel and 36 per cent. nickel that possesses an exceedingly low coefficient of expansion, and, consequently, offers the best medium for accurate base-line measurements. This alloy is known

as "invar," and is usually employed in the form of a wire supported by tripods and stretched by a definite weight. A very valuable piece of work on the island of Spitzbergen was completed with the use of this alloyed wire.

Even the infinitesimal variation in the force of gravity at different portions of the earth is not too insignificant to be disregarded, and must be determined and a correction applied. This delicate determination is made by observing the pressure of the atmosphere by the determination of the boiling point of water, and comparing the same with the barometric reading, the difference, if any, being considered due to a variation in the action of the force of gravity upon the mercury.

A Desideratum

Anyone who has watched fireflies and glow-worms has been face to face with one of the greatest mysteries of nature. How the light is produced is still obscure, in spite of all the investigations that have been carried on. The nature of the light is equally puzzling, for heat rays and chemical rays are practically absent, the spectroscope showing that the intensity of the light is mainly in the green. Such a light as this would be a boon in our homes, but how to produce it—that is the question. "Electricity" for November 16 presents the matter thus:

Problems which call for a solution present themselves in the marvelous cold light given out by various insects and glow-worms. That is the idea at present—to produce cold light. As the saying goes: "It is easier said than done." But the fact of the matter is that considerable has been done. A review of the situation with regard to lighting in general discloses the fact that progress has not been confined to the application of electricity for lighting, but remarkable advances have been made in the use of oil and gas in connection with rare oxides, such as the Welsbach mantle, for the purpose of producing a more brilliant and more efficient source of illumination. So the list goes on increasing from the torch to the candle, from the oil lamp to gas, from the incandescent lamp to the vacuum tube. Here we begin to meet with the possibilities of cold light, or heatless light, as some prefer to call it.

All the means of illumination above quoted are heat producers, and the light is only a secondary effect. A gas jet wastes about 99 per cent. of the latent energy of the illuminant in heat; only 1 per cent. reaches the eye. An incandescent lamp wastes 97 per cent. in heat; and the arc lamp, the most efficient of all known sources of artificial light, dissipates 90 per cent. of the energy of the current in heat, and only 10 per cent. appears as light. This means that in electric-light plants supplying power to incandescent lamps, for every hundred pounds of coal burnt in the boiler from two to three pounds appear as light. Surely the economy of nature is greater in the light-producing insects, who give out enormous quantities of light relatively, without impairing their vitality or activity to any noticeable extent; and the light they produce is the kind sought for so fervently—cold light.

Educational Questions of the Day

The Rhodes Scholars at Oxford

The Rhodes Scholars from this country have arrived in Oxford, and are shaking and being shaken down into their new environment. They find many things in English university life different from those which surround an American collegian in his own land. In the Boston "Weekly Transcript" of November 18 last, there is an article by Willard Leroy Sperry, noteworthy for its judicious perspicacity, in which two features, at least, are deserving of quotation here. Speaking of the way in which the freshman is received at Oxford, Mr. Sperry says:

It has been interesting to those hardened by long experience to the exclusiveness of the fraternity and athletic circles, so characteristic of our American universities, to find that the Oxford spirit is, on the whole, inclusive. For a constant stream of captains and secretaries pours through the freshman's rooms during the opening days of term to urge upon his favorable consideration the claims of nearly every conceivable object. He is besought to row, to play hockey, cricket, "Rugger" and "Soccer," to enter track events, to join a debating club, a church society, a musical organization, or the Oxford Union, one of the greatest student organizations in the world. The opportunity of joining this "*sine qua non*" of Oxford life, which has on its rolls such names as Gladstone, Bishop Wilberforce, Lord Salisbury, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, Morley, Bryce, and a host of others no less famous, is gladly proffered to the incoming freshman, while in such an organization in America this privilege would be reserved for the chosen few. Nearly every Rhodes man has entered into these varied phases of life here with the same hearty spirit in which they have been offered, and many an American may be seen "tubbing" on the Isis with other candidates for honors on the various crews, or lounging about the Union for afternoon tea.

It has long been matter of public comment that the life at the older English universities and that at an American university differ as do the poles. Persons who have never breathed the atmosphere of England have undertaken to criticize severely the English ideal, while it is certain that the average Oxford man would vote American college life "a grind." Let us hear what one who is actually breathing the atmosphere of Oxford says:

There are certain striking differences between the life in Oxford and that of the typical American university, which are at best rather puzzling to

the newcomer. For one who has been accustomed to spend from twenty to thirty hours a week in lecture room and laboratory, to say nothing of the traditional midnight oil and all it implies, is surprised to find that books play a rather insignificant part when one is "up." The spectre of examinations crosses one's path but twice during his course, and no well-ordered student worries much over a vision generally lost in the distant fog. It is said that Jowett, the old master of Balliol, was once asked what Oxford would do for a man, and he replied, "Oxford will teach an English gentleman how to be an English gentleman," and as Professor James aptly adds, "Here, as elsewhere, England expects every man to do his duty." In other words, the Oxford ideal has always been something more than a mere intellectual life developed at the expense of the whole man. It preaches a truth as yet somewhat strange to the American student, namely, that "education is not exclusively or mainly intellectual in the best sense of the word, but social and moral as well—a discipline in the way to live." The Daily Telegraph says of the Oxford régime and the educational idea for which the university stands: "I am not sure that the German will even find this out, but the American and the colonial cannot fail to gain therefrom much advantage. There will be something puzzling to him in a place where the instruction is not so important as the life, so that when he has passed through his three years and gone away to Canada or Australia, to the United States or to South Africa, he will be vaguely conscious that he has been subject to influences which make him different from his kith and kin. . . . He will have made the discovery that to be educated is not to be conceited or bumptious, not to decide all problems offhand, not to be arbitrary or dogmatic, not to gush or be sentimental, not to think that literature means a succession of purple passages—no, but to be intelligent and gracious, quick to find out the differences between things, and learn, above all, the grand secret that life is not the formal acquisition of truth, but the living search for truth."

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, "Rhodes of Oriel" as well as "of South Africa," probably understood all this, and there may have been a deeper meaning in his bequest than the world, judging only by his imperialistic methods, gave him credit for.

Santa Claus or no Santa Claus ?

We have occasionally heard of certain enthusiasts, to give them a dignified title, who desired to disillusionize the modern mind of that pretty myth of Santa Claus. They were fond of taking as their motto, "Call a spade

a spade," and named themselves "reformers." Adopting the same motto, it has always seemed to us that their orthography was at fault, and that they had got one letter wrong. Their name should be "deformers." It has even been rumored that the advisability of relegating the old reindeer-driver to the region of werewolves and headless horse-men has formed the subject of discussion in certain learned coteries. The "School Journal," indeed, has thought the matter so serious as to give to it an editorial which most assuredly is worth the consideration of all who would make the child mind as matter of fact as their own:

Are there teachers of little children so lacking in the finer sensibilities, and so devoid of ordinary tact that they will deliberately set out to destroy a poetic fancy which is the joy of youthful hearts? It seems incredible. Yet there must be some. For each year brings reports of cases where unhumaned—they must be that—teachers have upset their pupils by telling them that there is no Santa Claus, that the stories about him are not true; that the presents received on Christmas Day are gifts provided by parents and friends. The usual result is that the children are greatly stirred up and the parents become very indignant at what they regard as unpardonable "cruelty" on the part of the teacher.

Are not teachers to tell the truth plainly in all things? Is it not best for children to face realities? Do not we fail to grasp a splendid opportunity if we omit to teach the children to regard their Christmas presents as tokens of the affection of their parents and to give thanks to whom this is due? Is it right, instead of doing this, to leave the children to their belief in Santa Claus?

The belief in Santa Claus may be the anchor which holds the child to the moorings of the wonderland of happy innocence. Snap it, and you send him adrift on the sea of doubts on which, in the wise order of Providence, it is only man's lot to travel. Let the children be children as long as their childhood can be made to last. Childhood is not a disease, as the practice of many misguided educators would seem to treat it. Let it be regarded rather as the Garden of Eden, which vanishes with the first taste of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Once outside the gates of this paradise, no return is possible; a flaming sword points outward to a life of toil. The Great Teacher's warning hand is raised; take heed that you do not offend one of these little ones!

Why force the "misery of disillusion" upon the child? It will overtake him early enough, anyway. And Santa Claus, alas! is one of the illusions first to pass. Let pedagogic wiseacres call the myth a "mistake of profound ignorance;" the child-lover puts a higher value upon it; he regards it as a personification of the idea of Love, of that Love which to make mankind happier gave it a Christmas Day. The child with the Santa Claus myth in his heart, beholding the

evergreen tree covered with light and glory, and joining in the joyful Christmas songs, feels and lives what the adult's understanding cannot grasp save in remembrance. Shall the adult be robbed even of this one remnant of reminiscence of how it feels to be perfectly happy? Then leave to Christmas the halo of glory and mystery; leave to the child his Santa Claus!

Wise words are these for those who would rob childhood of all pleasures in which imagination has a place. Is the girl likely to grow up a worse mother because she dandles a doll? Will the boy make a worse "cowboy" if he bestrides his father's cane and calls it a horse?

Unify the Schools

President Eliot of Harvard University on November 15 threw a veritable educational bombshell into the camp of the Boston municipality. In an address before the Public School Association, he advocated a Metropolitan Board of Education which should control school matters just as other metropolitan boards control other municipal matters. For some purposes the individualities of Boston and its suburban municipalities are merged into a single individuality. Why should they not be for educational purposes? Some of President Eliot's statements must surprise persons accustomed to think that in Boston we have "culture" in its highest form. In a district which is practically one in interests, we have such an anomaly as different municipalities appropriating widely different sums per thousand of valuation to educational purposes. Thus, Brookline appropriates \$1.91, Boston \$2.39, but Malden \$5.98. This lack of uniformity makes it impossible to estimate the annual income for educational purposes, and, as everyone knows, that is a primary requisite for efficiency. Boston proper, the city of culture, appropriates, as already said, \$2.39 per thousand annually. St. Louis appropriates \$6 per thousand. Massachusetts, in all the years Harvard has been in existence, has not appropriated \$300,000 to the university; Missouri annually gives its State university \$200,000. Surely there is some reason in President Eliot's suggestion that things should be better managed. The Boston Weekly Transcript, however, thinks not. It dreads unification under a commission. Is this because there is some truth in Mr. Lawson's arraignment of Boston in the December "Everybody's"?

The Drama

Personality vs. Art

PROBABLY the most pronounced feature of the stage to-day, and the success of certain men and women upon it, is the large part that personality plays in comparison to art and essential verity. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear criticism of the sort: "I just love Maude Adams!" or "Isn't James K. Hackett fine-looking!" Of course, this is in a manner mere *matinée-girl* comment. Yet in its crudity and transparency it shows a tendency which runs through pretty much all criticism of the day. Take half the actresses upon our stage, and you will find that it is rather a vogue than a reputation that they possess. You do not think of them as Juliets and Lady Teazles and Desdemonas, or whatever the character may be, but as Miss So-and-So. It is the same with the actors. As a matter of fact, we have precious few real actors and actresses, but very many attractive personalities exhibited in a series of plays chosen to emphasize those very traits. Plays are "built" upon these characteristics. This fact has been mentioned several times in this column. New emphasis is now put upon it, because there has come to our stage a woman who is really a great actress, who dares to sacrifice the sympathy of the audience to truth in portrayal of rôles; who is willing to make herself ugly in feature to be true to the character which she represents; who shirks no situation or detail which will detract from the absolute reality of her performance; who, possessing a very marked personality, rises above that personality; who is an artist to the finger-tips. This woman is

Mme. Gabrielle Rejane

Mme. Rejane has appeared at the Lyric Theater for four weeks. During that time she has presented fourteen plays of widely different character and appeal. Comedy, tragedy, farce comedy, problem play and other *genres* have been represented. It must be remarked that most of these plays are not of the kind known as "pleasant." Some of them have been very "free" indeed. Few have been such that young girls should witness them. They are for the most part quite

frank, and no attempt is made to cover or hide this quality in them. What their standing may be as drama and literature matters not as far as the general public goes. The ordinary theater-goer does not stop to think of the cleverness of the dramatic construction, or the literary tone, or the psychology of character, or analysis of emotion. What he sees is a plain story, and he leaves the rest to the critic whose duty it is to tend to such things. Therefore, while a limited audience may have found much to admire in several of Mme. Rejane's plays, the great public found them on the whole rather *risque*.

It is too late a day, however, to discuss these plays, all of which have been produced several years now. It is therefore far more profitable to turn to the actress herself. It is a pity that the superlative has been so overworked these days, for here is a fitting chance for its use. Still, the positive may have more value. To say the conventional at once, Rejane is a great artist and a great actress. Her first main claim to those titles is her striving after truth. Truth is the motivating characteristic of all she does. To it she sacrifices everything. There is no small detail that she overlooks, no little gesture that escapes her. The sympathy of the audience means less to her than the recognition which comes from sober judgment. It is not the tear-valves and heart-strings that she aims at so much as the head. Both as Sapho and Zaza this was especially apparent. Two English-speaking actresses have recently played these rôles with great success. Seeing Rejane do them, you realize how much the others "read into" the characters, how much they "idealized" them, as it were. They probably had a perfect right to do this, and one can easily see their point of view, and can applaud their acting; but all this, accentuates, on the other hand, the other point of view, the absolute realistic treatment of Rejane.

It is due to this trait that Rejane can slip from one character to another, much as she slips from one costume to another. Always you can feel the woman underneath, and yet it is never she whom you see or

whom you remember. It is Jacqueline or Germaine or Lolotte or Zaza; and in each case the remembrance is distinct and clear. To try to snub personality is like trying to jump in the air by pulling on one's bootstraps; but that personality may be made subservient to virtuosity, may be almost submerged by art, we have example in our own Richard Mansfield and a greater example in Mme. Rejane. And it is just this that places both these artists in a class far above the ordinary popular performer of the day.

Certain obvious peculiarities of Mme. Rejane come instantly to mind. The first is a sense of fun, which might be best characterized as mischief. It illumines her work in whatever she does of the lighter description. It brings brilliancy and sparkle and dash. In a way it is quite distinctive, for it is in no manner allied to the ordinary methods of those trying to evoke a laugh. Neither has it suggestiveness nor coquetry; it seems rather the mischievousness of a child doing what it ought not to do.

Her passion for truth at times also leads her into an overaccentuation of realism. Once or twice you feel a bit of coarseness. It requires a keen analysis of the character she is portraying to discover the reason for it. In other places, too, you have a feeling that if she had left just a trifle more to the imagination you would have been better satisfied.

After all, it is this intellectual quality which most characterizes her. Everything she does impresses you with the thought she has put upon it, of the study devoted to it. Each little part of the picture is carefully worked out, and made consistent with, and complementary to the other parts. Here, then, you have a woman of great natural gift, fully trained in the technique of her craft, using all her powers and all her skill in the direction of realistic truth. And, however much the sensitive may cavil at the subjects of her portrayals, they must admit the downright greatness of her art and genius.

Sir Charles Wyndham

Every year the interchange of actors and drama between our stage and that of London grows greater. Our plays and our players go over each season in increasing numbers; in return, London sends us her plays and her players. The latest arrival to our boards is Sir Charles Wyndham. There are many

reasons why this well-known actor should find a sympathetic audience here. Although distinctly English, and owing almost everything to English encouragement and training, it was in America that Sir Charles made his first appearance upon the stage. That was as far back as 1861, at the old Olympic Theater, and in the company of John Wilkes Booth. Later, he served as a surgeon in our Civil War. If this were not enough to make him somewhat related to us, it might be mentioned that he is a brother-in-law of Bronson Howard, in several of whose plays he has appeared with success.

Sir Charles Wyndham is no longer a young man, being now past sixty. Of the position which he holds in his own country as an actor and actor-manager, no better evidence can be found than the title which precedes his name, and which was conferred upon him in recognition of worth. For years he has produced and appeared in dozens of plays. His name is associated with many rôles of wide variety. Yet of all, the one which he has played oftenest, and the one to which he seems to return with increasing affection, is the part of David Garrick in Robertson's comedy of the same name. It was this play that he chose for his opening one on his return to this country after an absence of many years.

Sir Charles no longer looks the part as he once must have. His face shows something of his years beyond the power of "make-up" to conceal. But his performance is delightful, with the spirit of youth and the touch of poetry. It is full of grace and charm, and dignity and color. Beauty of elocution and artistic restraint, splendor of carriage and sincerity of expression are everywhere evident.

"David Garrick" is not a hard play to play in a fairly effective manner. It is so theatric, so much on the surface, so evident in its purpose, that it is a good acting play. To lift it beyond this and make it a poetic romance, a sort of fairy story for grown-ups, to accept its unreality and color it into the romantic, and for the moment convincing, require skill. It is just in this that Sir Charles Wyndham succeeds so well. He can make you forget the mechanical, fortuitous situations, redolent with florid sentiment which would have delighted Richardson and the two charming ladies with whom he drank intellectual tea. He can almost make you forget that *deus ex machina dénouement*. He

puts new life into the old romance; and you must be very hardened and sophisticated not to feel the spell and charm of it all.

Musical Comedy

A great mass of musical comedies, so-called always, is being produced these days. Out of those seen during the last month we choose for mention three: the first because it represents a higher grade than is usually found; the second because it contains a pretty conceit fairly well worked out; and the third because of its size and in one or two ways its unusual character.

Fritzi Scheff

To take them in order, first there is Fritz Scheff in "The Two Roses." Two things at once strike the listener in witnessing this piece: there is a plot and there is music, which show a worthy effort, at least, to do the better thing. As for the plot, it is one we have long known, one which in its original form ranks as, perhaps, the finest, or at least one of the finest, comedies in the English language. In a word, it is Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," adapted and rearranged. The new lines are really funny, and the humor springs naturally from the situation. Above all, there is not the slightest objectionable element in the performance.

In music, Mr. Englander has avoided the merely jingly, and then Miss Scheff has interpolated in the last act an aria from one of her former successes. And what a refreshing charm it is to see a singer and an actress of this woman's caliber upon the comic opera stage! There are many things our comic opera "prima donnas" could learn from her. One thing, above all, they should give heed to, and that is, that in order to please upon the comic opera stage they need not do fancy dance steps and twist their eyes or do any of the conventional grimaces that have become almost a tradition. Repose is almost as valuable in this kind of work as it is in the more serious type.

As for the second lesson—would that they would take it to heart!—limit the amount of *encores*. Miss Scheff practically gives none, and her company gives very few. It shortens the performance, but it leaves the spirit refreshed. For all this and more "The Two Roses" is to be commended. The

more consists in Miss Scheff herself. There is no need to comment upon her beautiful voice and her piquancy of acting. Her assumption of comic opera has given us two pieces of better standard than we are accustomed to, and for that we owe her thanks.

"Woodland"

Secondly—to go back to our chart—there is the production of "Woodland," termed on the program "a musical fantasy of the forest." The idea is the cleverest thing about this. It is both novel and refreshing. The characters represent different birds, and the costuming and scenery are both exceptionally well done. There was chance here for satire of the kind that is both amusing and pointed. One cannot but think of the Gilbertian comedy. What might he not have done with such a theme! It is hardly fair, however, to demand such things from the modern librettist; nor is it likely that his public would justify him in it. So we ought to be thankful for what we receive when it rises above the ordinary and "ornery," as this production does.

The Apotheosis of "Humpty Dumpty"

Finally, there is the presentation of the Drury Lane spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty." It is somewhat of a pity that we haven't the public over here for this sort of thing that they have in England. Thus, the book has to be adapted and a number of changes made, and the whole spirit of the original turned. Even at that we do not give the production the credit it deserves. It must have required a great expense and endless labor to produce such a performance. From the standpoint of beauty alone there is much that is interesting. We do not recollect any other production where such care and skill have been shown in the color scheme and the blending of different shades into a harmonious whole. This was especially noticeable in those beautiful transformation scenes at the endings of the first two acts, though it was always apparent. Finally, to those whose hearts are still young, the pierrot, columbine, harlequin and pantaloons must always have an appeal such as the clown has to the small boy at the circus. And for reviving again the glory of these, "Humpty Dumpty" deserves credit and patronage.

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

Exercise for the Aged

It is often remarked that the oldest persons are the most active among the aged. The fact is that it is this activity which is one of the causes of their longevity. The following excerpt from "Good Health" will explain this, and the passage is well worth the notice of those who feel the years stealing upon them.

Old age is due to the changes which take place in the arteries. The most important of these are a general contraction of the blood vessels, a thickening and loss of elasticity of their walls, and especially a shrinking in the size of the pulmonary artery. Recent observations have shown, however, that the arteries which convey the blood to the brain retain their natural size, taking on these changes much later than other parts of the body. Hence it is that the brain maintains its integrity to a more advanced age than do most of the organs. This very fact shows the value of exercise in delaying the approach of old age. The average brain does more work as years advance, while the average body does less. It is only the brain that has been accustomed to constant systematic activity that is exempt from the senile changes that occur in other parts. An habitually inactive brain always gives early evidence of mental decay.

In early life the pulmonary artery is larger than the aorta. This facilitates the circulation of the blood to the lungs, and secures perfect aeration and purification of the blood. With advancing age the pulmonary artery diminishes in size, becoming smaller than the aorta, and thus the blood is less perfectly oxygenated than in youth, and the tissues are less highly vitalized.

The blood vessels have muscular fibers in their walls. When the individual begins to grow old, this muscular tissue begins to disappear, and fibrous tissue to take its place. The fibrous tissue has an important work to do. It holds in place every cell, muscle, and vein. It thickens the walls of the blood vessels so that they lose their elasticity and their power to contract. The channel through which the blood flows becomes smaller. When the heart contracts and the blood current is sent on, the arteries are no longer stretched so as to be able to contract with vigor but remain rigid. They lose their strength and capacity for resisting pressure. Ultimately the small arteries become withered, until the blood can not get through at all.

The right kind of exercise, however, can do much to modify and delay all these changes. It counteracts better than any other agency the tendency of the skin, liver, kidneys, and other eliminative organs to become inactive. It arouses the heart to increased activity, thus pumping the blood vessels full of blood, distending them to their utmost capacity, and thereby antagonizing the process of shrinking.

But the old person's heart being weak, when he undertakes too violent exercise, that organ can not send enough blood to the muscles, and the latter quickly become fatigued. The lungs and kidneys, not being able to work so vigorously as in early life, are unable to eliminate the ordinary waste products as they are formed in the body; hence an excess of tissue-poison is always present in the body of the old man, so that a smaller quantity of that peculiar poison resulting from muscular overwork is sufficient to produce such a degree of auto-intoxication, or systemic poisoning, as to cause fatigue and shortness of breath. Therefore, the exercise of old people should be of the most moderate character. All straining and violence must be avoided, and all such exercises as produce palpitation of the heart or breathlessness.

It must not be expected that the old man's muscles can be made to grow larger by exercise. All that he can hope to do is to improve their quality and to preserve to some degree their elasticity and strength. Neither can the chest capacity be increased to any great extent. But by a large amount of very moderate exercise the old man can greatly improve the flexibility of joints that have become rigid. If the joints have been neglected until all their articulating surfaces have been diminished, their flexibility can not be greatly increased. But by persistent and sensible treatment some slight flexibility can be secured; and it is very important to preserve the flexibility, especially of the spine, so far as possible, because every gain in the flexibility of the spinal column gives increased vigor and strength to the muscles, and helps to antagonize those changes which are almost universal in old age—the breaking down of the abdominal organs, prolapse of the stomach and bowels, and the general relaxation of the abdominal muscles.

For another reason, the aged should be careful not to take too vigorous exercise. The lessened sensibility which comes with old age renders the person liable to consecutive or secondary fatigue; that is, he is likely to feel the consequences of excessive exercise twenty-four or forty-eight hours afterward rather than at the time it is taken.

Walking is an excellent exercise for the old, because a large amount can be done without causing immoderate excitement of the heart and lungs.

Roentgen Rays in Therapeutics

Roentgen rays have been so long before the medical profession and have been so extensively experimented with that the dicta of physicians concerning them may reasonably be received with confidence. And yet there appears to be a difference of opinion as to the extent to which they can be used beneficially. Thus, we find that at a meeting of the Mississippi Valley Medical Association, reported in "American Medicine," a physician stated—

that, as the practice of medicine was still largely in the hands of the general practitioner, it made it necessary for him to improve to the greatest extent his resources for diagnosing and combating disease. Roentgen ray apparatus has become a necessary adjunct. Every general practitioner should have one textbook on Roentgen-ray therapy.

On the other hand, the "Electric Review" of November 12, quoting from the English "Electrician," says:

Considerable alarm is being created by the daily papers regarding the danger attending the use of Roentgen rays. It has been affirmed that many medical men who have been in the habit of handling and using X-ray tubes are now suffering from a peculiarly painful disease which closely resembles cancer. This "disease" attacks the skin, and is said to be incurable. Until there is definite medical testimony to the contrary, however, we refuse to believe that cancer can possibly result from the application of X-rays. It is, perhaps, just conceivable that repeated X-ray burns might, in particularly adverse circumstances, cause the tissue to get into such a condition that it may fall an easy prey to cancer. But is it equally conceivable that the same effect might ensue from a neglected wound or blow, which tends to enfeeble the tissue? Any discovery connected with electrical science is still set down as mysterious by the mystery-loving public, and the cause of cancer is still unknown; the vulgar mind loves to force a connection between two "mysteries," whether they be those with which men of science are concerned, or those of Scotland Yard. So far as regards the X-ray burns themselves, although our sympathies are naturally with the men who are suffering from this painful ailment in the cause of humanity and science, it must, nevertheless, be remembered that if due care is taken by the operator to shield himself with proper screens, no danger of X-ray dermatitis need exist. If, however, the present scare will diminish to some extent the number of unqualified persons who apply X-ray treatment, we shall have no cause to regret it.

It is evident, then, that the use of X-rays is safest in the hands of specialists. Would it be wise to place them in the hands of every "general practitioner"?

While on the subject of rays, we may give the following statement of the "Medical Record" about the therapeutic effect of radium rays in the hands of two German professors:

Werner and Hirschel treated by means of radium twenty-two patients, including five cases of carcinoma, one of melanosis, five of angiosarcoma, seven of lupus, two of nevus, one cheloid, and one tubercular ulcer of the tongue. The six cases of malignant disease did not yield favorable results, and the authors do not feel encouraged to

persevere in this direction. The treatment of operable growths by radium is not to be recommended, and, on the other hand, the chances of cure are so slight in inoperable cases that the prediction first uttered for this treatment do not seem likely to be fulfilled. With the benign growths more satisfactory results were obtained. The authors are of opinion that in cases where the treatment must be forced, it is preferable to make frequent and long-continued exposure to the radium, for, though the resulting necrosis of the skin produces ulcers requiring weeks to heal, yet the treatment of these is simple, and the scars remaining are not disfiguring. It is open to question whether mild applications are not more injurious than helpful, owing to the stimulation they cause, and the authors conclude that the radium should be applied with vigor or not at all.

A Plea for the Oyster

Some time ago attention was called in these columns to the statement that oysters were a means of conveying typhoid. It appears that the results of the New York Board of Health have been stultified by statements derived from some foreign source, and the public may be imperiled in consequence. But the following paragraph from the "Medical Record" is sufficiently strong to encourage all who are interested in the question to persist in their endeavors to remove not merely an offense against cleanliness, but a positive danger to the community.

Some of the lay journals have lately published reports, sent in a curiously roundabout way by the United States Consul-General at Frankfort, of the findings of the French Sea Fishery Commission, appointed to investigate the part played by the oyster in transmitting typhoid fever and various other diseases. The conclusion the Commission is said to have reached is that oysters may be eaten with impunity at all seasons, and that they cannot transmit disease to human beings. The recent work of our own city Board of Health has shown that the conditions under which oysters intended for the market are often fattened in stagnant water in close proximity to outhouses and the mouths of sewers are, to say the least, disgusting in the extreme, and even if there were no real danger, public sentiment should be kept awake to the undesirability of such procedures until their continuance has been rendered impossible. But, as a matter of fact, that there is danger of spreading typhoid fever by means of oysters fattened in sewerage-polluted streams has been abundantly demonstrated, both in this country and in England, and the wide publicity given to the American Consul's translation from a German newspaper of a translation from a Paris newspaper of the alleged findings of a committee appointed by the French Minister of the Navy seems to be rather in the interest of the oyster trade than in that of the public health.

Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

How Nature Study Should Be Taught

What is "nature study"? It really seems that in this instance the saying of ancient Terence holds good: "Quot homines, tot sententiæ"—"So many men, so many minds." It depends upon your point of view. Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, than whom no one has had more valuable experience in directing "nature study" in public schools, has written a book* on the subject, which, although intended especially for teachers, is well worth recommending to all who love nature, whether they be old or young. He describes, rather than defines, the "nature study" of the public school thus:

Nature study is the examination of natural objects for your own gratification, to satisfy your own curiosity, to give you something to make your walks for exercise and fresh air more attractive; to free your mind of your work-a-day thoughts, and to supply their place with thoughts of God's work; to lead your attention from the ugliness and the evil that are in the world, to the beauty and goodness that are also in the world; to forget self and the troubles of life, and to sit in the sun, and look at the sky; to wonder if you really understand why it is blue, and why the clouds are white. It is nothing less or more than taking an intelligent interest in the earth and its products.

Nature study is the creating and the increasing of a loving acquaintance with nature. This shall begin and continue so informally in love that, sooner or later, it shall welcome the accompaniment of formal knowledge. Both together, both head and heart, and both in earnest, shall increase our enjoyment of life, and our capacity to enjoy it.

This description is excellent, and the best of it is that it is just as true of that higher kind of "nature study" which older scholars than those in public schools bend all their energies to. It is said that few men could raise such enthusiasm in the minds of their audience as Faraday and Huxley, and certainly few essays are more delightful than those of Grant Allen; yet they had tried those higher flights which our boys and girls can not hope to experience in the class-room.

Dr. Bigelow's idea is that formal lessons should be excluded, that the child should

be in reality his own teacher, the individual bearing that title only directing the pupil in the path. He demands that the spirit of love should permeate all; the child loving nature, and the teacher loving both nature and the child. If—and that "if" is a large one—this could be brought about, life would, indeed, be very different from what it is for many a man and woman. We will not quibble about the appropriateness of the term "nature study," although it is a misnomer. Even Dr. Bigelow does not like it, for he says:

If I were asked to suggest a more expressive title for what I commonly express by the term nature study, and for what I most desire, I should call it nature sympathy and appreciation.

If—and once more we emphasize the word—teachers will only believe, and act upon the belief, that nature is not a subject for dry formalism, they themselves, in guiding the young minds, would find their own realizing more fully the meaning of the world around them. And so we wish Dr. Bigelow's book "Godspeed."

The Interpretation of Nature

Prof. Conway Lloyd Morgan has been lecturing at the Lowell Institute in Boston on "The Interpretation of Nature." There is no subject more important than this to the lover of nature. Few can observe scientifically. Fewer still can interpret the observations. In observing, many of us are too prone to see what we desire to see, rather than the bare fact which is presented to us. In interpreting the observed facts, we are apt to read into them preconceived notions and this habit is fostered by the principle of analogy, which is the only one we are able to apply to many problems of the animal world. Professor Morgan has become so eminent in matters connected with animal intelligence that it is instructive in the highest degree to follow the principles of his interpretation. We take the following statement from a summary of his lectures given by E. T. Brewster in the Boston Evening Transcript:

On the basis of a very large number of facts

*HOW NATURE SHOULD BE TAUGHT. By Edward F. Bigelow. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York. \$1.00.

Professor Morgan builds the general conclusion that there is practically no such thing as a pure instinct in an adult animal of any of the more intelligent species. Young animals are provided with a considerable outfit of congenital impulses, though these are less numerous and definite than is commonly supposed, and are concerned for the most part with simple acts, like walking, swallowing and the rest. The great factor in the lives of all the higher animals is habit. Instinct is only the foundation; the superstructure the creature builds for himself out of its individual experiences. Moreover, the instincts tend to fade away after a little time and leave the guidance of the creature's life to its habits, and in the formation of these habits the imitation of its fellows plays a considerable, though not a necessary part. There is, therefore, always "the water of experience added to the whiskey of instinct," but so intimate is the resulting mixture that practically it is not easy to tell how much came from the bottle and how much from the jug.

Once having made sure of his facts, Professor Morgan subjected them to a keen and discriminating analysis, with the result that, whether he is right or wrong in his conclusions, he completely cuts the ground from under the opinions of most "nature students" of either school. His doctrine is essentially this: Animals, the higher animals at least, are very intelligent, but at the same time very ignorant, and while in general no single one of them has a greater number of instincts than a man—a fact which any one may test for himself by simply counting up—their instincts have a rigidity and a dominance of which we know nothing, except by the analogy of our most powerful habits.

Professor Morgan's theory of the animal mind rests fundamentally on his analysis of thinking; perhaps the simplest and clearest discussion of the matter which has ever appeared. How adequate for other purposes than that for which it was designed is another question. It amounts, in effect to this: I see a circular spot some three inches across of a color between red and yellow. I think orange, and I know that the object has also certain other qualities—weight, hardness, taste, structure; it would take me a page to tell them all—no one of which do I know directly by my eyes. An observant monkey might have exactly the same idea as I, except that he would not think "orange." Such an idea, Professor Morgan calls a construct, because it is built up around the sensation of a yellow spot, which is all that I really see. Now, being hungry, the quality of the orange which appeals to me most vividly is its edibility. I say, "This orange is good to eat." My simian acquaintance may have exactly the same idea as I. He cannot, however, think "good to eat" in words, but he can think it as the feeling of eating. Such an idea is a predominant, because one quality stands out from the rest. But I can go one stage farther. I can say, "There is a quality of good-to-eatness which is equally common to oranges and all other viands." I have, therefore, an idea of palatability apart from any single palatable object. This, then, is an isolate, or, as the common terminology has it, a "general idea." Now, in order to think "good to eat" I must either think of some particular edible and make the idea a pre-

dominant or think some word and make it an isolate. But the monkey has no such alternative; he cannot form the isolate because he has no words.

For all thinking which can be done without words, therefore, the animal is as well equipped as the man. Only the man, having learned to use words for his isolates, uses them for his other ideas also, and so handles these sorts of ideas more easily than the animal. Animals, therefore, do not "reason," but neither do men except on occasion. There are plenty of well authenticated cases of animals doing things which men usually do by the aid of isolates. There is no case known—and here is the point of Professor Morgan's contention—there is no case known of an animal act which a man could not perform by the aid of predominants alone.

The essential difference, therefore, between the human and the animal mind is that while both have instincts, memories and habits, the animal is utterly commonplace in all his mental activities. With both, "intelligence, like Mr. Micawber, is always waiting for something to turn up, and, when it does turn up, profits by the experience thus gained." Only man, however—though occasionally less intelligent than the beast—can piece out his experience by reasoning forward to a new condition and act intelligently in the absence of experience. "The things which are new are not true" is a pretty safe rule in judging animal stories.

Science is, therefore, indebted to Professor Morgan for two important services. He has contributed a considerable body of new facts; he has probably given to new facts and old the most intelligible discussion in the language.

This is quite true. Whatever may be thought about the statement that simians have no words, and the puzzling fact that some animals appear to have means of communicating information, there can be no doubt that Professor Morgan has done lasting service by putting the discussion about animal intelligence (mind, if you will) into such a form that the opposite schools can be bound down to scientific terms, instead of using terms in such a way as to confuse the argument.

Equine Intelligence

As a sort of comment on "the superstructure which the creature builds for himself out of its individual experience," let us glance at the following, taken from a paper by Major Hughes-Onslow, in "The Badminton Magazine" (London).

Let us consider what has been the effect of man's training on the intelligence of the horse. In most cases, certainly with well-bred horses, we have not tried to improve it; rather, on the contrary, we have tried to make the horse obey us in every way, to depend upon us for everything, and never to think for himself. When at work he is never loose, and when not at work he is shut up in a stable. As far as I know, the only classes of

horses that have been trained to work loose are the railway shunting horses and some farm horses, and certainly many of these show a good deal of intelligence in their work.

I should certainly say that memory is the horse's strongest mental attribute. Horses never seem to forget a place they have been to, and if one has been frightened by anything behind a hedge as he is going along the road, he will remember the place to the end of his life. I am sure also that they have a very good memory for people and other horses. Our system of horse management tends to improve their memory, for we keep them shut up on an average for at least twenty of the twenty-four hours, during which period they have very little to do except to think over what they saw in the short time they were out. I take it that if we lived the same sort of life we should not forget many of the places we had visited.

The extraordinary thing is how fond horses are of their stables: the one idea of most of them on being taken out is to get back again as soon as possible. How different is this from the behavior of kennel dogs, who go half mad with joy on being let out and are miserable when the time comes for them to be shut up again; and it is not that horses take no interest in what is going on round them, for if a horse be loose in a box with a half door he will spend most of his time looking over it.

But it is in their absolute lack of common sense that their want of intelligence is most plainly shown. Ninety-nine horses out of a hundred lose their heads directly they are in trouble. If they can they dash madly off, quite regardless of what may be in their way, and come to awful grief over area railings, quarry pits, and such like obstacles, which they could by no possibility hope to get over in safety; their conduct is absolutely suicidal. Then, again, if they are fast in a ditch and cannot run away they struggle frantically for two or three minutes, and then give up altogether; they seem to have no idea whatever of intelligently employing their strength to get them out of their difficulty. How stupid most horses are, again, in going through gates and doorways and over bad ground! They look out for their fore feet and shoulders, but leave their quarters and hind legs entirely to chance, and, unless the man who is leading them is careful to take them through quite straight, they will not seldom hit the point of their hips such a bang against the doorpost as to do themselves serious injury. If you ride a horse at a walk over a little open drain about a foot wide he will always step over it well enough with his fore legs, but as often as not he will drop one of his hind legs into it; and I have seen several nasty accidents out hunting caused by fidgety horses, who would not stand still at the covert side or when waiting their turn to go through a gate, getting their hind legs into deep ditches or over the side of field bridges which have no rail or parapet.

It would be interesting if one could form any idea of how much horses are able to tell one another. Of course, in common with all gregarious animals, they have certain signals to express feelings of fear, pleasure, and so on, but I sometimes think that they must be able to do rather more and to hold some sort of conversation. If a number of horses are turned out together for any

time they always form cliques. Two or three will be great friends and have nothing to do with the others; generally there will be a ruling spirit who will be master of the rest, but this boss is by no means always the biggest and strongest—in fact, he or she is often one of the smallest of the lot. Sometimes, also, there is a very unpopular one that all the others take a delight in hunting and bullying.

A Spider's Web

Have you ever stood before the web of a garden spider hung between two shrubs or dahlias, or along the bushes by the side of a woodland path, and wondered how the beautiful fabric was turned out by the spinner? Here is an account of the process by Prof. John Henry Comstock, in "Boys and Girls":

In making its web, an orb weaver first spins a number of lines extending irregularly in various directions about the place where the orb is to be; this is the outer supporting framework. Often the first line spun is a bridge between two quite distant points, as the branches of two separate bushes. How did the spider cross the gulf? It has no wings.

The bridge building can be easily seen on a warm summer evening, the time at which spiders are most active repairing their old nets and building new ones. The spider lifts the hind end of its body, and spins forth a thread; this is carried off by the wind until finally striking some object it becomes fast to it. The spider then pulls in the slack line, like a sailor, and when the line is taut fastens it to the object on which it is standing, and the bridge is formed.

After making the outward framework, the radiating lines are formed. A line is stretched across the space so as to pass through the point which is to be the center of the orb. In doing this, the spider may start on one side, and be forced to walk in a very roundabout way on the outer framework to the opposite side. It carefully holds the new line up behind it as it goes along, so that it shall not become entangled with the lines on which it walks; one or both hind feet serve as hands in these spinning operations; for as the spider has eight feet, it can spare one or two for other purposes than locomotion. When the desired point is reached, the slack is pulled in and the line fastened. The spider then goes to the point where the center of the orb is to be, and fastening another line, it walks back to the outer framework, and attaches this line an inch or two from the first. In this way all of the radiating lines are drawn. The next step is to stay these radii by a spiral line, which is begun near the center, and attached to each radius as it crosses it. The turns of this spiral are as far apart as the spider can conveniently reach.

All of the threads spun up to this stage in the construction of the web are dry and inelastic. The spider now proceeds to stretch upon the framework a sticky and elastic line, which is the most important part of the web, the other lines being merely a framework to support it. In spinning the sticky line, the spider begins at the outer edge of the orb, and passing around it fastens this

line to each radius as it goes. Thus, a second spiral is made. The turns of this spiral are placed quite close together, and the first spiral, which is merely a temporary support, is destroyed as the second spiral progresses.

A City Planting a Forest

The following passage from "Forestry and Irrigation" records an example which may well be copied by other cities than Los Angeles, and, if it were, the dwellers in many crowded centers of population would have an opportunity of getting a breath of fresh air and enjoying the pleasures of which nature is so lavish.

Los Angeles, Cal., has 3,000 acres of brush land called Griffith Park, which it intends to convert into a commercial forest. This will be the first instance of a city in the United States creating a forest. The practice is quite common in Europe, where the forest parks have not only contributed to the pleasure of the people, but have been more than self-supporting through their timber output. Under its co-operative offer the Bureau of Forestry had last summer at Los Angeles four of its experts making a comprehensive planting plan for the forest. This plan was completed at the end of September. The idea is to convert a waste piece of land into a productive forest, which will not only pay for its creation and care through the sale of mature timber, but will prove a constant source of pleasure and recreation for the citizens of Los Angeles. It is an entirely practical plan, and Los Angeles deserves credit for its progressive spirit. Other cities could very profitably follow this excellent example.

Plants for the Sunless Window

Persons are often at a loss to know what they shall put in this or that window to

brighten the vacancy with thriving plants. Here is an answer concerning those which offer the greatest difficulty—the windows which rarely or never get sunlight. It is by Bessie L. Putnam in the "Agricultural Epitomist":

We often hear it remarked that some cannot keep plants because the windows are shaded or on the north side of the house. While even the geranium and coleus can be coaxed into a profusion of growth and bloom in the north window, if given rich soil, better results come with sunshine. Yet there are plants which like shade, and it always pays to choose those especially adapted to one's own conditions. Ferns are always handsome, and almost any of them can be grown to advantage in the north window, the chief requisite being sufficient moisture. Almost all of the begonias like shade, and there are many beautiful ones in blossom during several of the winter months. The rubber tree is an excellent one for this place, its dark leaves being smooth and easily kept clean. This plant requires an abundance of moisture. Sponging the leaves once a week is beneficial. The old-fashioned "Leopard plant," *Farfugium*, is decidedly averse to the hot sun. Its dark green leaves thickly beset with spots of creamy white render it highly ornamental as a foliage plant. It likes rich soil, and should buds appear, which rarely occurs, nip them off; they will develop into small yellow and uninviting flowers which are a drain on the plant, while detracting from its beauty. Contrary to the prevailing opinion, smilax may be grown in an ordinary living room, frequent spraying being beneficial. Though of slow growth, its bright glossy leaves well repay the trouble. There are few rooms in which some kind of plants cannot be successfully grown. A kitchen window has the advantage of plenty of moisture in the air. No matter if the outlook is discouraging, even the shaded north window has rich promises for those who will make the best of its privileges.

M u s i c ✻ a n d ✻ A r t

American Art

The recent Comparative Exhibition of Art held in New York City, in which the best of the American artists nobly held their own in the silent contest with the great names in art of other lands, is one of which America may well be proud. In this connection an article printed not long since in the Boston Evening Transcript by William Howe Downes has unusual significance. Mr. Downes' paper is entitled "Art at St. Louis," and is one of a series forming a comparative study of the Art Exhibition at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. This article, from which the

following quotations are taken, is in the nature of a preliminary review of general questions relating to national art, and a statement of the author's intention to inquire into "the specific characteristics which distinctly and unmistakably separate the nations in art, the peculiar, the unique 'notes.'" He asks if we are not already on the way to lose or to greatly modify such of these as exist or are conceived to exist, and, as cases in point, deplores the Europeanization of Japanese art and the lack of individual creative genius in the American sculptors, architects and painters "who have been

trained in France, and who have become mere echoes of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, not contributing any new thoughts to the world's body of art products."

The author then presents the question of American art. He says in part:

It is the time and place for us to confess that American art is more than ever eclectic. Sargent and Whistler and Alexander, the painters; French and Paul Bartlett and Bitter, the sculptors; Cass Gilbert, C. Howard Walker and J. Knox Taylor, the architects, are all accomplished artists—the word is too lukewarm—they are remarkable, exceptional artists; but, whether we like it or no, it is the simple fact that if the traditional New Zealander of Macaulay's fancy ever comes to review our doings on this continent, he will not be able to tell whether our architecture, sculpture and painting possess any nationality; there will be no evidence that they grew out of any peculiar local conditions or any inborn racial instincts, or met any needs peculiar to the nation. And why should they? Are we a nation, in the old sense? Is not New Orleans as far from Boston as Dan from Beersheba? Have we any right or reason to expect a heterogeneous people to produce a homogeneous art? I am facing "a condition, and not a theory." I had hoped to see some evidence of an American school of art. I see none. Perhaps it is not to be. The barriers between the nations are broken down, not to be put up again; and we must believe that what is art's loss is humanity's gain.

It is said that American art is refined, and Prof. Halsey C. Ives, in his foreword to the art catalogue, speaks of refinement as a pronounced characteristic of the American work. This is true, or as true as any generalization can be. American painting, sculpture, and architecture—contemporary work—as exhibited at St. Louis today, is refined, elegant and accomplished. I would go a step further, and say it is, not infrequently, somewhat over-refined. This needs explanation. It has occurred to me in the American picture galleries more than once that our men and women are very skilful, very well trained very cultured artists, but that most of them are more intelligent and polished than inspired. They don't seem moved; they need emotion, passion, vigor, the primal force of enthusiasm and abandon that touches the heart and stirs the blood, arouses and warms. Well, this is the old, old story. We are forever asking for too much. But does it not seem strange and sad that the youngest of the brotherhood of nations should not make its art the intimate expression of all that is highest, truest, tenderest, most sacred, most vital, in its life? Why, I can point out to you in the Agricultural Building a little bow of black ribbon fastened to a bunch of yellow corn, that was sent to the World's Fair by a farmer's boy in Illinois—a boy who is no more—that has more in it to stir the sympathy of a human soul than almost any work in the Art Palace. Oh, for a Walt Whitman spirit, to put the pulse of life into our art. There is no picture here like Thomas Hovenden's

"Breaking Home Ties," which so wonderfully wrought upon the feelings of the people at Chicago in 1893. Are our studio tribe getting out of touch with the plain people? Are we getting a bit too artificial; in the hothouse of art, ripening a little too quickly? In Emerson's quaint phrase, we "despatch the day's chores and fly to voluptuous reveries." In other words, our artists are losing contact with the spiritual realities of life, and are producing pretty trifles, only fit for dilettanti. This will never do.

This brings us to the ever burning question of subject. And here I will try to put into plain words some fresh impressions from the British artists' part of the show, with reference to the worth of subject, its inspirational power, and whether American artists cannot derive some valuable hints from their British confrères. We in America, like the French, are given to the notion that a literary or episodic picture or sculpture is necessarily a relatively cheap sort of art; that an illustrative painting or relief is a lower form of art, so to say; and that the religious, moral, historical or humorous element in plastic art is extrinsic, a vulgar appeal for popularity. One is at a loss to say how we became impregnated with such a ridiculous and untenable theory, carried to so impossible lengths. So harmful has it been in its effects upon many American artists, that I have heard gravely discussed in respectable studios the question whether it were not better for an artist to be without general education—unspoiled, as it were, by any contact with literature, poetry, history, science, philosophy, etc.! This was not so absurd as it sounds, it is true, for the idea was that the training of the eye and the hand were so arduous, a lifetime devoted to it were hardly enough. Moreover, we have numerous examples of illiterate artists who have risen to the greatest distinction; conversely, of many whose erudition could not save them from mediocrity in the practice of their art.

The British have always stood conspicuously for the literary bias in the plastic arts. It began with Hogarth, and has not ended with Leighton or Watts. I am beginning to ask myself, in the light of the showing made at St. Louis—the greatest showing in art ever made by Great Britain outside of her own territory—whether we Americans, influenced by French traditions, have not gone somewhat too far astray from the best course in this matter of subject; whether a "story" may not be in itself a very good thing for a sculptor or a painter to treat; whether the almost universal instinct as to stories is not worth consideration on its merits, apart from policy; and—still more to the point—whether the artist's own interest in his work, his zeal, his enthusiasm, may not be (to a greater degree than has been thought) dependent on the human interest of his theme? This question is complicated, but not impossible of solution. In my next letter I shall endeavor to see what light is thrown upon it by the comparison which is alluded to above—that between the quality of American and British imagination as exemplified in painting and sculpture.

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

THE New Year cometh with a magic key
 To ope some radiant chamber in Time's palace.
 Our martyrs have not sown such seed in vain!
 Beneath old Winter's snows a world of hope
 Lies ripening, and shall richly run to flowers,
 When earth shall kindle as a countenance
 Alive with love, and all the soul alight!
 Oh, come, thou Spring of God, and at thy voice
 The balmy blood shall beat in bud and leaf!
 And come, thou mellow rain, fall on it warm,
 And fondle it with kisses, drop rich tears;
 And blow, thou sweet Spring-wind, and make it stir
 With sweet rapture—budding tenderly,
 With all the glory of its folded bloom,
 And all its fragrance striving for the light.
 God, what a Spring and Harvest yet shall crown
 The dark, stern Deluge of Calamity!
 Then come, thou grand New Year, in silence come
 Across the white snows, and the winter land;
 Stride o'er the Present, grand as some huge wave
 Should rush across Panama at a leap,
 And make two seas one perfect world of waters.
 So link our great Past to a nobler Future,
 And set our new world singing on its way.

Gerald Massey.

The Personal Religion of Jesus

The "Outlook" for November 12 contains a brief contribution from Prof. George Holley Gilbert, on the Personal Religion of Jesus, which possesses especial value from the fact that it condenses into a few clear sentences the substance of his Christian belief. Those who read with such profit the books "The Revelation of Jesus" and "The First Interpreters of Jesus," which led to his resignation from the faculty of the Chicago Theological Seminary nearly four years ago, will be glad to find Professor Gilbert maintaining the same advanced ground and in the same generous and constructive spirit as appeared in his work at that time.

He believes that "the great bequest of Jesus to the world was the expression of his own religious experience. . . . He taught that what he had achieved, others might hope to achieve through him." Of course, the acceptance of this claim will be impossible to such as prefer to worship Jesus afar off, rather than make him the pattern of life and conduct, but Professor Gilbert maintains that—"His religion, even to its

deepest vision and its most spiritual motive, he regarded as the goal of everyone who should accept him."

"We may, then, hope and believe that a time will come when the personal relation of Jesus to God will furnish the material of Christian faith and the inspiration of Christian life; when his followers, descending from the clouds of speculation about his being, will seek to cultivate a personal religion just like his; and when, moved more deeply and purely by his religion than before, and liberated by it from all servitude to partial or perverse interpretations of the Gospel, they shall enter on a far higher career of constructive work for the kingdom of God."

The four elements in the personal religion of Jesus, Professor Gilbert names as Reality, Simplicity, Strength and the Power to Transfigure Life. Regarding God as the "first and most practical of all realities," a sure basis was laid for such a life as should interpret religion to be a real expression of an unostentatious and brotherly character, strong enough to be independent of those extrinsic elements so largely relied upon by others, because of his close dependence upon

God; and strong enough, also, to lighten for him "all the burden of this unintelligible world," and to enable him to "look forward to a time when his rich possession would be the common possession of all his disciples."

Naturally such a life must give constant expression to its faith, and Professor Gilbert consistently lays emphasis upon the fact that

"His faith was wholly demonstrable in his daily experience, and he taught his disciples no other faith than his own. Religion, to his thought, was salt and light, a public good, an expansive, beneficent force; if not this, it was to be rejected. Nothing called down such stern condemnation from his lips as religious insincerity. The Jewish Church of his time, like our Church to-day, was very active in the name of religion. It built synagogues, it made proselytes at great cost; it constructed nice theories of God and salvation. But, alas! the God whom it claimed to know was not manifest in the life which it actually lived. This was not the case with Jesus. It was always safe to argue from his daily life to his faith. His consciousness of God was not more real than his love for those about him. Religion was a harmony of the whole being and whole life with the soul's highest vision of God."

In his letter of resignation from the seminary, Professor Gilbert had called attention to the difficulty that to-day surrounds the work of the sincere biblical scholar from the fact that "when one begins to investigate the Bible scientifically, one becomes conscious of a difference between its teachings and the current traditional theology." Thus the embarrassment of the minister who feels that he must be loyal to the truth as he understands it, and at the same time would gladly be at peace with the doctrines of the Church and with their champions. When he then stated that "the Church is divided into two parts, one of which would forever read the Bible in the light of the past, while the other would read the past and the Bible also in the light which the living God gives in the present," he stated a fact which daily becomes more apparent, and also daily more full of encouragement, since the Church is finding its strength in the world increasing directly as the first of these "two parts" into which it is divided yields to the second: the power of tradition surrendering to the power of life.

We venture the affirmation that the proportion is to-day substantially larger than four years ago, in all religious communions, of those who unhesitatingly indorse the estimate Professor Gilbert now gives of the religion of Jesus, that—"Ethics and religion are no more separable in his view than are

love and service," and who will also agree that "When religion becomes complex, when its great claims rest on obscure grounds, we need no prophet to tell us that we have lost the Master's way."

The New Evangelism

Wide-spread interest is manifested in the message which has come to Protestant churches in America from Rev. William J. Dawson, of London, who represents the most encouraging and successful element in the new evangelistic awakening in Great Britain. In many addresses delivered, he has shown himself a man of breadth, refinement, great earnestness and plain tenderness. While evidently in full sympathy with the revival effort which awakens the Church and, through the Church, reaches the individuals of the surrounding community, he has not hesitated to utter the warning which many religious workers are expressing in varying forms.

In an address before the Hartford Theological Seminary, Mr. Dawson said:

Our churches, I fear, are too often delightful social clubs and not propagandist centers. Cultivated parochialism holds them together, and the imperial side of Christianity is forgotten. But there is this menacing fact, that people are growing away from the churches, and the growth of population is much more rapid than the growth of the churches. We are regarding them as mere barracks, and we drill our forces on the barrack field instead of mobilizing them for an active propaganda. Fighting and conquering is the only way, and it must be done or another generation will find the churches going backward and not growing.

Indeed, as Mr. Richard Heath shows in his illuminating book, "The Captive City of God," it is doubtful if the time has not already passed for the Church to gain an ascendancy among the motive forces of organized society, unless the departure from the conventional methods shall be so radical that the Church shall once more represent in its preaching and practical ministrations the elements of faith that to-day command the minds and hearts of men, as formerly she represented the serious faith of men that the purpose of religion was to escape from a wicked world. The dominant spirit in religion is no longer separatist, but the Church continues to preach and practise a separatist gospel; the unformulated creed of earnest men denies the division of society into classes based on occupation or property, while, as Mr. Heath shows by frank admissions from church leaders in nearly every European

country, the Church has made its appeal and shaped its machinery to the needs of the people who, if not wealthy, are at least several removes from the condition of want; the Gospel of Jesus Christ is entering into men in an appeal for the recognition of universal brotherhood, and he is becoming ever more recognized as the Prince of Peace, but in nearly all "Christian" countries the expenditures for war—if not indeed for aggressive conquest—are the chief item of public expense, while the churches are rare which withhold their benediction from the serried ranks that go forth to hurt and destroy in God's holy mountain.

This is not intended as a criticism, but rather as an explanation of the growing disregard for the Church on the part of the people, who are reported to have heard Jesus

gladly. The evangelistic efforts of the Church, from the days of the Wesleys to the middle of the last century, are among the glories of her modern history, and the missionary and philanthropic movements set in motion will continue the evidences of the faith of those days. The extensive fruitfulness is proof of the adaptation of the Church to the then popular conception of the need. We suggest that the conception of human need is to-day not that of a half century ago: that paternalism has been succeeded by fraternalism; that communities are to be helped, not by being worked *for*, but *with*; and that the Church must, if she is to continue her mission, adapt her machinery and messages to the growing social conscience of to-day, as she was so admirably adapted to the individual conscience of yesterday.

C h i l d ✂ ✂ V e r s e

Jemima.....St. Nicholas
 Of all the pleasant places, oh, the best, I do believe,
 Was old Jemima's kitchen one snowy Christmas eve,
 When Ted and Eleanor and I drew up her big armchair,
 And we, on kitchen boxes, sat in a circle there!
 And Aunt Jemima said: "Lan' sakes! You chillun heah ag'in?"
 Well, I reckon I must tell you about Br'er Tarra-pin,
 How he frazzled po' ole Mistah Fox and fooled Br'er Buzzard, too.
 And played a mighty low-down trick on Mistah Kangaroo."
 The wind howled down the chimney, but the fire it snapped and glowed
 And Jemima told us, also, of Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Toad,
 And that other funny story of Br'er Turtle and Br'er Coon,
 And showed us li'l Br'er Rabbit's house, away up in the moon.
 And then she said: "Now, chillun, run—'fo' Santa comes along!"
 And leaned back in her squeaky chair and sang a Christmas song. *Carolyn S. Bailey.*

How Pa Rests.....Exchange

When pa comes home at night, ma says,
 "Now, children, you must quiet be;
 Poor pa is tired 'most to death,
 And I'll be quick and get his tea."

Then pa comes in and claps his hands,
 And says, "Hurrah for little Tim!"
 And right away us children know
 That we shall have some fun with him.

The baby in her high chair crows,
 And stretches out her arms to him;
 And soon he takes her on one knee,
 And on the other dandles Jim.

And Juliet and Kate and me—
 We hang upon his rocking-chair,
 And every breath we talk to him,
 And pat his face, and smooth his hair.

And ma she gets the supper on,
 And says, "Do, children, let him be!
 Poor pa don't get a minute's rest;
 Now let him come and have his tea."

And then we hold him fast and tight,
 Until he pulls and breaks away,
 And then we chase him round the room—
 Pa is the greatest one for play!

And then ma smiles, and says, "Dear me!
 You're wilder than the children, Ned!
 Now quiet down, and come and eat,
 And then I'll put them straight to bed."

And ma she means it, truly-true;
 But pa, he looks at Kate and me,
 And when he looks like that we know
 There'll be a frolic after tea.

The Library Table

The Magnetic North

NOW that the output of fiction is so much greater than ever before, originality of subject or treatment is a rarity. This distinction has been attained by the author, who has given us "The Magnetic North,"* a book describing the experiences of a party of men on their way to the Klondyke in search of gold.

The story opens soon after that "July day in '97 when the Excelsior sailed into San Francisco harbor, bringing from the uttermost regions at the top of the map, close upon a million dollars in nuggets and in gold dust." Five men from different parts of America, only comrades by the chance of meeting on the steamer from San Francisco, are trying to get as near Dawson as possible before winter shuts down on them. They have gone about four hundred miles up the Yukon river when their little boats are wrecked on the bank and they are obliged to go into winter quarters. Although there are five members of the party the chief interest centers about two members of it, a tall Kentuckian called the Colonel, and a young fellow known as the Boy. These two have become chums at first sight, and continue so until the end of the story.

Two cabins are built, and here the little party remains through the Arctic winter, their solitude varied by occasional visits from the Esquimaux, traders, and priests from the Jesuit mission some miles away.

Finally, the provisions begin to run short and the Colonel and the Boy resolve to leave the little camp and push on to Minook. So they start out on snow-shoes "to do a little matter of 625 miles of Arctic traveling, with two weeks scant provisioning, some tea and things for trading, bedding, two rifles, and a kettle, all packed on one little hand-sled." They spend a day or two at the mission and then begins their journey on the Long Trail with its hardships and dangers, all of which are described with a most convincing force. The chapters "The Great White Silence" and "The Pit" give an idea of the awful desolation of an Arc-

tic journey. The Colonel becomes snow-blind, drops in that terrible sleep that so seldom knows an awakening and is beaten back into consciousness by his friend. The Boy himself falls over a cliff and is only just rescued by the Colonel. Their food gives out, their sled has proved so heavy that they have gradually left much of their luggage, and now, their spirits almost broken, each is secretly contemplating leaving the other behind and pushing on alone when they come across a camp, and with the renewal of human companionship their mental and moral balance is once more renewed.

At the next Indian settlement they buy a dog team. With these animals drawing their sled they set out once more, lose the trail, and after more hardships finally reach Minook, a mining town where many others are waiting until the ice goes out of the river to go on to Dawson in the Klondyke.

Bret Harte's earlier stories have made us familiar with the Western mining camps. Those of the Klondyke are not unlike their Californian prototypes except in the matter of local color. The twenty-four hours of daylight, almost as trying in its way as the long nights of winter, the heat, the glare in the tents, the mad rush to stake out claims, are all put before us with great clearness. The Colonel and the Boy are joined by those they had left behind and they continue up the river by the first steamer until they reach Dawson. No fortunes are made; the Colonel gets typhoid fever and dies, leaving to each of his chums the five hundred dollars necessary to pay their fare home, a sum which is to be used for no other purpose, for the Colonel has seen the fatal hold which "The Magnetic North" had gained upon them as upon so many others. "They simply had failed—all alike. And yet there was between them and the common failures of the world one abiding difference; these had greatly dared."

The book is one much out of the ordinary and a really remarkable one for a woman to write, for it reads like a personal experience. Some perception of the size of

*THE MAGNETIC NORTH. *Elizabeth Robins.*
F. A. Stokes Company, New York, \$1.50.

Alaska dawns upon us when we read that "Alaska is bigger than all the Atlantic States from Maine to Louisiana with half of great Texas thrown in. . . . It extends so far out toward Asia that it carries the dominions of the Great Republic as far west of San Francisco as New York is east of it, making California a central State." The description of the Holy Cross Mission gives us an idea of what devoted men and women are doing to try and Christianize the dwellers in that dreary land, and when we read the two terrible chapters describing the journey of the Colonel and the

Boy across the ghastly desolation of the Long Trail we begin to realize that awful isolation, that terrible separation from human companionship that ultimately breaks down the strongest soul. "The record of that journey was burned into the brain of the men who had made it. On that stretch of the Long Trail the elder had grown old, and the younger had forever lost his youth. Not only had the roundness gone out of his face, not only was it scarred, but such lines were graven there as commonly takes the antique pencil half a score of years to trace." *Mary K. Ford.*

A Book about Emperor William

THE latest book from the pen of that companion of royalty, the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," bears the title of "Imperator et Rex"* and is devoted to a recapitulation of the virtues of the Emperor William. Not much space is given to his youth, his life at the gymnasium at Cassel, or his university career at Bonn. The author contents herself with stating that at this, as at all other periods of his life, he was just what he ought to have been, and that although he had an appearance of assurance and confidence, he was in reality timid and self-distrustful.

His marriage appears to have been the first bright spot in his life, for the book abounds in veiled allusions to the way in which the present Emperor has been misunderstood and misjudged by those nearest to him, while it is very plainly hinted that his parents were foremost among those whose critical and unfriendly attitude toward the Princess William, as the Empress was then called, made her position at court a difficult and unpleasant one. The marriage, the author asserts, was a love-match, and according to her, Augusta Victoria is endowed with all the virtues necessary to render her a fit consort for her illustrious husband.

Of the tragic circumstances connected with the illness and death of the Emperor Frederick the author purports to give a full account, but it abounds in so many suggestions that it was Prince William who suffered the most at that time that the reader becomes somewhat confused as to the real state of the case. Prince William is repre-

sented as longing to comfort and support his father during his illness, "but he felt that this would only bring nearer to the wretched man the fulness of his misfortune, and so he followed the safest course, which was to appear indifferent."

The treatment of the stricken Crown Prince by Sir Morell Mackenzie is held up to the strongest reprobation, and the author declares that when Professor Virchow asserted that the "specimens" sent to him proved the harmless character of the Crown Prince's malady, "his colleagues did not hesitate to tell him before witnesses that Dr. Mackenzie 'had purposely drawn out with his forceps pieces of the healthy right vocal cord in order to triumphantly sustain his diagnosis, since a man of his capability could not inadvertently mistake one side of the larynx for the other, or confound an inflamed and cancerous growth with perfectly normal tissues.'"

The antagonism between the young Emperor and Bismarck, and the calm manner in which the resignation of the Chancellor, offered in a fit of temper, was accepted, are clearly described, and the author truly says that Bismarck had no one but himself to thank for his downfall.

The Berlin International Labor Congress is touched upon, and one of the pleasantest chapters in the book is a translation of a little sketch of William II, written by Jules Simon, one of the members of the conference, which has a far more realistic atmosphere about it than the rest of the book, which is too adulatory to be quite convincing, albeit it is dealing with one of the most striking individualities of the day. The Emperor is doubtless a remarkably able and well-educated man, but we are told that "there is scarcely a subjec

*IMPERATOR ET REX. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper's, New York. \$2.25 net.

upon which he is not well informed; there exist professional mechanics, engineers, chemists . . . and scientists of every description whose breath has fairly been taken away by the extraordinary fashion in which he has discussed with each of them his own specialty," and as a final summing-up his admiring biographer asserts that "no Monarch

—none—has done for his country what William II has accomplished single-handed in sixteen short years."

The style of the book is floridly bad, the split infinitive recurring with distressing frequency. There are sundry illustrations, but the judicious publishers have omitted the name of the artist.

The Sign of Triumph

IN writing this historical novel* the author has had the rare good fortune to hit upon a new subject, that singular outburst of religious frenzy which manifested itself in "The Children's Crusade" and robbed France and Germany of nearly one hundred thousand children. Two armies started from Germany and one from France, and it is with this latter that "The Sign of Triumph" deals.

The hero of the story is an Englishman, a scion of a noble family, whose inheritance has been snatched from him by King John. Since then he has lived a wandering life, serving under different lords, until at last chance leads him to St. Denys just as the little shepherd lad Stephen was preaching that extraordinary movement which "had its rise in abject weakness, yet grew strong enough in a few short weeks to rend the hearts of thousands . . . and desolate the homes of two countries." Stephen has seen a vision of a figure which has commanded him to call upon the children, the pure in heart, to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the infidel. Convinced of the divine origin of this vision, the boy had begun his mission, and six weeks later Noel Talbot on his way to Vendôme encounters the army of thirty thousand children, few of them over twelve years of age, many as young as six, starting in childish faith to rescue the tomb of the Savior from the hand of the infidel, confident that they were destined to succeed by a miracle where armed might had failed. Talbot befriends one of these children, a boy of about twelve, and between the two there springs up a warm affection. Raoul has evidently run away to join the crusade, for he refuses to tell Talbot who he is.

After many hardships the children, their

ranks thinned by death from want and exposure, arrive at Marseilles, to be confronted by the sea, which stretches, an impassable barrier, between them and their goal. In this extremity two merchants offer to transport them to Jerusalem, an offer which they joyfully accept. Just before sailing Talbot discovers that these men are intending to sell the children as slaves in Alexandria. In vain he begs Raoul not to go on board; the child is determined, and it is only by drugging him and carrying him ashore that Talbot is able to prevent his departure. Slowly they wend their way back toward Paris; the heart-broken child is seized with a fever, and Talbot finds a shelter in the deserted hut of a hermit in the woods. Raoul finally recovers and reveals his name and condition to Talbot, only to find that he is within a short distance of his home, Dreux Castle, which in default of male heirs is declared escheat and is about to be bestowed upon another. At the very moment when the ceremony of taking the oath of fealty is in progress Talbot, with the boy in his arms, enters the great hall of the castle and Raoul is restored to his widowed mother and his inheritance.

There is, of course, a love story running through the book which culminates in Talbot's marriage to Raoul's mother, the Lady Alienor, whose defense of Dreux Castle against the Burgundian troops forms one of the most spirited chapters of the book, but the main interest of the story centers about the little Crusaders, those innocent martyrs of whom nothing further was learned until eighteen years later a priest who had accompanied them escaped to tell of their sad fate.

The story moves briskly, the descriptions are vivid, and Mrs. Stevens has not fallen into the error of using a cumbersome phraseology under the impression that it gives a medieval atmosphere to her work.

M. K. F.

*THE SIGN OF TRIUMPH. By Sheppard Stevens. Boston. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

Glimpses of New Books

Natural History

A Quintette of Graycoats. By Effie Bignell. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. \$1.00.

Mrs. Bignell has given us a very amusing, if somewhat tragical, account of her attempt to domesticate some gray squirrels—that is, if tragedy and comedy can be united in the doings of our pets. Like her other books on natural history, it is well written and full of a delicious sympathy with wild animals. The experiment can scarcely be said to have been successful, from the squirrels' point of view, but it has resulted in a very enjoyable book.

Science

Astronomy for Amateurs. By Camille Flammarion. Authorized Translation by Frances A. Welby. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

As is well known, M. Flammarion has a striking faculty for popularizing the science in which he is so distinguished. This book is a translation of his "Astronomy for Women," but the present title is a wise one, for it is equally suitable for those of the masculine gender who desire to know something reliable about the universe of which the Earth is part. While the science of "Astronomy for Amateurs" is sufficiently scientific, it is clothed in language which makes it easily comprehended by minds not specially trained in mathematics. Probably, however, the most interesting portions of the volume for the general reader will be those flights of scientific imagination which transport us to the distant spheres and enable us to look around and back to our own planet. The book should do much toward exciting a deeper interest in the study of the stars and planets than the ordinary curriculum of our schools calls forth.

Economics

Wall Street and the Country. By Charles A. Conant. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Mr. Conant has collected and rewritten six essays on financial questions which have been printed in various periodicals. They are: "The Future of Undigested Securities," "The Trusts and the Public," "The Function of the Stock and Produce Exchanges," "The Economic Progress of the 19th Century," "Putting China on the Gold Standard," and "The Growth of Trust Companies." While all may very well be read with profit, as affording lucid and conservative information on monetary problems, the first three will have a serious interest for the American public at the present time. Mr. Conant is evidently in sympathy with the existing organization of the financial system of this country, but he justifies his position with arguments which deserve the most careful consideration of those who advocate change, either from within the system or by legislation from without. This is especially the case with "The Trusts and the Public." The essay on the Gold Standard in

China is a striking explanation of one of the most curious financial movements of the day—the remodeling of a nation's monetary system by external influence rather than by internal initiative. As the report of the Commission on International Exchange, of which Mr. Conant is a member, has recently been issued, the essay has a very important significance. Students of political economy cannot afford to miss this series of important views by a recognized authority on the questions involved.

Juvenile

Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. By Mrs. A. S. Hardy. Ginn & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

This is a good book to place in the hands of children who are going to the seashore for a vacation. Its natural history is sound, and there is a pleasing absence of those imaginative puerilities which so often mar the usefulness of the so-called "nature study" books. The style and language are admirably fitted for the readers for whom it is intended, and the illustrations are peculiarly good.

In Search of the Okapi. By Ernest Glanville. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

This is a book of adventure for boys, but its title is somewhat misleading. "In Search of the Okapi" will at once call up a train of thought connected with natural history in general and Sir Harry Johnston's great find in particular. There is nothing beyond a single brief mention of that curious animal. Two boys (or shall we call them "two young men"?) determine to go on an adventure to Central Africa, mainly to investigate a strange district mentioned in a communication received from the father of one of them, who has been lost in the interior of that continent. They join a hunter and explorer, have a boat built which they call the Okapi, ascend the Congo and there experience the paternal (according to King Leopold) but outrageous (according to some impartial people) government in the Congo Free State. In the rest of the narrative there is much which reminds us of Rider Haggard's tales of southern Africa, especially in the caverns of the Land of Rest. Mr. Glanville proposes to finish the narrative at some future date, but, as the boys are comfortably settled on a South African farm, it would be good to leave them there.

Biography

Captain John Smith. By Tudor Jenks. The Century Co. New York. \$1.20.

Mr. Tudor Jenks has written a really excellent life of Captain John Smith, who may well be called the founder of Virginia. Taking the narrative of Smith himself as the basis, by introducing explanatory matter necessary for the reader to-day he has compiled a history which undoubtedly very fairly and adequately represents the true state of things connected with the life of the

great adventurer. There is, indeed, no reason why the memory of Captain John Smith should lie under the charge of exaggeration and misrepresentation. In fact, it is difficult to see how any unbiased person who has read "A True Relation" (1608) and "The True Travels" (1630) can fail to appreciate the man. Mr. Jenks deserves praise and thanks for presenting so impartial and straightforward a history of one who ought always "to be had in honor" in this country.

Four Years under Marse Robert. By Major Robert Stiles Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington. \$2.00.

This is one of the best of the many military memoirs which have the Civil War for their keynote. While the sympathies of Major Stiles are confessedly Southern, his narrative is strikingly impartial. Perhaps one of the most important features of the book is its clear demonstration that many of the Southern men did not fight for slavery, as too many Northern fanatics persist in claiming, but that they resented the invasion of their home and autocratic dictation to their respective commonwealths. The value of Major Stiles' narrative lies in the fact that it is a plain, sincere, unvarnished tale of camp life with the Army of Northern Virginia, revealing in touches of social, religious and military tone, the morale of the men whom "Marse Robert" Lee first led to victory and then to overwhelming defeat. The old sores are healed now, and, unlike some of the attempts at reminiscences, and of fiction also, this book will not reopen them.

The Adventures of Buffalo Bill. By Col. William F. Cody. Harper & Bros., New York. 60 cents.

These adventures of Col. William F. Cody are interesting as describing a state of affairs which has already disappeared within the narrator's lifetime. The "Wild West" (no longer "wild") has often been dealt with in fiction, and the present description of it, relating fact, reads as entertainingly as the fiction itself.

Fiction

Divided: The Story of a Poem. By Clara E. Laughlin. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago. 1904. Net 75c.

Rarely does an author successfully create a story from the material already used by another. This story, based on the pathetic poem by Jean Ingelow, is an exception, and when it appeared in the early summer in "Scribner's" it was instantly recognized as of unusually high order. It is now published in one of the most artistic volumes of the season. The illustration of the theme is strikingly original and very delicate.

A Forest Drama. By Louis Pendleton. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

"A Forest Drama" deserves its name, for it is a dramatic story. The scene is laid in a remote part of Canada. The principal characters are a young Canadian woman, of good English family, who, left an orphan, has spent some years with her rich English relatives, and returns to her native land; a French Canadian with musical genius; an English lover; and a mysterious wealthy man who has buried himself in the wilds, and who turns out to be a burglar who robbed

the house in England where the woman was residing. The "villain of the piece" abducts the young woman and tries to compel her to marry him. The story of the hunt for her through the forests is thrilling, well put together, and interesting. The pictures of Canadian life and scenery are thoroughly good. As a piece of light fiction the book will repay reading.

The Flame Gatherers. By Margaret Horton Potter. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a romance of Eastern luxury and intrigue, of mysticism and reincarnation. The time is the beginning of the thirteenth century, and the place, Mandu, in northern Hindustan. The Rajah of Mandu brought from one of his raids against the advancing power of the Mohammedans a captive prince who wears a mystic jewel which alone can save him from a curse laid upon his race if it indulges in love. He sees the favorite wife of his captor, and there is a mutual falling in love. He parts with his jewel in order to bribe a guardian of the zenana and gain admittance. After self-inflicted retribution has overtaken the faithless ones, their united souls are reincarnated in the son of a Brahmin. He becomes a Buddhist, seeks perfection as a Yogi, and after a number of adventures finds his way to Mandu, becomes the vizier of the young Rajah, who had been a pet of the prince and the wife, and after the conquest of the place by the Mohammedans yields up his united souls in the tomb of his former bodies.

This very inadequately presents an outline of the romance. There is a considerable amount of Eastern description, and an almost laborious acquaintance with Hindu philosophy. The author has evidently been a close student of Indian life and religion. As literature, however, the volume is at times heavy and desultory, and decidedly too long. It is a relief, nevertheless, to come across something out of the beaten track, and those who can take up a romance and lay it down again, not once or twice, in the course of reading, will do well to try "The Flame Gatherers."

The North Star. By M. E. Henry-Ruffin. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Mrs. Henry-Ruffin has chosen for the place and period of her romance Norway at the end of the tenth century, when the overlordship was seized by Olaf Tryggvasson, great-grandson of Harald Haarfagr, or Fairhair. This Olaf must not be confounded with Saint Olaf, the patron saint of Norway, who was the son of Harald Gráske, and ruled Norway from 1015 to 1028. The story is well told, and the atmosphere of time and custom is fairly accurate, with the exception of an air of refinement which had scarcely begun to exist.

Evelyn Byrd. By George Cary Eggleston. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. \$1.50.

Mr. Eggleston tells us that this is the last volume of a trilogy, of which "Dorothy South" and "The Master of Warlock" are the other members. Dorothy and Arthur Brent reappear in this story. The period is that immediately before the final struggle between General Grant and General Lee. The hero is a Southerner who has been falsely convicted of commercial mal-

feasance in the North, has escaped from Sing Sing, and enlisted in the Southern army. The heroine is a remarkable character drawn with skill. To say that Mr. Eggleston is a good storyteller, especially when his stories relate to the South, is to say nothing new; but he has handicapped himself in this last work of his by making the heroine tell her tale in a book written for Dorothy Brent. The result seems awkward, but the novel is a good one, notwithstanding this.

The Promoters. By William Hawley Smith. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

As a piece of satire on the art of "promoting," this novel is excellent. A man conceives the idea of changing the position of the earth's axis by the recoil when he fires 100,000 thirteen-inch guns on the plains of Nebraska. His companion draws up a bill to be presented to the legislature for a concession to do this, promising abundance of rain for the arid state. A firm of brokers undertakes to float a company to find the money. The profits are to come from the increase in crops and from real estate secured in the Sahara for the residence of nations dispossessed by the change of climate in their historic homes. Mad as the plan is, it is set forth with a speciousness of reasoning which is peculiarly telling. Step by step the conspirators advance toward the fulfilment of their program, until they are finally brought to bay by that "*rara avis in terris*"—an honest politician. The book, with its satire and bits of humor, is one which will be a favorite.

The Motor Pirate. By G. Sidney Paternoster. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

This is a legitimate development of the automobile craze, in that a man becomes a highwayman with a motor car instead of with a "Black Bess" or other "flying steed." As the highwayman is a man in society, as well as an aspirant to the hand of a colonel's daughter, there is a mystery and a certain amount of "Sherlock-Holmesism" in the narrative. The author, however, shows his hand too soon, and the consequence is that both the detective and he appear sadly deficient in common sense. The ending, also, is weak. From St. Albans to the Land's End is a "far cry," the roads pass through some of the most famous towns in England, and it would be a wonderful "red devil," indeed, or a white or black one, for the matter of that, which could traverse and thread the highways on such an errand as the pirate engaged in. The fact is, the book is overdone, and whatever cleverness it possesses is hidden by abnormalities.

Felice Constant. By William C. Sprague. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a romance of the days of Vincennes and Detroit. Robert Norvell, a spy from the Colonial army, enters the fort at Detroit to obtain information for Colonel Clark, who held Vincennes. In the neighborhood he meets with Felice Constant, daughter of a Frenchman, and falls in love. Even spies on duty are not exempt from this fatality. The incidents are located around Detroit and are decidedly thrilling. The local and contemporary coloring are undoubtedly good, but the finale is scarcely artistic. It would have been so if the tale had been named "Doris

Cameron." With this exception the novel is a good specimen of the historical species of fiction.

The Lantern Man. By George W. Hamilton. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

This is a story of schooldays in a curious institution in Kentucky. Separate departments for males and females are combined into a whole as the "McEnrue School." The boys and girls see each other once a day as they sit on opposite sides of the chapel and are harangued on their own delinquencies or questions of moral import. Such is the perversity of human nature that in this institution there is far more "sweet-hearting" than there is in the most unrestricted of coeducational colleges. The name of the novel is derived from a mysterious poster which spasmodically appears on the college walls criticizing the narrow-minded principal and his favorites. The structure of the story is good, the identity of the "Lantern Man" being a complete mystery until the close of the volume. Well-sustained action, abundant incident and "innocent flirtation" make up a readable book.

The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker. By John Strange Winter. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. \$1.00.

Those who have come to look for something good whenever John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard) offers a new work will not be disappointed with "The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker." It is an excellent picture of the self-contained life of an English family in what is called the "upper middle-class." Happy within their own family circle, each member of it leads a life of marked individuality, and home duties being light, the mother can gratify her ambition to be somewhat of a reformer in woman's world. She puts on flesh, is careless of dress and personal appearance, until she fancies that she has detected her husband in a *liaison* with a younger woman. Then she renounces all her ambition, visits beauty doctors, milliners and dressmakers in the hope of weaning him from his entanglement. But there is no word of reproach, no ventilating of a scandal. She is determined to save him. The reader will enjoy the solution of the difficulty. There are many pleasing touches of English family life in the novel, and, while not one of the very best (if we grade Mrs. Stannard's work into "good, better, best") it is a really good, wholesome story.

Robert Cavalier. By William Dana Orcutt. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

This is a romance founded upon the life of Chevalier de La Salle, the explorer of the Mississippi. The author makes him a novice of the Order of the Society of Jesus. Discovering the tyranny of the Jesuitical system, he demands his freedom, and, when it is denied, he escapes and sails to America. Arriving in Canada, he plans the exploration of the great river, falls in love with the daughter of Courcelle, the governor; but finds himself subject to the undercurrent of Jesuitical opposition. The scene is carried back and forth between Canada and France, and the court of Louis XIV, and his mistresses, together with Madame de Maintenon, figure largely in the narrative. While the book does not rise to a high level of historical romance, it is an interesting

creation. The personality of La Salle and that of Anne are strongly drawn, as is also that of La Salle's brother, the Jesuit priest. The novel is a very handsome specimen of bookmaking.

Nancy Stair. By Elinor McCartney Lane. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.00.

While not as striking as the "Mills of God," this novel of Mrs. Lane's stands out above the average of the fiction of the year. *Nancy Stair* is an excellent picture of a young woman brought up unconventionally. Her *camaraderie* with her father is very delightful, and her freshness never fails. The intimate terms between the families of Stair and Carmichael are well drawn. The character of Montrose of Borthwicke and Nancy's influence upon him form a good episode, the murder and its subsequent unraveling are cleverly planned, and the part Robert Burns plays in the story is a stroke of artistic excellence. The novel is one which should not be passed over by readers of current fiction.

In the Grip of the Expert. By Egbert T. Bush. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

This is a story avowedly written to show the unreliability of so-called "expert" testimony. A young man, just elected as State Senator, is to be sacrificed to political animosity, and is, therefore, charged with murder. The testimony of analysts and handwriting experts condemns him, and he is sentenced to death. By the work of the woman to whom he is betrothed, and who was loved by the man supposed to be murdered, a respite is gained. In the meanwhile a detective tracks the culprit who has planned the matter and has gone to Germany to enjoy the proceeds of his scheme. Of course, there is a new trial, the State Senator is vindicated, the experts are struck dumb, the guilty suffer and love is rewarded. The story is cleverly constructed, but the style is very prosaic at times. Its "moral" is striking, and the author certainly makes his point.

How Tyson came Home. By William H. Rideing. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

"How Tyson came Home" is a book to be read. It relates how an English boy came to this country and, after years of ups and downs, developed a mine in Texas in conjunction with a senator-elect. He goes back to his native land to seek for a sister who was placed in what they there call "the workhouse," represented here by "the almshouse." He is admitted to high English society, plays the lord bountiful, falls in love with a bishop's niece, finds himself and his mine on the brink of ruin from the machinations of rival mine owners, discovers his sister betrayed by a man whom he has befriended, returns to Texas to realize home and love with the daughter of his former partner. There is here abundant scope for movement, and Mr. Rideing has made good use of the possibilities. The novel is an excellent specimen of well-sustained plot, good description and individualization, and has the merit of increasing the population of the mind, for one would not care to forget Tyson and Nona Plant.

Wings and No Eyes. By Philip Crutcher. The Grafton Press, New York.

The subtitle of this novel is "A Comedy of

Love." It is scarcely legitimate "comedy," for it has a strong element of ordinary melodrama, much extravaganzas, and some burlesque. The scene is Judithland, in the State of Mississippi, and the townsfolk there are certainly a lively community. A celebrated writer of popular historical romances lives near the town, and so realistic is she that she can only conceive inspiration when she and her surroundings are garbed in consonance with the period she wishes to describe. The efforts of Mr. John Cobb, peripatetic book agent and bookseller of the town, to win the hand (and fortune) of the authoress form the nucleus of the story. There is considerable fun, some of it roaring; several other love episodes more or less amusing; some horse-play; and, taken all together, the tale affords evidence that the course of love rarely runs smoothly, and that Cupid often goes about his work blindfolded. It is questionable whether, when the curtain falls upon the comedy, there will be very unanimous calls for "Author! Author!"

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

This is a curious psychological novel which, in virtue of its striking *motif* and close analysis of abnormal sensitiveness, will arouse interest in the mind of readers. A slum child of degraded parents dies of typhoid fever in a London hospital. His spirit enters the "Gray World," and is so horrified at the experience that he cries out in anguish to be allowed to return to earthly existence. He does return, but in the form of a child of a "middle class" family, of worldly but strictly upright habits. He carries with him into this continued existence a memory of his earlier stage and of his brief sojourn in the world of ghosts. The development of the child in his new surroundings is well depicted, although somewhat "uncanny." As he grows up he endeavors to find out what course in this life leads to a safe passage through the "Gray World" to a bliss of which he is conscious. He does not find it in the ordinary business of life, as practised by his new parents, nor in earthly love, but in devotion to art and work and in loving memory of the dead. It is a strange book, with a strange fascination in spite of the ruling morbidity.

Black Friday. By Frederic S. Isham. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"Black Friday" was September 24, 1869, when Fisk and Gould attempted to corner the market on gold. Out of the financial disturbance Mr. Isham has made a powerful tale in which some well-known names figure. His chief character is Richard Strong, a financier of striking personality. He marries Elinor Rossiter, and on the first day of the honeymoon at Saratoga hears that his enemies have attacked his investments. He at once returns with his newly made wife to defend them. She conceives the idea that she plays but an insignificant part in his life, and at once has a grievance, of which a former unprincipled admirer takes advantage. Strong well deserves his name, and the way in which he deals with financial and matrimonial difficulties affords an opportunity for artistic work, of which Mr. Isham takes full advantage. The *dénouement* carries us to Paris in the time of the Commune.

but this is not so striking as the scenes in New York. All ends well, but it must be confessed that the climax is not so telling as the central portion of the story. But "Black Friday" is a book of high merit, and stands far above the level of much of the year's fiction.

Lychgate Hall. By M. E. Francis. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Mrs. Francis, to retain the *nom de plume*, generally gives us something good, and "Lychgate Hall" is fully up to her best previous work. The story lies mainly in South Lancashire, in England, and the title is taken from the "gate of the dead" at the entrance to the old farmhouse which is the scene of much of the tale, and which had formerly been the home of a body of friars. The time is that of Queen Anne. The heroine, laboring under the stigma of being the daughter of a highwayman who had been hanged, seeks concealment from her cousin lover, a scion of a noble house in the south of England; becomes a tenant of the farm; is beloved by the owner, a baronet; and is discovered by her former lover. Here is complication enough for interest, but the cousin becomes a highwayman, too, to bring himself to her level. There is a duel, but the victor renounces the prize of victory. A second love story is involved, for a farmer's son falls in love with the heroine also, while his cousin is in love with him. There is abundance of incident, and the life of the time is well described, reminding us of the days of Sir Roger de Coverley. The way in which the personality of the actors in the drama is brought out by their action is very notable. "Lychgate Hall" is a good tale, both in conception and in execution.

Let the World Judge. By Charles E. M. Brock. Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

This "Romance of the Pacific" is a tale of "cowboy" life on a ranch in the far West. The chief character is an Englishman who is the manager, a member of a good family in England, a deserter from the Queen's army, disowned by his father, a strange mixture of good and bad. The narrator is an American who is a cowboy on the ranch. The story is tragic and fairly interesting. It is probably a first essay in fiction, and this may account for defects in construction. The author, however, deserves encouragement.

Josephine. By Ellen Douglas Deland. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.25.

"Josephine" should be read by growing girls. It tells the story of two girls, daughters of a man in Seattle, who came East to live with their uncle after their father's death. The letters written about their journey called them "Jo" and "Georgie," and the consternation at the arrival of two girls in a family of boys can be readily imagined. The good sense of the elder girl, however, ultimately puts matters straight, and girls are found to be not such inconvenient creatures as some young men suppose them to be.

Trixy. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. \$1.00.

This is a story "with a purpose," and as so often happens, fails in that purpose owing to the

very earnestness of the writer. "Trixy" is a dog, owned, loved and trained by a crippled lad. This cripple is a protégé of a rich young woman given to "slumming." Trixy falls into the hands of the dog-catcher and finally comes to the operating table of the vivisectionist. Vivisection is really the point of the book. The total hardening of the sensitive character of Steele, the young physician; the callousness of his assistant; Steele's failure to gain the love of Miriam Lauriat, the rich young woman, are all attributed to vivisection. The very death of Steele is ascribed, as a "judgment," to vivisection, in spite of the teaching of the Master about "those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell." It is a pity that Mrs. Phelps-Ward has condescended to write this book. Fiction is not argument which can be received in this discussion. The truth is that vivisection may be best left to scientific men who understand the question. For unscientific persons with untrained and effervescent temperaments to interfere with supposititious effects of the practice is to delay the time when no experiments shall be made except under legal and scientific supervision.

Essays

Imaginary Obligations. By Frank Moore Colby. Dodd Mead & Co., New York. \$1.20 net.

Sustained scoffing, abetted by a sense of humor which seems to amount to an obsession, are the chief characteristics of this book. Mr. Colby is essentially a destroyer; in fact, he is a sort of automatic iconoclast; and his view-point, whether consciously or otherwise, is almost invariably cold-blooded and supercilious. It may not be necessary for the best results in such writing that the reader should always see the pitying face behind the mask; but, on the other hand, if he is kept constantly aware of a more or less clearly implied sneer, the chances are that he will be irritated rather than amused or edified. It may be dangerous for a critic to admit that he has some red blood in his soul, if it happens that he has; but if he refuses to do so, or if he hasn't any to begin with, what he writes is pretty certain to degenerate into mere fault-finding and scoffing. And this despite exceptional rhetorical cleverness. Such cleverness Mr. Colby has, but in its setting and significance, it is likely to suggest the occasional glints from the blade of a rapier. Nor is his humor much more inviting. We have said that he seems to be obsessed by this sense; it unfailingly detects and exultantly parades the most microscopic and insignificant, as well as the more obvious juxtapositions of the incongruous; and this parade is often accompanied by the straining of metaphor to the snapping point. But it is also essentially sardonic in temper, and therefore is perhaps nearer to sarcastic wit than to real humor. For it generally laughs at—and more or less disagreeably—and rarely if ever laughs with.

Altogether, "Imaginary Obligations" does not make very pleasant reading. For in the last analysis, it is little more than a *tour de force* of rather ill-tempered and captious ridicule. And Mr. Colby's scorn of conventions seems to rule even his attitude toward a printed page; for the proof-reading of his book is abominable.

List of Books Received

What to Read—Where to Find It

Biography and Reminiscence

- Backgrounds of Literature.** Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. New York, Macmillan Co. \$2.00.
Captains and the Kings, The. Intimate Reminiscences of Notabilities. Henry Haynie. Illustrated. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. \$1.60.
George Eliot. Mathilde Blind. New Edition. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.
John Bunyan. M. Hale White. Illustrated. New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
Life in Sing Sing. By Number 1500. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Life of William Shakespeare, A. Wm. J. Rolfe. Litt. D. Boston, Dana Estes & Co. \$3.00.
Memories of a Hundred Years. Edward Everett Hale. Two volumes in one. New York, Macmillan Co.
Old Love Stories Retold. Richard Le Gallienne. New York, Baker & Taylor Co.
Ralph Waldo Emerson. Sarah K. Bolton. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50c.
Raphael of Urbino. Sarah K. Bolton. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Richard Wagner. Nathan Haskell Dole. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Roma Beata. Letters from the Eternal City. Maud Howe. Boston, Little, Brown & Co.
Th. Nast: His Period and His Pictures. Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. New York, Macmillan Co. \$5.00.
William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man. Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

Essays and Miscellany

- Amateur Spirit, The.** Bliss Perry. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
American Interior Decoration: A Portfolio containing 55 Views of the best Contemporary American Interiors correctly classified by Periods. New York, Clifford & Lawton. \$2.50.
American Literary Criticism. Selected and edited, with an introductory essay by Wm. Morton Payne. LL.D. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.
Art Crafts for Beginners, The. Frank G. Sanford. Illustrated. New York, Century Co. \$1.20.
Art of Caricature, The. Grant Wright. New York, Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.00.
Audila: The Tribulations of a Child. Karin Michaelis. Translated from the Danish by John Nilsen Laurvels. New York, McClure, Phillips & Co.
Browning Calendar, A. Constance M. Spender. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Careers for the Coming Man. By Many. Akron, O., Saalfeld Pub. Co. \$1.50.
Common Way, The. Margaret Deland. New York, Harper's. \$1.25.
Completed Proverbs. Lisle de Vaux Matthewman. Pictured by Clare Victor Dwigings. Philadelphia, Henry T. Coates & Co.
Correct Writing and Speaking. Miss Mary A. Jordan. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.00.

Fiction

- Abbess of Vlaye, The.** Stanley J. Weyman. New York, Longmans, Green & Co.
Albert Gate Mystery, The. Louis Tracy. New York, R. F. Fenko & Co. \$1.50.
Baccarat. Frank Danby. Illustrated. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
Boy and the Outlaw, The. A Tale of John Brown's Raid on Harper's Ferry. Thos. J. L. McManus. Illustrated. New York, Grafton Press. \$1.50.
Belle of Bowling Green, The. Amelia E. Barr. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
Bethany: A Story of the Old South. Thos. E. Watson. Illustrated. New York, D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
Boss Tom: The Annals of an Anthracite Mining Village. Matt. Stan. Kemp. Illustrated by A. B. Shute. Akron Saalfeld Pub. Co.
Brethren, The. Rider Haggard. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. New York, McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

- Broke of Covenden.** J. C. Snaith. Boston, Herbert B. Turner & Co. \$1.50.
Buccaneers, The. Henry M. Hyde. New York, Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.20.
Cabbages and Kings. O. Henry. New York, McClure, Phillips & Co.
Captain Amyas. Dolf Wyllarde. New York, John Lane. \$1.50.
Captain in the Ranks, A. A Romance of Affairs. Geo. Cary Eggleston. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.20.
Chronicles of Don Q., The. K. and Hesketh Prichard. Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.
Comrades in Arms. A Tale of Two Hemispheres. General Chas. King. New York, The Hobart Co. \$1.50.

Historical and Political

- Arbitration and The Hague Court.** John W. Foster. New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
Commercial Relations of the United States with Foreign Countries during the Year 1903. In Two Volumes. Washington, Government Printing Office.
Dames and Daughters of the French Court. Geraldine Brooks. New York, T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
Great American Canals, The. Archer Butler Hulbert. Cleveland, O., The Arthur H. Clark Co.
History of Scotland, A. Andrew Lang. Vol. III. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.
Holy Roman Empire, The. James Bryce, D.C.L. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
Party Organization and Machinery. Jesse Macy. New York, Century Co. \$1.25.
Reminiscences of Peace and War. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York, Macmillan Co. \$2.00.
Report of the Librarian of Congress for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1904. Washington, Government Printing Office.
School History of the United States, A. Wm. H. Mace. Illustrated. New York, Rand, McNally & Co.
Short History of Ancient Egypt, A. Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang. Boston, Dana Estes & Co. \$1.20.
United States of America, The. Two Volumes. Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 each.
War between Russia and Japan, The. Count Tolstoy. New York, Fred'k A. Stokes Co. 50 cents.
Wellington, Soldier and Statesman. Revival of the Military Power of England. Wm. O'Connor Morris. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.85.
With Kuroki in Manchuria. Frederick Palmer. Illustrated from Photographs from James H. Hare. New York, Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Juvenile

- Adventures of Pinocchio, The.** C. Collodi. Illustrated. New York, Ginn & Co.
Blue Dragon, The: A Tale of Recent Adventure in China. Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. New York, Harper's. \$1.25.
Brought to Heel; Or, The Breaking-in of St. Dunstan's Kent Carr. Illustrated by Harold Copping. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co.
Chatterbox. Founded by J. Erskine E. Clarke, M.A. Boston, Dana Estes & Co. \$1.25.
Children on the Top Floor, The. Nina Rhoades. Illustrated by Bertha G. Davidson. Boston, Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.
"Clusgine": A Tale of the Capture of Santiago. H. Irving Hancock. Illustrated. Philadelphia, Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Comedies and Legends from Marionettes. A Theatre for Boys and Girls. Georgiana Goddard King. Illustrated by Anna R. Giles. New York, Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
Defending the Temple. Jos. Otis. Illustrated. Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 75 cents.
Doings of Nancy, The. Evelyn Raymond. Boston, Dana Estes & Co. \$1.00.
Dorothy Dainty at School. Amy Brooks. With Illustrations by the Author. Boston, Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.
Dream Bag, The. Winifred Agnes Haldane. Illustrated. Chicago, Land & Lee. \$1.00.
Ellen and Mr. Man. Gouverneur Morris. New York, Century Co. \$1.25.

Among the January Magazines

A New Magazine.

Following on the very great success of their two comparatively new magazines, "The World's Work" and "Country Life in America," Doubleday, Page & Company announce a third magazine in an all but untouched field, to be published along unique lines. "The Garden Magazine," as it is to be called, will be confined strictly to gardening subjects. It will be a "gardener's reminder," pointing out the things to be done during that month, and the magazine will be delivered to subscribers two weeks before the first of the month, in ample time to have the work well in hand. Twenty-five departments cover all branches of flower and vegetable gardening, garden trees and shrubs, hothouse and coldframe growing, indoor plants and window-boxes, in various parts of the country. No attempt will be made to make it rival its elder sister, "Country Life in America," although there will be practical illustrations superbly printed on the best coated paper throughout. The publishers, being in constant touch with the best writers and photographers on practical gardening subjects, have been convinced that, if "The Garden Magazine" were not immediately published, this living, growing field would not long remain unoccupied. The first number, for February, published at ten cents a copy, is to appear January fourteenth.

There are Fewer Fatalities in Modern Warfare.

Owing to the use of small calibre, antiseptic bullets, the number of men killed outright in battle is considerably less than formerly. Wounds that used to be fatal are now only disabling, and wounds that were formerly disabling now cause only slight inconvenience, and often are unnoticed in the excitement of battle. There is a great decrease of hæmorrhage, and by supplying the troops with "first-aid" packages they are usually able to check such bleeding as there is. Many wounds that would have formerly prevented locomotion do not now, thus increasing the proportion of wounded men who are able to get off the field without assistance, and to assist others to do so. Many a man who would in previous wars have lain unnoticed on the field until he expired is removed to where he can receive attention. Once in the hospitals, advanced surgery and the use of antiseptics give the patient an increased chance for recovery. In this war, the Russians have made splendid use of hospital trains, frequently running them into the fire zone to bring away wounded. Thousands of wounds that would have been considered serious thirty years ago are now classed as slight. Experience with the Russians in this war has shown that fifty per cent. of wounded are able to rejoin their commands within a month, and thousands are back with the colors in a week. The small calibre Japanese rifle is largely responsible for this. High explosive impact shell is terrifying, but does less execution than was expected of it. It is very effective in destroying cover, but against

troops is less so. If a shell strikes a man it annihilates him, but if it strikes the ground it usually does nothing beyond scattering a cloud of dust and stones. The very power of the explosive used destroys much of its effectiveness by splintering the shell into such small bits that they do little damage a few feet away from their point of impact. Shrapnel wounds are far more dangerous, and the troops dread it most.—From "New Features of War as Illustrated in the East," by Thomas F. Millard, in the January "Scribner's."

Tuberculosis: The Real Race Suicide

Tuberculosis is to-day the scourge of the world. It causes more deaths, more suffering and sorrow, and a greater economic loss, than any agency within the whole range of human affliction. This nation, thanks to its vast open spaces, suffers less than many others; yet of the 75,000,000 living Americans, 8,000,000 at least must inevitably die from this cause; some authorities put the estimate as high as 10,000,000. These lives might have been saved. For tuberculosis is not, as was believed a few years ago, a mysterious and inevitable fate. Modern science has shown us that the environment which man makes for himself, the habit of life which he practises, determine his liability to the disease. The tribute in lives and misery which it levies upon any community is the tax upon that community's collective ignorance, prejudice, and greed. The wages of these is death, and tuberculosis is the coin in which it is paid. It is the real race suicide.

At the outset I shall ask you to accept a few broad statements, without the citation of detailed statistics or the backing of technical authorities, which can be had, respectively, from your local or state board of health and your family physician. First, that tuberculosis is the chief cause of death throughout the world; second, that it is the greatest of all drains on a nation's resources, since it disables from one-quarter to one-third of the population at the productive age (between 15 and 45); third, that the one serious source of infection is from man to man by the sputum expectorated or coughed up; fourth, that although communicable in this way it is not, in the ordinary sense, contagious—therefore the careful and intelligent consumptive is never a public peril; and, finally, that it is often curable, almost invariably susceptible of alleviation, and always preventable.

An infinitesimal mushroom growth, known as Koch's bacillus, causes tuberculosis. This germ, whose rightful work in the universal scheme is the breaking down of organic into inorganic matter, finds lodgment in a human body and, multiplying with enormous rapidity, destroys the tissues. Its commonest manifestation is in the lungs; and, unless the blood's army of defense kills the invaders, consumption results. Many other parts of the body are attacked also—the skin, the bones, the intestines, the brain, the eye, etc.; but pulmonary phthisis, or consumption,

makes up ninety per cent. of tuberculous cases. The average consumptive coughs out, it is estimated, about seven billion of the bacilli in a day, and these spread the infection. Sunlight quickly kills the minute destroyers; fresh air and cold are unfavorable to their development. Under agreeable conditions of darkness and foulness they retain their virulence for several months, and in some instances as long as two years. They are practically ubiquitous, and were it not for the natural resisting power of the human organism they would depopulate the earth in a few years. But science is slowly making progress against them; there is less tuberculosis in the world than there was twenty-five years ago; in this country, considerably less. Eventually, physicians hope, there will be none; and they do not expect to wait until the millennium to see this result.—Samuel Hopkins Adams in January "McClure's."

Manager and Prima Donna

I once asked the man who, more than any one else in this country, is familiar with the business affairs of opera singers, if prima donnas were good business women.

"No," he replied, "but their husbands usually are."

Nevertheless, it is a fact that a prima donna, even if she has no husband to assist her, can do about what she pleases with her manager, provided she really is a drawing card. Here is a case in point:

Every contract provides what rôles a prima donna may be called on to sing. The list is made up at a conference between herself or her representative and the manager. A certain prima donna, who is famous enough to receive \$2,000 a performance, agreed to sing a rôle in an opera which the manager wished to revive with an especially fine cast. He had it listed for one New York performance and six on the road.

When the time came to prepare the opera for representation, the prima donna calmly refused to sing the rôle. It made no difference when it was pointed out to her that her contract, which she had signed deliberately, bound her to appear in it. She persisted in her refusal.

"Very well, then," said the manager. "You need not sing the rôle. But I cannot substitute another opera for it, or make up the seven performances to you. You may drop the rôle and I will pay you \$14,000 less than your contract calls for."

When the company went on the road, it was found that this prima donna, who certainly had lost her old hold on New York audiences, still was a great drawing card on tour. Accordingly, when she asked, as an accommodation, to be paid in advance for three performances, she got her cheque without much trouble. Then what did she do? She calmly refused to go on for the three performances, unless she was paid over again for them. I happened to be with the manager in his New York office, when he received the telegram acquainting him with her demand. He told me he intended to grant it. He could not afford to have her leave the company while it was on tour. She had chosen the psychical moment for making her "hold up." She was getting back nearly half the amount she was supposed to have forfeited and simply for the asking. Are prima

donnas good business women?—Gustave Kobbé in January "Metropolitan."

Superstitions of a Cosmopolitan City

The incongruity is the fascination of it all. In New York, the most modern of all large cities, the very embodiment of twentieth-century youth, thrives superstition, gray with countless centuries of age.

When the night wind wails through the gorge-like streets of the great East Side, thousands tremble, for the restless cry is from the souls of children unbaptized. Where thick-packed multitudes mass, many a charm is said over the sick, many a spell is mystically woven, even as spells were whispered and charms woven in the forests of Northern Europe, centuries ago. Black art has not been banished by the electric light. Myths hold their own in spite of the railroad and the telegraph. Faith is desperately pinned to necromancy. There are, in New York, beliefs and weird practices which were old when the earliest scribe began to write upon rock.

Not long ago a quadroon was taken into court for preying upon the negroes of the Eighth Avenue colony. He claimed magic power, and in the power of his supposed magic a multitude believed. His arrest was brought about by a woman whose son remained ill despite the virtue of three green seals and a magic belt. Recently the will of a German woman, a dweller in Stanton Street, was disputed because she had profoundly dreaded the influence of witches and because, at her death, it had been found that little bags were hidden throughout her clothing, and that in them were incantations to drive the witches away. Attention was drawn, two years ago, to a woman in Ridge Street, who had many clients, and whose specialty was the bridging together of married folk who had drifted apart. She charged twenty dollars to each who invoked her aid, and for that sum she exorcised the evil spirit through whose malignancy the separation had come.

But it is seldom that the black art of Manhattan attracts the attention of the law. To find the terrible Hun who is in league with the devil, to find the seer who makes a child proof against poison by writing magic words, in blood, upon its forehead, to find the man who in consternation discovered skull and crossbones sewed upon his garment, to find where love-philters may be bought, with full instructions as to their administration, one must patiently come to know the mankind of the tenements.

Ghosts are told of in the crowded region north of Grand Street. There are tales of demonology in Chinatown. Almshouse dwellers, sitting in the sun, watching the surging tide and the glistening water, tell of spirits and banshees and fays. Italians dread the evil eye, but have faith in amulets.—Robert Shackleton in January "Harper's."

A Life Insurance Agent's Story

A clever insurance agent was closing a long campaign upon a wealthy merchant whom he wished to insure for \$100,000. The merchant had been a "tough proposition," and the solicitor's arguments and eloquence dropped from him so ineffectively as to arouse all the professional pride of a dozen years' success. He redoubled his

efforts, and was at last just about to give up in disgust, when the merchant swung around in his revolving chair and fixed him with a cold, gray eye.

"Young man," said he, "if you can satisfy me on one point, I'll take out this policy."

The agent braced himself, for the tone contradicted the encouragement of the words. "I guess I can," he remarked.

"Well, then," demanded the other in a high voice, pointing a big finger sternly at his visitor, "how much do you get out of this first four thousand dollars which I am to 'invest,' as you call it?"

"I've no objection, personally, to telling you," replied the insurance man uneasily, "but I've agreed not to give the exact figures."

"Is it half?"

"Yes, more than that."

"More than half! And will you kindly inform me why I should pay you more than two thousand dollars? Do I get anything from it? What reason is there for such an absurdity?" He was angry, insulting, triumphant.

The agent rose. He felt his chance was gone, and decided he had earned the luxury of a little plain speech.

"Well, I'll tell you. I've been here twelve times, haven't I?"

"I can well believe it," replied the other, rather brutally.

"And I've spent hours and days you knew nothing about, finding out all about you and your affairs, and laying out my facts so that they'd appeal to you."

"Well?"

"Well, if the world wasn't full of obstinate idiots like you, who have to have a good thing hammered clear through their skulls before they recognize it, my company wouldn't need to employ and pay men of intelligence like me."

It is said that this venturesome person left that office with the signature for which he had striven so hard. In any case, he expressed a truth which impresses one as soon as he begins to investigate insurance conditions. If people who ought to be insured would all go to the insurance companies, instead of having to be fairly clubbed in, one of the largest expenses would be eliminated—with the obvious result of lower rates or larger dividends to policy-holders.—Henry W. Lanier in January "World's Work."

A Chat about the Hand

I have just touched my dog. He was rolling on the grass, with pleasure in every muscle and limb. I wanted to catch a picture of him in my fingers, and I touched him as lightly as I would cobwebs; but lo, his fat body revolved, stiffened and solidified into an upright position, and his tongue gave my hand a lick! He pressed close to me, as if he were fain to crowd himself into my hand. He loved it with his tail, with his paw, with his tongue. If he could speak, I believe he would say with me that paradise is attained by touch; for in touch is all love and intelligence.

This small incident started me on a chat about hands, and if my chat is fortunate I have to thank my dog-star. In any case, it is pleasant to have something to talk about that no one else has monopolized; it is like making a new path in the trackless woods, blazing the trail where no foot has pressed before. I am glad to take you by the hand and lead you along an untrodden way into a world where the hand is supreme. But at the very outset we encounter a difficulty. You are so accustomed to light, I fear you will stumble when I try to guide you through the land of darkness and silence. The blind are not supposed to be the best of guides. Still, though I cannot warrant not to lose you, I promise that you shall not be led into fire or water, or fall into a deep pit. If you will follow me patiently, you will find that "there's a sound so fine, nothing lives 'twixt it and silence," and that there is more meant in things than meets the eye.

My hand is to me what your hearing and sight together are to you. In large measure we travel the same highways, read the same books, speak the same language, yet our experiences are different. All my comings and goings turn on the hand as on a pivot. It is the hand that binds me to the world of men and women. The hand is my feeler with which I reach through isolation and darkness and seize every pleasure, every activity that my fingers encounter. With the dropping of a little word from another's hand into mine, a slight flutter of the fingers, began the intelligence, the joy, the fullness of my life. Like Job, I feel as if a hand had made me, fashioned me together round about and molded my very soul.

In all my experiences and thoughts I am conscious of a hand. Whatever touches me, whatever thrills me, is as a hand that touches me in the dark, and that touch is my reality. You might as well say that a sight which makes you glad, or a blow which brings the stinging tears to your eyes, is unreal as to say that those impressions are unreal which I have accumulated by means of touch. The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow-grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations which take shape in my mind, constitute my world.—Helen Keller, in January "Century."

A New Story by Mrs. Wharton

Edith Wharton's first long novel of contemporary American life will begin in the January 'Scribner's' under the title "The House of Mirth." It is a sharp comment on modern social conditions and a serious presentation of their tragic tendencies. It contains a number of characters who will appeal to the reader not so much as types, but as actual individuals. The heroine is a charming young woman who is placed in a false position.

Magazine Reference List for January, 1905

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Artist in Bermuda, An.....Metropolitan
 Beethoven and His Music.....Chautauquan
 Comparative Exhibition of American and Foreign Arts, A.....Review of Reviews
 Manager and Prima Donna.....Metropolitan
 Three Hundred Years of "Hamlet".....Munsey's

Biographical and Reminiscent

Chapters from my Diplomatic Life.....Century
 Ermete Novelli.....Critic
 "Granny" (the Late Mrs. Gilbert).....Critic
 Hans Breitman.....Atlantic Monthly
 Lafcadio Hearn's Funeral.....Critic
 Mr. George Westinghouse.....World's Work
 New York Fifty Years Ago.....Critic
 Thoreau's Journal.....Atlantic Monthly
 Truth of the Oliver Cromwell, The.....Scribner's
 Zuloaga, The Spanish Painter.....Century

Essays and Miscellany

Amsterdam Impressions.....Scribner's
 Chat about the Hands, A.....Century
 Christmas Fiesta in the Philippines, A.....Century
 Congressional Library, The.....Four Track News
 Delusion of the Race Track.....Cosmopolitan
 Doctor to Kings, A.....Harper's
 Doctrine of Expatriation, The.....Harper's
 Erasmus and "The Cloister and the Hearth".....Scribner's
 Evening Schools for Foreigners.....World's Work
 Every-Day Church Work.....Munsey's
 Freeing a City from a Railroad's Control.....World's Work
 Glimpse of Beavers at Work, A.....McClure's
 Golden Gate—San Francisco, The.....F. T. News
 Great Farmer at Work, A.....World's Work
 Guarding the Gateway of New York.....Munsey's
 How to Buy Life Insurance.....World's Work
 Jefferson Bible, The.....Cosmopolitan
 Little Pilgrimage, A.....Metropolitan
 Mile-Stones.....Atlantic Monthly
 New York City's Water Front.....Four Track News
 New York from an Air-Ship.....Four Track News
 New Zealand.....Four Track News
 Note on Sainte-Beuve, A.....Century
 Old Japanese Custom, An.....Metropolitan
 Our Consuls.....Cosmopolitan
 Parisian Pedlars.....Cosmopolitan
 Pittsburgh,—A New Great City. Review of Reviews
 Poor Children of Paris, The.....Harper's
 Psychology and Social Welfare.....Chautauquan
 Question of "Honor," The.....Harper's
 Railroads' Death-Roll, The.....World's Work
 "Readable Proposition, A".....Atlantic Monthly
 Reckless Luxury of Modern Hotel Life.....Woman's Home Companion
 Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla.....Munsey's

Restless Vesuvius.....Four-Track News
 Significant Books: American Biography.....Atlantic Monthly
 Social Game, The.....Metropolitan
 Strange Dilemma of the King of Saxony, The.....Munsey's
 Superstitions of a Cosmopolitan City.....Harper's
 Time-Defying Temple.....Four Track News
 Tuberculosis: The Real Race Suicide.....McClure's
 Valley in Cornwall, A.....Harper's
 What awaits Rural New England.....World's Work
 When Royalty goes Visiting.....Woman's Home Companion

Historical and Political

Glimpse of Japan's Ambition, A.....World's Work
 Movement of the "Zemstvos" in Russia, The.....Review of Review
 American Problem at Panama.....Munsey's
 Political Problems of Europe.....Scribner's
 President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor.....Review of Reviews
 Siege of Sevastopol.....Cosmopolitan

Scientific and Industrial

Ichthyosaurs.....Century
 New Conception Concerning the Origin of Species, A.....Harper's

Sociologic and Economic

England and the Industrial Revolution.....Chautauquan
 Ethics of the Street.....Atlantic Monthly
 Germany's Commercial and Naval Progress.....Chautauquan
 Instructive Factory Village, An.....World's Work
 London in Transformation.....Century
 Manufacture of Musical Instruments.....Cosmopolitan
 New Features of War.....Scribner's
 New Ways about the World.....World's Work
 Warfare of Humanity with Unreason, The.....Atlantic Monthly

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

"Happy Hunting Grounds," The.....Four Track News
 Heart of the Desert, The.....Outing
 How to Run on Snow-Shoes.....Outing
 Indoor Training for Outdoor Sport.....Outing
 In the Swamps of Malay.....Outing
 Kit Carson.....Outing
 Laying up a Car for the Winter Golf.....Outing
 Linnet-Singing as an East London Diversion.....Outing
 Long-Distance Riding in the American Army.....Outing
 Mark Twain's Country.....Outing
 Skate-Sailing made Easy.....Outing

Open ❖ ❖ Questions

1095. Can you kindly inform me of the authorship of the following lines:

"Lo! darkness bends down like a mother of grief
On the limitless plain, and the fold of her hair
It has mantled the world."

I have a poetical dictionary that credits this to Joaquin Miller's poem "From Sea to Sea," stanza four, but that poem contains no such lines. J. F. DORROH, Madison Station, Miss.

[It is properly credited to Canto IV of the poem, "From Sea to Sea," included in "Songs of the Sun-Lands," by Joaquin Miller, Longmans & Co., London, 1873. The poem is greatly reduced in later volumes, and the stanza is omitted. The two stanzas of the canto are given below:

A rush of rivers and a brush of trees,
A breath blown far from the Mexican seas,
And over the great heart-vein of earth.

By the South-sun-land of the Cherokee,
By the scalp-lock lodge of the tall Pawnee,
And up the La Platte. What a weary dearth
Of the homes of men! What a wild delight
Of space, of room! What a sense of seas,
Where the seas are not! What a salt-like
breeze!

What dust and taste of quick alkali!
Then hills, green, brown, then black like
night,
All fierce and defiant against the sky.

By night and by day the deeps of the night
Are rolling upon us, yet forward the flight!
Lo! darkness bends down like a mother of
grief

On the limitless plain, and the fall of her hair
It has mantled a world. The stars are in
sheaf,

Yet onward we plunge like a beast in despair
Through the thick of the night, and the
thundering cars

They have crushed and have broken the
beautiful day,
Have crumbled it, scattered it far away,
And blown it above to a dust of stars.]

1096. Who was "the bard" in Longfellow's poem, "The Wave and the Brook," and to what does the poem allude?

Westminster Abbey is not and never was strictly an abbey. What is the correct name?
L. K. CURRIE, Pueblo, Col.

[We leave Longfellow's poetry to our readers for answer. Harper's "Book of Facts" says that since the dissolution of the Abbey in 1540 Westminster Abbey has been a bishopric. It was made a collegiate church by Elizabeth. Founded on the site of an ancient Saxon chapel built by King Siebert, it was built by King Edward in 980 and rebuilt by Edward the Confessor in the precincts of the palace and made an abbey in 1065, filled with monks from Exeter. From the time of Harold the kings of England have been crowned there, and it contains the tombs of royal and notable men and women. Joaquin Miller's lines are descriptive:

"The abbey broods beside the turbid Thames;
Her mother heart is filled with memories;
Her every niche is stored with storied names;
They move before me like a mist of seas."]

1097. Would you kindly publish the poem entitled "Death Revelry in India," or tell me where it can be found? I should like to find a parody of Abou Ben Adhem ending "and lo! Benjamin Adams' name led all the rest."

PAYSON W. RUSSELL, Newburyport, Mass.

[Some reader may recall the publication of the parody requested by the correspondent. "The Revel (East India)," by Bartholomew Dowling, is to be found in Clarence Stedman's, "Anthology of Victorian Poets," and we believe under various titles in "Choice Selections No. 5" (Penn. Pub. Co.); Bryant's "New Library of Poetry and Song"; "Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry" (Coates); Thompson's "Humbler Poets" (McClurg); and Potter's "My Recitations." The titles are: "Indian Revelry," "Our Last Toast," "Revelry of the Dying," "Song of the Dying." We give the first one below:

"The Revel (East India)"

[BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.

Then stand to your glasses, steady!

We drink in our comrade's eyes:

One cup to the dead already—

Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
 Not here is the vintage sweet,
 'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.
 But stand to your glasses, steady!
 And soon shall our pulses rise:
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
 And many a cheek that's sunk;
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
 Then stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis here the revival lies:
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;
 We thought we were wiser then;
 Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers
 Who hope to see them again.
 No! stand to your glasses, steady!
 The thoughtless is here the wise;
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
 Not a tear for their friends that sink;
 We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis this that the respite buys:
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
 'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death.
 But stand to your glasses, steady!
 For a moment the vapor flies;
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul can sting no more?
 No, stand to your glasses, steady!
 The world is a world of lies;
 A cup to the dead already
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 When the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest are most behind—
 Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize;
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

1098. Will you kindly reply by mail to the enclosed questions: (1) Whom had Cæsar defeated when he wrote *veni, vidi, vici*? (2) What English general was killed in the Soudan? (3) In what books do these appear, Dick Swiveler, Amy Robsart, Elizabeth Bennett? (4) What difference is there between all artificial motion and the earth's motion? (5) Where do you lose a day in traveling around the earth.

F. S. RYMAN, Boston Highlands, Mass.

[We cannot undertake private correspondence. Cæsar had defeated Pharnaces, son of Mithridates, in the battle of Zela, B. C. 47, when he used the famous phrase. (2) Gen'l Charles G. Gordon, "Chinese Gordon," was killed at Khartoum by the forces of the Mahdi, January 26, 1885. (3) Dick Swiveler is a character in "Old Curiosity Shop"; Amy Robsart, in "Kenilworth"; Elizabeth Bennett, Betty, in Fielding's "Amelia." (4) None. (5) See any physical geography.]

1099. Will you please give me the name of the author of the following lines?

THOMAS P. MURPHY, Fulda, Minn.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
 soothed

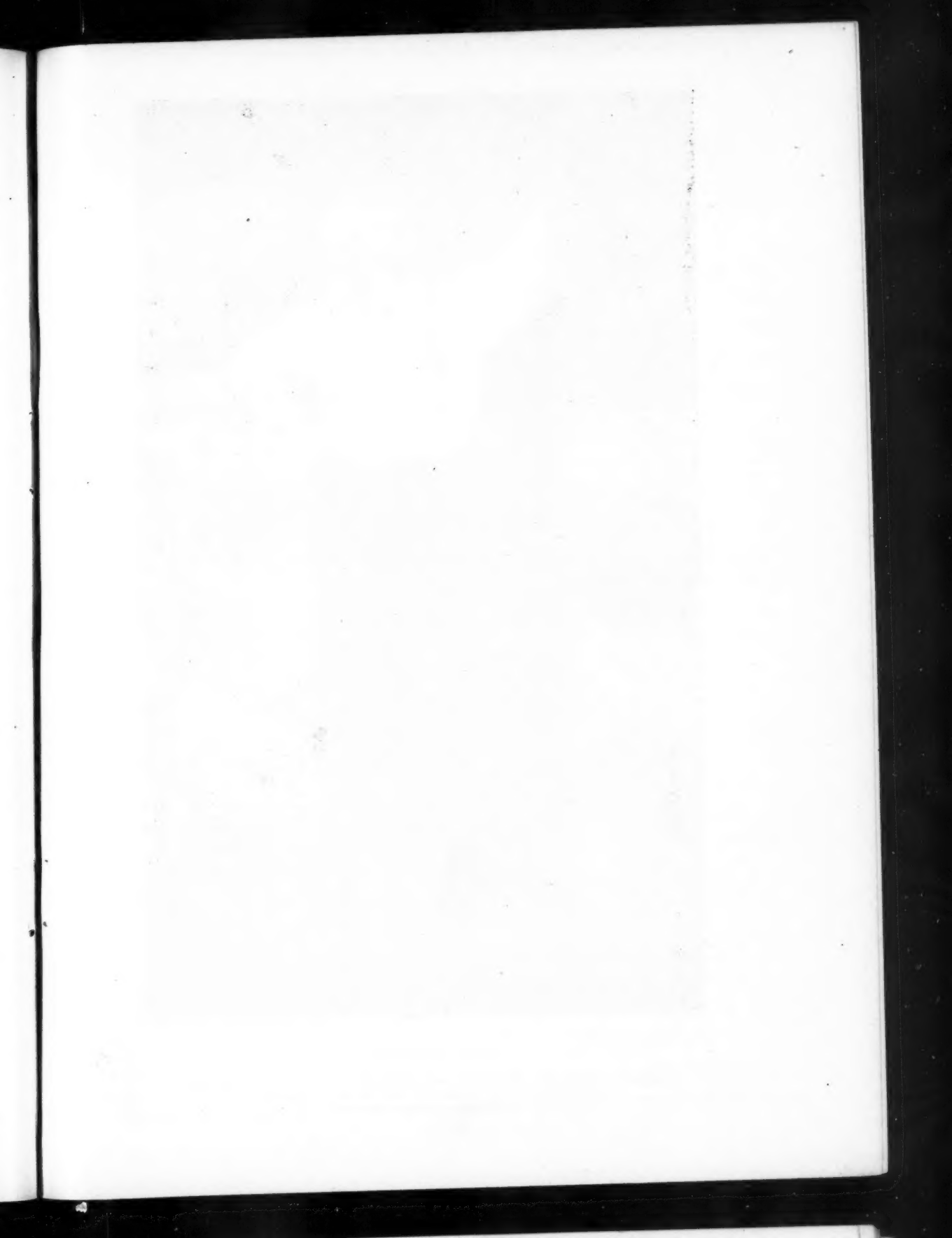
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

[These are the concluding lines of "Thanatopsis," written by William Cullen Bryant.]

ANSWERS BY CORRESPONDENTS.

1072. The verses with lines "If I darst but I darsn't" do belong to Eugene Field and can be found on page 90 of his volume "Songs and other Verse." The title of the verses is "The Limitations of Youth."

HELEN M. GILLING.





Courtesy of the Outlook

JOHN BURROUGHS

This photograph represents Mr. Burroughs standing in the door of "Slabsides," the rustic house which he built several years ago on his little celery farm a mile or more back from the Hudson River.